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THE
MASTER
REVEALS
ALL INSIDE . . .

DOUBLE ISSUE
PATRICK TROUGHTON
25th ANNIVERSARY
COMMEMORATIVE
POSTER INSIDE

RETURN OF THE CYBERMEN!

Editorial address:
P.O.Box 1015, Brighton BN2 2YU

INCREDIBLY, or so it seems, yet another year is over. While editing DWB brings with it innumerable pleasures, the aspect I have always disliked the most is that, because you are always working, in effect, two months ahead (i.e. most of this issue was prepared in November while the cover displays the date as 'January 1992'), time seems to fly by so much more quickly than I suspect it would doing other things. For that reason I am pleased to announce that, from issue 100, my assistant editor David Gibbs will be taking over all of the production chores, and with the changeover will come a completely new look for the magazine. While David will be formulating his own ideas for the development of the magazine - for which your readers survey returns (see this issue) will prove most useful - I will still be approving all the content and my editorial presence will continue to be felt. Rest assured that you will still be reading the same magazine - in fact probably the only change you'll notice will be our new logo! More news on the changes next issue...

This issue has been particularly pleasing to edit, due in no small part to the sheer wealth of talent we now have writing for us at the moment. Particular thanks must go to Anthony Brown and Anthony Clark who all but hog the writers credits this issue. Unfortunately due to the vagaries of the Post Office ("it is Christmas", they'll offer in their defence), Kathleen's 'Star Trek' contributions this issue are severely curtailed.

All that now leaves me to do is to wish every reader a very Merry Christmas and, with the prospect of 'Who repeats just around the corner (don't forget to let us know your views on the stories selected), what promises to be a very Happy New Year.

See you in '92... GARY

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GIACOBBI URGES STRONGER PARTICIPATION TO *SAVE 'WHO*

JOHN GIACOBBI, the chairman and legal adviser of the 'Doctor Who Action Committee' which has launched the "Save The Doctor" campaign, is calling for far greater participation from the fans to support the efforts to raise funds required to issue the BBC with a writ for failing to make 'Doctor Who'.

The campaign, officially launched last DWB, got off to a lukewarm start which the committee put down to the publication in the same issue of an article by Tim Munro entitled 'The New Fandom'. While the views expressed were his own subjective opinions, many readers appear to have followed his own personal desire not to take part in the prize competition with some echoing his own sentiments, even though they conceded that they had originally intended to participate.

The main fear expressed by Munro and those against the campaign is that if the BBC were forced to bring **Doctor Who** back, then they would deliberately down-grade the show in order to create a bad public image. Giacobbi informed DWB: "For them to do that, quite apart from it being totally unprofessional, the BBC have a charter and their job is to make **quality** programming and to make it popular - not to make a programme and then hijack it. That would be an insane course of action, and if anyone dreamt of doing it the consequences for them would be severe."

Yet some people are of the opinion that the BBC deliberately kept John Nathan-Turner on **Doctor Who** cynically aware that the programme was being tarnished, to which Giacobbi replied: "I'm sure that they thought they were doing the right thing, but from an objective point of view we beg to differ with them. There has been a recent veering to cameo rôles - celebrities who haven't fitted in - and which tended to make a mockery of it. Certainly there was a comedy element in the Troughton years, but it was more sophisticated. Saying that, you can't measure quality by the yardstick of the '60s or '70s - things do move on."

EVIDENCE ACCUMULATING

The slower than expected start to the campaign is expected to be accelerated as the competition form starts to appear in other journals, though we would strongly urge any readers still in doubt to re-read last month's editorial and think again. The entry form appears again this issue.

The disappointing start also delayed the planned coverage on the new BBC1 Bite Back series, and it will now be receiving exposure in either the December or January edition - just as soon as enough funds are raised with which to serve the BBC a writ.

Proof of **Doctor Who**'s commercial success and prestige is flowing in thick and fast. So far the vast income garnered for the BBC from sales of **Doctor Who** videos, records and tapes has been established, and a file demographically illustrating the show's success in relation to other programmes over the years has been compiled. Evidence of the BBC's own personal regard towards the series has been acquired in the form of an official court record from the recent trial of a fan who the BBC took to court for pirating **Who** stories. As Giacobbi explains: "In it, the BBC say how valuable **Doctor Who** was to them, what a great thing it was and all the money it made. Fortunately we have managed to acquire a copy of this affidavit and the boot is now firmly on the other foot because they're saying 'No, we can't bring it back, no one wants it, it's not popular anymore' - so they've shot themselves in the foot to a large extent and we'll be bringing that to the public's attention in due course."

Evidence such as this will be used to demonstrate that while **Doctor Who** is off the air, the BBC is actually **losing** money in terms of merchandising and overseas sales - hardly the information a supposedly "cost efficient" Corporation wants widely known.

The intention of the campaign is to highlight these facts while also stressing that the series' poor showing in recent years has been due, in part, to its scheduling, as well as the lack of care and attention that went into producing it. And it mustn't be forgotten that the committee also intends to bring the BBC to book for their misleading statements and smug complacency.

WHO ARE THE COMMITTEE?

In answer to many letters asking just who the committee are, they include Andrew Beech, Jan Vincent Rudzki (TV Zone), Steve Wickham, Colin Griffiths and Jonathan Way of the DWAS, Jeremy Bentham and Gary Leigh (DWB).

A further major donation to the prize competition is a Silurian head from **Warriors of the Deep**.

ENTER NOW - SEE PAGE 5...

BBC2 TO SCREEN SEVEN FACES OF *DOCTOR WHO* THROUGHOUT '92

AS INTIMATED back in DWB#95, it can now be confirmed that BBC2 is to screen a season of 'Doctor Who' repeats starting on January 3rd with 'The Time Meddler'.

Six further stories will follow, one from each Doctor, though their identities at present are unknown. The first three stories - Hartnell to Pertwee - will be shown over a 12-week period, with the second part of the season provisionally scheduled for the Autumn.

3 x 4-PARTERS?

The first batch will be shown in the post-**Thunderbirds** slot (Friday evenings at 6.50pm), and the initial selection was made by John Nathan-Turner, who has suggested **The Krotons** as the obvious Troughton contribution. **The Claws of Axos** was initially nominated as Pertwee's story, until it was pointed out that it was coming out on video around the same time, and there is a possibility that **Terror of the Autons** might be shown, although the colour copy is not up to broadcast quality necessitating the use of the black and white version. Other stories currently being lobbied are **The Seeds of Death** (**The Krotons** was repeated back in 1981) and **The Green Death**, both of which are six episodes long and so would require more slots than the twelve allocated.

DOCUMENTARY

The season of repeats is being produced by The Late Show team who are also producing a half-hour documentary on **Doctor Who** which will precede episode one of **The Time Meddler**. It will comprise clips from all eras of the show and John Nathan-Turner has been approached to be "advisor".

This unique repeat season - the longest ever scheduled in any one year and the first repeats of any kind since 1984 - is a further indication that BBC2 is the only television station in the UK (with Channel 4 a close second) clearly aware of the true worth of telefantasy.

Controller Alan Yentob's shrewd investment in the likes of **Star Trek: The Next Generation** and **Thunderbirds** has clearly paid him dividends, with both shows regularly placed high within the station's top ten programmes. Yentob's decision to screen **Doctor Who** is believed to be entirely devoid of influence from BBC1 and is unlikely, as some optimists have suggested, to be a prelude for an announcement of the series' future at the end of 1992.

Certainly this shouldn't be an excuse for complacency. Indeed, with viewing figures expected to exceed those of Season 26, it will only add more fuel to the Save The Doctor campaign that fresh product is required...NOW!

TARGET / VIRGIN '92

ON THE BACK of this issue is the cover of Cat's Cradle: Warhead, by Andrew Cartmel. As with all the covers in this series, it is painted by mainstream science fiction artist Peter Elson. The back cover teaser reads:

"The place is Earth. The time is the near future - all too near. Industrial development has accelerated out of all control, spawning dangerous new technologies and laying the planet to waste. While the inner cities collapse in guerilla warfare, a dark age of superstition dawns.

"As destruction of the environment reaches the point of no return, multinational corporations and super-rich individuals unite in a last desperate effort - not to save humankind, but to buy themselves immortality in a poisoned world. If Earth is to survive, somebody has to stop them.

"From London to New York to Turkey, Ace follows the Doctor as he prepares, finally, to strike back."

Cat's Cradle will be the last series of interlinked books for a while, with the next few adventures all very loosely linked. Still appearing alternate months, the first is by Mark Gatiss and titled 'Nightshade', out in August. Paul Cornell returns for the October release, 'Heaven', which will see a new companion introduced while Ace leaves for two books. When she returns she will be older and tougher.

Ben Aaronovitch is scheduled for December, and looking ahead to 1993, 'The Higher Science' by Gareth Roberts is scheduled for February with Neil Penswick's 'The Pit' in April. Peter Darvill-Evans will be tackling the June release while a duo under the name of Lane and Mortimer are commissioned for August under the title 'Lucifer Rising'. All of the above (including Darvill-Evans and Aaronovitch) are fan writers.

In addition to 'Doctor Who - The Sixties', Frame publishers David Howe, Stephen James Walker and Mark Stammers are also preparing a fourth Doctor 'handbook' for release in December. Incidentally The Frame has also purchased the rights to produce the official 1993 'Doctor Who' calendar.

September will see the publication of the long-awaited 'Monsters' by Andrew Skilleter and the somewhat notorious Andrew Wrigglesford, while another large format hardback book will cover the 'Doctor Who' artwork of Skilleter, scheduled for October.

Finally, a third volume of Jean Marc L'Officier's Programme Guide - containing everything not covered in the first two volumes - should be out in November.

As for reprints, 'Curse/Monster of Peladon' are due out in June with 'Planet/Destiny of the Daleks' following in July, covers again courtesy of that awfully talented Mr. Pearson.

VIDEOS BI-MONTHLY AGAIN

FOLLOWING disquiet from many fans at the news that BBC Video were planning to accelerate the release of 'Doctor Who' and 'Blake's 7' videos to two of each per month, comes the news that BBC Video have heeded the concern and have amended their schedules akin to the 1991 releases with two cassettes of each series appearing alternate months. The first third of 1992 now reads:

JAN DW: Robot
DW: The Caves of Androzani

FEB B7: Volcano/Dawn of the Gods
B7: Harvest of Kairos/City'World

MAR DW: Logopolis
DW: Castrovalva

APR B7: Children of Auron/Rumours of Death
B7: Sarcophagus/Ultraworld

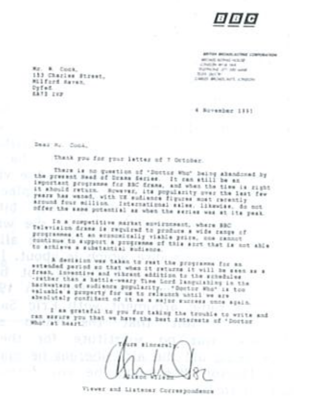
GUIDELINES FOR LETTERS

A RECENT news item suggested that mail addressed to the 'Doctor Who' production office was being destroyed. We have now received clarification on the procedure to adopt when writing to the BBC concerning the series as follows:

Since the closure of the production office, there has been no central area to which 'Who mail can be sent. Shortly before its closure it was arranged that any 'Doctor Who' related mail should be forwarded to BBC Enterprises Marketing Department so at least they would be read/forwarded on. As you will appreciate, letters sent without an SAE take not only time but money to reply to! Fans can be assured that letters are not 'binned' on receipt. Where possible mail is forwarded to the relevant department (home video/BBC Records/Merchandising, etc.).

THE B B C MAKES ITS STAND

SPEAKING OF mail to the BBC, one person who did receive a reply, William Cook, got this answer to his query about 'Doctor Who's' future...



BBC

Mr. W. Cook,
153 Charles Street,
Milford Haven,
Dyfed
[illegible]

4 November 1991

Dear Mr. Cook,

Thank you for your letter of 7 October.

There is no question of 'Doctor Who' being abandoned by the present Head of Drama Series. It can still be an important programme for BBC drama, and when the time is right it should return. However, its popularity over the last few years has waned, with UK audience figures most recently around four million. International sales, likewise, do not offer the same potential as when the series was at its peak.

In a competitive market environment, where BBC Television drama is required to produce a wide range of programmes at an economically viable price, one cannot continue to support a programme of this sort that is not able to achieve a substantial audience.

A decision was taken to rest the programme for an extended period so that when it returns it will be seen as a fresh, inventive and vibrant addition to the schedules - rather than a battle-weary Time Lord languishing in the backwaters of audience popularity. 'Doctor Who' is too valuable a property for us to relaunch until we are absolutely confident of it as a major success once again.

I am grateful to you for taking the trouble to write and can assure you that we have the best interests of 'Doctor Who' at heart.

Yours sincerely,

Viewer and Listener Correspondence

M O M I ADDITIONS

SEVERAL new attractions were recently installed into the 'Doctor Who' exhibition at The Museum Of The Moving Image on the South Bank. The Ancient Haemovore, a Cheetah person, The Husk from 'Ghost Light', the Special Weapons Dalek and an android (identity unknown) now bask alongside the other attractions, and could make a return visit worthwhile.

A definite closing date was expected during the week after this issue went to press, and at the moment it is scheduled into February, with another 'Doctor Who Weekend' planned for February 14-15th. More details next issue.

Over the Christmas period the exhibition will be closed between December 24-26th and will close early on New Year's Eve at 4.00pm.

MUNRO'S ARTICLE "FATALLY FLAWED", ARGUES LEVINE

Ian Levine, London W3 (20-11-91)
I THOUGHT, in 15 years of observing 'Doctor Who' fandom, that I'd seen everything, until I read the utter garbage that was Tim Munro's piece - The New Fandom - in the last DWB.

Never have I been so incensed that I felt I had to write immediately. Just to put the record straight, I was there at the very start when the DWAS was formed with Jan Vincent-Rudzki as its President and Jeremy Bentham as its Historian. I became quite well known in **Doctor Who** fandom throughout the years, both for purchasing original film prints off the BBC - including saving the very first Dalek story from being junked - and turning up over the years thirty-six missing episodes which would otherwise have been destroyed if I hadn't found them. Also I was the spokesman, as most know, who went on ITV's News At One in 1985 to protest the cancellation, and we managed to get the show back on the air - only to be saddled with Bonnie Langford and a worst Colin Baker season than the one which had preceded it.

After this point, of course, I became very vociferous in my dislike for John Nathan-Turner as producer, simply because I felt that he was ruining the show, and I have gone on record several times as saying so.

Apathy among **Doctor Who** fans was rife throughout the eighties, and I was particularly sickened - and withdrew from an active rôle in fandom in 1985 - when, at the PanoptiCon convention in Brighton I stood up on stage and explained to the audience how likely it was that the BBC was going to drastically reduce the episode count from 26 down to what looked likely to be less than 20. I was made a total fool off by John Nathan-Turner who subsequently informed the audience that I was talking utter rubbish and he decried everything I said. History of course proved me right and him wrong. Here we are, years later, and I am putting pen to paper to tell every single **Doctor Who** fan reading this letter that if you do not get off your backsides NOW and participate in the **Save The Doctor** campaign, then there will not be a show to appreciate. While I applaud DWB's policy of always entertaining opposing viewpoints, I think it was utterly irresponsible of Gary to run Tim's piece at a time when it appeared that all of fandom had united together in this cause. I, for one, have always followed **Doctor Who** as a **television** medium and I don't think it's at all a satisfactory substitution to be buying Virgin's books of The New Adventures and to be purchasing the videos and then to sit in smug complacency thinking that you're doing your bit to support **Doctor Who.** Don't get me wrong; there's nothing wrong in following all the ancillary merchandise which is about. I just feel strongly that this should not be in place of the show itself. Back in 1985 I had the same argument with Eric Saward because I felt that the radio show, Slipback, was no substitute for the TV show being off the air, whereas he claimed that **Doctor Who** could be any format it wanted to be.

If we don't have a television show, then, as Tim Munro says, we will indeed become like **Blake's 7** and **Avengers** fans. The only difference is that they never took an active rôle when each of their series were cancelled whereas we have in the past. In America, for example, both **Beauty and the Beast** and **Hill Street Blues** had such strong fan followings that once the shows were cancelled they managed to get them back for a few more episodes. I think to have the attitude to say that "better not to bring it back at all than to bring it back with a chance of it being weak" is totally defeatist. How do we know it's going to be bad with a new producer until we give it a chance? The one thing we must band together and save is the show itself. It's had atrocious luck through the eighties with a constantly spiralling downward trend in script quality and direction. It's been knocked, it's been lumbered with pathetic comedy guest stars like Ken Dodd, Beryl Reid, Nicholas Parsons and Hale & Pace, but I've always been aware that, with an exciting new producer and script-editor it could easily be as brilliant as the Hinchcliffe/Holmes era again.

However, if we, the fans, don't get up now and do something about it, we will never have that chance to see how good the show could have been again. Last year we planned the Day of Action and it was not supported strongly enough. Neither have the various letter writing campaigns. This is the one time for **everybody** to stand up and be counted. I am letting it be known NOW - although I had previously wished to remain anonymous - that it is MY Moonbase/Tomb of the Cybermen Cyberman helmet that's been donated to the fund. I acquired it in 1976 and I have treasured it for the last 15 years, but I am willing to give it up personally because this is a cause that I believe in, and I think that every other **Doctor Who** 'fan' who cares about the programme should have a duty to believe in it, as well. Forget what Tim Munro says - the whole article was utter garbage, not even worthy of being used as toilet paper.

Doctor Who is worth fighting for and saving: I've stood up before and done so, I even had my picture in The Sun in 1985 smashing a TV set in protest! I now wish to take a less active rôle in fandom and let Jeremy Bentham and all of the others front the campaign, but I will certainly support it to the hilt and I urge every other **Doctor Who** fan to do so too.

Please, please, please, **please** ignore Tim Munro's piece and send in your **£10 now,** otherwise we won't have a show to remember.

One last point. No, nobody seriously expects the campaign to successfully sue the BBC for millions of pounds. What it **will** do, provided everybody supports it, is raise such questions in a court of law about the BBC's responsibility to the licence payer over a show which clearly makes a vast profit that it should ensure that all sorts of questions will be asked by the BBC's own Board of Governors, the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Indeed, the repercussions could be so great that it may even topple Jonathan Powell from his high and mighty perch! Remember these **facts** if you have any doubts about sending in your £10 - NOW!

Paul Clifton, London W14 (22-11-91)
So, Tim Munro thinks that if we act like good little children and don't pester the BBC then **Doctor Who** will come back just like **Star Trek** did. Well, Tim, one thing you're sadly mistaken about is that you're completely ignoring the fact that **Star Trek** carried on creating new generations of fans because, from the date of its cancellation, it was constantly syndicated on hundreds upon hundreds of US channels being shown daily, the 79 episodes being rerun over and over again throughout the seventies and the eighties, thus creating a constant interest in the series. **Doctor Who,** on the other hand, apart from not being made, has also not been repeated and has not been on the TV screens whatsoever since its cancellation in 1989. Therefore, if you're expecting new generations of TV viewers to grow up with **Doctor Who,** you've got another thing coming.

This is why you're so wrong, the whole premise of your article is wrong, and the fans must fight for **Doctor Who** NOW because even if it was being repeated at least people would keep the interest up, but with no appearance whatsoever on the TV it will die as surely as **Blake's 7** did...

David A. Thomas, Mid-Glamorgan (15-11-91)
In reply to Tim Munro's article in DWB#96, whilst I agree that there is a need for more realism in our approach to saving **Doctor Who** as a television programme, I also believe that too much realism has such a negative effect on morale that it is no more helpful to "the cause" than the "rose-coloured spectacles" approach. Too much realism borders on defeatism and I for one don't want that either. I'm all for waiting for a few years before bringing the programme back, but I certainly don't want to wait as long for the Doctor to return as we had to wait for **Star Trek** to come back to the small screen. Not only will the Sixth Floor be dead and gone, but I probably will be too! I'd prefer the suing campaign to be broader-based, as Tim suggested, rather than concentrating only on **Doctor Who,** but that won't stop me supporting it or continuing to write to the BBC. For once it seems that everyone is in agreement so let's not spoil that rare unity by too much emphasis on the "there's not much point - it won't do any good" argument, O.K.?

Jason A. McLaughlin, Lancashire (25-10-91)
I read with great interest and surprise the news that "a consortium of **Doctor Who** fans" plan to sue the BBC due to the lack of action regarding a new series. This is a great publicity move that will expose the BBC's lying and deceit and, hopefully, if the consortium win, will make legal history. I wish them all the luck in the world. If 15,000 fans all chucked in a tenner they would have about £150,000 (about the amount that DWM claim the action would cost) and a good chance of winning.

Meanwhile comes the sad news of Gene Roddenberry. Although a greater fan of **Who,** I've always enjoyed **Star Trek** in all its guises and believe his death is a great loss to the science fiction world. Let's hope his vision of the future continues to be as great as it was under his guidance.

On a lighter note, I agree wholeheartedly with Anthony Brown that BBC Video should add the classic **The Invasion of Time** to 1992's **Doctor Who** schedule.

Graeme Galloway, Edinburgh (12-11-91)
I've been very impressed with DWB over the past year, which has seen each issue filled with quality and a high standard of presentation. Issue 96 was an interesting read, and may in future prove to be one of the most important issues of DWB ever. Your magazine has been renowned in the past for motivating fandom, and I hope that the response to the **Save the Doctor** campaign is favourable, not only for the future of **Doctor Who** but also for the sake of all the people who have given up their valuable time to campaign for its return.

Cheryl Rothery, Coventry (21-11-91)
How right you were in titling your latest editorial "The Most Important One You're Ever Likely to Read". I confess to usually being one of the "apathetic majority" who leaves participation to others - a pretty selfish attitude really! Not this time, though. It looks as if we've finally got a chance to make the BBC listen - we **mustn't** waste it. Even if the legal proceedings fail, at least the ensuing publicity may do something for our cause.

I hope others will take heart that one of the "invisible" DWB readers has made an effort to secure the show's future. If I (an over-worked, over-socialised University student) can find the time, money and inclination to help out, then I'm sure everyone else can as well. Let's all pull on this one and try to achieve something!

R.D.J. Francis, London SW16 (20-11-91)
In reply to Tim Munro's The New Fandom, whilst I personally agree with so much of what he so eloquently wrote, particularly with regard to the BBC's indolence, I feel in some areas he was not so accurate. One of the major canons he states is based on a division between the 'fanboy' and 'Taverner'. Personally I find this far too simplistic to accurately describe fandom and probably doesn't really describe the majority of fans as a whole. One of the reasons Tim cites for the current lethargy as opposed to 1985 is the conscious decision not to lobby. In reality, the reason for the lack of activity amongst fandom is that 6 or 7 years ago when the BBC scrapped **Doctor Who** it meant no new series, no repeats and there were few videos being released. No **Doctor Who** meant no **Doctor Who.** Today, however, we have a couple of videos bi-monthly, the prospect of repeats on BBC2, satellite and BBC Select, and so, because we get a regular 'fix', the lethargy is endemic. This is especially so as much of fandom is psychologically retrospective: i.e. the golden era for whatever age is always years ago. So it is hardly surprising that this, coupled with surreptitious frustration tactics by the BBC, leads many fans to say "Oh, what the hell!". But, to be fair, I think that the standard of **Doctor Who** since '85 has reinforced this.

I disagree that it is inevitable that **Doctor Who** will return one day. Look at the Generation Game, Tim. It is very, very cheap TV, **Doctor Who** is not. Ah, I hear you say, what about **Star Trek?** Yes, but **Star Trek** returned because of the profits made in global syndication and the greed engendered to make more stories to make more money. If anyone seriously believes that the global syndication of old Hartnell or Tom Baker stories will do the same, they're mistaken. No, **Blake's 7,** although a good product, even ten years later it hasn't returned. It is a little arrogant to assume that **Doctor Who** will.

Realistically, if we want to save **Doctor Who** it must be **now,** or face only a retrospective looking future. No, I do not want **Doctor Who** at any price if that results in more Sylvesters, Bonnies and "Blam, cowabunga" Daleks beaten up by baseball bats with "superpowers". I want to see **Doctor Who** return as an intelligent, quality product (which is what the **Save the Doctor** campaign is fighting for).

Ian Wilkinson, Warwickshire (13-11-91)
Tim Munro's The New Fandom (DWB#96) said all that needs to be said really. Fans who don't participate in all these glorious revival schemes are called apathetic by all these other fans who do. But all this hyper rushing about is missing the point somewhat. I mean, **everything** ends, doesn't it? I would be air-mailing brickbats and death-threats to the Grundy Corporation in Australia if I thought it would help to bring back Prisoner Cell Block H. But it wouldn't, and even if it did it wouldn't be the **same** programme, so what's the point? Many would say that the point with regard to **Doctor Who** is the programme's flexibility and, therefore, inherent longevity, that it has survived cancellation and near-cancellation before (three times at least, if my memory serves) and has always come bouncing back, brighter and better. And this is most definitely true, up to a point, and that point being March 1984. Since then the programme has been stuck in the deepest rut. Looking back, I believe it would have been best if Davison's Doctor had died without regenerating at the end of **The Caves of Androzani** (probably with some carefully-selected flashbacks thrown in) leaving Peri alone in the TARDIS travelling to...where? Well, that we would never know. This would have been an excellent, dramatic, moving end to a wonderful series and would probably have ensured that, by now, nearly eight years later, the series would be remembered with such fondness by Joe Public that the Beeb would be repeating all available episodes from the pilot right through at primetime on BBC1 - and we wouldn't have to spend such a fortune on BBC Videos!

Your excellent magazine is surely one of the primary "Keepers of the flame" (to quote Mr. Munro) for it is probably the only place where it would be possible to find an editorial consigning its readers to eternal damnation if they don't put their apathetic hands in their apathetic pockets to **Save The Doctor,** alongside Tim Munro's well-written, well-researched article pouring scorn on the whole venture.

DAVISON'S REVIVAL

Tom Joyce, Dublin (4-11-91)
I am pleased to note the renewed interest in the Davison era displayed in recent issues of DWB. Ever since March 1984 I have come to believe, perhaps wrongly, that there are some people - who claim to be **Doctor Who** fans - who are determined to undermine the credibility of Davison's performance and who constantly deride the quality of the scripts and the production values displayed during his tenure. Maybe these people could never forgive Davison for not only becoming the Doctor but, more importantly, making a success of the rôle following Tom Baker's departure?

There were times when this 'campaign', for want of a better description, claiming that the Davison era was bland, lifeless, uninteresting etc. became so concerted that I even began to doubt my own memories, so what misconceptions must younger fans who have never witnessed Davison's portrayal have?

Admittedly every era has its faults, but Seasons 19-21 are as good as, if not better than, many that came before and, more importantly, all that came after. Interestingly, when each of Davison predecessors left the series, they also left behind a jaded and tired programme, in more than one case perilously close to cancellation! However, by the end of **The Caves of Androzani** part four I and I suspect many others were left crying out for more. The series was in great shape and the future looked very rosy indeed. Less than a year later of course the **Doctor Who** world was turned upside down, but this is no reflection on the Davison era. In fact, it's the most blatant example of a lost opportunity in the series' history. In 1984 Nathan-Turner was still the fans' darling. Since then, though, his failures have been used to attack the Davison era and dismiss it as a waste of time.

OFFENSIVE DIATRIBES

James Guthrie, London SW15 (11-11-91)
I see you were responsible for the commentary that accompanied your series survey results in DWB#96. Having read it back to yourself now, I hope you feel ashamed of your utter rudeness and bloody-minded attitude to JNT and those involved in the programme during his time. Let me clarify:

In the Least Favourite Writer section, you ask, "Who can ever forget (Pip and Jane Baker's) cringingly sycophantic convention panels alongside Nathan-Turner ...A position well earned". What exactly does this have to do with their writing ability, which is, after all, what they were supposed to have been judged on? I voted them last because they wrote consistent rubbish, **not** because they were dislikeable people.

Similarly, in the Favourite Director ›

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G) Developing a format for "Doctor Who" in the Nineties.
H) Choosing the right actor to play the Doctor.
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	ENTRY No. 1	ENTRY No. 2	ENTRY No. 3	ENTRY No. 4	ENTRY No. 5	ENTRY No. 6	ENTRY No. 7
1)							
2)							
3)							
4)							
5)							
6)							
7)							
8)							
9)							
	£10	£10	£10	£10	£10	£10	£10

Total no. of entries=
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2) Finish the following sentence in no more than 25 words;–

"Doctor Who" deserves to return in the Nineties because

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section, you state that, "The placing at number nine is almost laughable: whatever Mallett might have done with **Fenric** - and goodness knows he didn't even direct all of it himself - there can be no atonement for the way he butchered Robert Holmes' Season 23 contribution...". Not only is this a nasty and childish dig at Nicholas Mallett, it also puts in question your respect for the opinions of your readers, those very same readers you once barked at for not voicing their opinions in your magazine. If you really want people to participate, treat them with a little courtesy.

No doubt the Anti-JNT League will have clapped their hands with glee at your highly unprofessional comments, but of course, you're not professional, are you? It's just a fanzine after all. Then again, is that really adequate defence for the editor of such a high-profile magazine?

I shall let the offensive diatribe in the Least Favourite Producer section speak for itself. Suffice it to say that I hope in future you will exercise a little less of that editorial bias which so often pervades the pages of DWB, and of which you so often accuse other, more notable publications.

ED: James, if you take that much offence of our well-known stance towards the JNT era, then why on earth do you continue to read DWB? Goodness only knows that the other leading organs for Doctor Who information and features - DWM, The Frame, Proteus, etc. - are, for purely beneficiary reasons, pro-JNT. DWB owes JNT nothing, which is why we can exercise a free mind and publish ***honest*** *opinions concerning his years.*

Yes, Pip 'n' Jane's toadying towards JNT in 1986, as well as being unprofessional, did have an affect on their writing since it helped to ensure that JNT would employ them to script Sylvester McCoy's appalling debut adventure (though nowhere do I recall describing them as "dislikeable people")...

James Russell, Motherwell (19-11-91)

Thank you for another great issue of DWB (#96). The BBC Video Interview showed just how much control JNT still has over **Doctor Who**, yet the series survey results showed just how much the fans dislike the man and his productions.

Richard Develyn, East Sussex (19-11-91)

I was very interested to read the varying points of view put forward by yourself and your readers on the **Save The Doctor** campaign. As shown by the series survey, Season 26 was the best for five years, and if the BBC could be persuaded to continue at this standard then I would be interested in giving my support. However I wish to draw your readers to another issue, maybe a bit of an old chestnut now, which does not receive sufficient attention.

We appear to be missing most of the best stories that the series has produced. Look again at the survey results: Season 5 the best season on points average with the best story coming from Season 4. I am not convinced that enough is being done to recover the missing episodes.

I read all the time that you are forwarding any rumours you get to the BBC archive unit and that they are advertising around the world for lost BBC programmes, but isn't there anything that we, the fans, could be doing as well? I may be prevaricating over sending £10 to the **Save The Doctor** campaign, but I would not hesitate to send £50 or more to a Lost Episodes campaign.

It seems to me that rumour-mongering and attempts by unscrupulous people to sell bogus film-reels and videos to enthusiasts has taken the wind out of the sails of this noble cause. I would very much like to see a confederation of "elder statesmen fans" get together on this issue and assess how they see the situation. What do they believe, not necessarily know, exists? Do they believe these episodes exist in other countries? Which are the most likely and what is our best bet for getting them returned? Do they believe missing episodes are being hoarded by film collectors? Is there any way we can persuade them to return what they have to the archives? These questions, answered by well-informed people in an article in a fan magazine, would take fans like myself out of the darkness of ignorance and, maybe, give us a little hope as well.

Kenneth Tippell, Glasgow (18-11-91)

Enjoyed your latest issue a great deal, but I question some of the results of the series survey. Why is an 'all gloss, no substance' type of story such as **Remembrance of the Daleks** placed at number 15, whilst a true classic like **The Sunmakers** has a struggle to reach 81? I hope no-one out there is suddenly going to declare it a 'clanger' and launch a detailed attack on what is a well-written and genuinely amusing adventure. Rough justice was also served to **The Invasion of Time** (84), **The Stones of Blood** (86) and the unforgettable **The Ribos Operation**, which only just scraped the top 100! It seems to me that Graham Williams' era remains sadly under-rated, a terrible pity. Apart from **The Androids of Tara**, **The Creature from the Pit** and **The Horns of Nimon**, I can find little to fault it. Even the much condemned **The Invisible Enemy** is miles ahead of virtually anything produced between '84-'89, and dare I claim that **The Horror of Fang Rock** is actually an all-time classic? Yes I do, there has never been a better story since!

Most of the other results were just and quite correct, and congratulations to **Paradise Towers**, finally realised as the worst story there ever was and ever will be! Why wasn't the equally dire **Bannermen** crap at number 2?

ECHOES OF THE SEVENTIES

Robert Gairey, Cardiff (18-11-91)

I was slightly concerned by the attitude some of your readers seem to be taking to the new BBC drama output, and in particular The House Of Elliot (Saturdays, BBC1). I have long bemoaned the declining standards of the BBC's Saturday night output - the prevalence of gameshows and limp comedy repeats. I have yearned, along with many others, for the return of a strong, traditional line-up akin to that offered in the 1970s. However, now the programme planners seem to be getting their acts together at long last, I am not going to knock their offerings.

The House Of Elliot is drama in the '70s Saturday night style. Indeed, it awakened memories of such missed classics as Wings and The Duchess Of Duke Street: lavishly designed, nicely directed (by **Who** stalwart Rodney Bennett amongst others), well acted (for the most part), and, most important of all, accessible to the masses. Far from the series being a flop, the ratings, after a shaky start (attributable to the enduring popularity of ITV's unimaginative Bond season), have climbed above a highly respectable nine million - far in excess of even 'healthy' **Who** ratings of recent years.

It would be foolish for **Who** fans to ridicule a series like The House Of Elliot. **Anything that marks a return to the '70s style of Saturday offerings should be welcomed.** In addition to the above, we have seen the return of The Generation Game, the emergence of a new, highly-acclaimed and popular comedy double act (Birds Of A Feather), and the arrival of a higher quality 'tongue in cheek' chatshow under the guardianship of the excellent Clive James. All we need now to complete the jigsaw is **Doctor Who**, and campaigners for its return would surely find ammunition in the enduring popularity of a line-up that proved so successful in the '70s. If programmes like these can continue to do well, why not **Doctor Who** also?

Brian Stephens, Tyne and Wear (19-11-91)

It was with some dismay that I read the interview with David Jackson of BBC Video (DWB#96) and his comments on C.D.V. (compact video disc).

He states that C.D.V. is being developed for transmission and domestic use and he didn't know when it would be in the shops. C.D.V. is the brand name given to Laserdisc by Philips and it has been in the shops for a few years now and is in use by the BBC themselves. The optical video disc system was first released by Philips in Britain as Laservision, but Pioneer used the name Laserdisc. The BBC released many titles in this format when it first appeared, including **Revenge of the Cybermen** and **The Brain of Morbius**.

When a digital sound version capable of playing compact discs was released, Philips decided to change the name to C.D.U. to cash in on the success of C.D.. Many thought it daft to describe a 12 inch disc as compact so Philips agreed to the use of Laserdisc as the official name for the format.

The BBC have been using Laserdisc for some months now. Many of the video logo sequences, such as the one on BBC2 where the paint falls from the side of the screen onto the metallic 2, are played from Laserdiscs. Also the BBC have released several educational Laserdiscs along the lines of the safety disc described in the news section of DWB#96.

What hope have we of seeing any more **Doctor Who** releases on Laserdisc when it would appear that BBC Video are unaware of the format which the BBC itself is using?

NEW LIGHT ON THE SIXTIES

Stephen James Walker, Kent (11-11-91)

I was interested to read the correspondence from Ty Power and Winston Engle in DWB#96, commenting on my letter in DWB#94.

Jeremy Bentham's book **Doctor Who - The Early Years** is indeed an excellent one, but it was published several years ago and I am sure Jeremy would be the first to admit that a lot more information has been uncovered since then, some of which casts a different light on the matters about which he wrote.

For a comprehensive and accurate account of the origins of **Doctor Who**, Ty and Winston might like to read the article which I wrote for Marvel's **Doctor Who** Yearbook last summer. An even fuller account will appear in the book **Doctor Who - The Sixties** which I am co-writing with David J Howe and Mark Stammers and which will be published by Virgin next Autumn. (This book will also answer some of the other questions Winston raises at the end of his letter).

Over the years I have spoken to many people responsible for making **Doctor Who** in the Sixties and, perhaps more importantly, in researching the Sixties book, I have studied virtually all the official BBC documentation which still exists from the era, much of which I believe was not available to Jeremy when he wrote his book. I am therefore confident that I have got my facts right.

This is not the place to go into detail, but I would like to make three brief points:

i) First, 'The Hidden Planet' was dropped not for budgetary reasons but because the success of the Daleks led Verity Lambert and David Whitaker to rethink the direction the series should take. This was quite clearly stated by the story's author, Malcolm Hulke, in a number of interviews he gave before his death.

ii) David Whitaker did not commission a lot of four-part stories and then have extra episodes tacked on to them. The first story to be commissioned from an outside writer (Anthony Coburn being a BBC staff member originally) was John Lucarotti's **Marco Polo**, which was always planned as a seven-parter, and the second was Terry Nation's 'The Mutants' (a.k.a. **The Daleks**), originally a six-parter but then extended to seven mainly so that, together with Coburn's story, it would form a standard 'block' of thirteen episodes with which to open the series. In fact, only one four-parter was commissioned for the first season, namely **The Aztecs**.

iii) The Sydney Newman quotation which Winston uses in an attempt to disprove my point about the Doctor's name does precisely the opposite because Newman clearly says, "...hence his **name 'Doctor Who'**." (My emphasis.) In fact, just about everyone connected with the series' production over the years has used **Who** as the Doctor's surname in interviews etc. - not to mention the fact that it is on the closing credits and scripts for every story up to 1980. The Doctor never says on screen that it is his name (although he implies it on a number of occasions), but he does sign a letter **"Doctor Who"** in **The Underwater Menace**, according to the camera script (and there is no reason to think the script is wrong). In any case, neither Bill Strutton nor David Whitaker has the Doctor himself saying that his name is 'Who' in the books to which Ty referred, so I still don't see how he can say that they made a "mistake".

Robert Bradley, NSW Australia (1-7-91)

I find it disturbing and annoying that certain influential individuals among fandom have, over the years, taken it upon themselves to state **categorically** that Susan and the Doctor were **not** related, despite there being no evidence whatsoever to support this claim. Back in the '70s and early '80s, this question was the subject of much heated argument among fans, but with the passage of time and the continuing lack of any clue to the answer in the programme itself, this very important aspect of the Doctor's background has been swept under the carpet in recent years.

The only grounds for the view that Susan and the Doctor are not related would seem to be that the idea of the Doctor having once had a family does not fit in with the (JNT-influenced) latter day perception of the character as some kind of cosmic superhero. After all, how could someone who is "more than a Time Lord" ever have been involved in something as mundane as family life? Furthermore, these self-appointed 'experts' are quite prepared to ignore the very clear evidence presented in the show itself, the statements of the original cast and production team, and anything else that does not concur with their (JNT's?) viewpoint. Instead, they prefer to cite Sydney Newman's stated dislike for the idea of Susan as the Doctor's grand-daughter (see Sydney Newman interview in DWB's 1987 Winter & Spring Special) as disproof of the relationship. But Sydney Newman was not the producer of **Doctor Who** in 1963, and in fact had nothing to do with the actual realisation of his original idea. Verity Lambert has said repeatedly over the years that both she and Anthony Coburn, the writer of **An Unearthly Child**, were very firm that Susan should be related to the Doctor. Indeed, this important family relationship was to act as a strong audience-identification point among the bizarre events of those early episodes. No amount of wishful thinking by the fans or Sydney Newman can change the fact that the intention of the 1963 production team was that the Doctor **was** Susan's grandfather.

My own view is that one can only go on whatever evidence was offered by the series itself in Seasons 1-2, and this points invariably to the conclusion that Susan and the Doctor **were** related as they said they were: in the very first episode Susan states, "I was born in another time, another world". Her subsequent conversation with the Doctor, pleading for the release of Ian and Barbara from the TARDIS, leaves no doubt that she regards the two teachers as aliens. In the same episode, she is obviously familiar with the "home" referred to by the Doctor. In **The Sensorites** the two are telepaths. In episode 6 of **The Dalek Invasion of Earth** the Doctor, in making his emotional farewell to Susan, actually says, "you are my grandchild, and always will be". Even as late as JNT's **The Five Doctors** Susan instantly recognises the Dark Tower on Gallifrey, and in spite of now being middle-aged she still invariably calls the Doctor "Grandfather".

Throughout their time together in the early episodes the Doctor displayed a degree of protectiveness and affection towards Susan which he has never duplicated with any other companion. To quote Carole Ann Ford, they were always "cuddling each other up". Again, the Doctor has never shown any inclination to do this since, so it seems unlikely that he was simply a dirty old man. Susan's obvious love and trust of the Doctor was far greater than one would expect of a mere companion. For his part, the Doctor once told Susan that "your faith in me is something that I prize very highly" (**The Daleks**, episode 5). Their closeness, affection and concern for each other in every story in which they appeared together makes nonsense of any claim that Susan was simply a young girl that the Doctor had taken under his wing (he did that with Vicki after Susan had left, but he never tried to claim that Vicki was his grand-daughter...and who ever called someone "Grandfather" as a mere term of endearment anyway?).

Why did Susan have an earthly name? Presumably her family had a fondness for Earth culture. This would also explain why her grandfather adopted the Earthly title of "Doctor", and why he chose this planet for Susan's schooling. What happened to Susan's parents? Who knows? Perhaps there was a whole lot more behind the Doctor's decision to leave Gallifrey in the first place than he has ever let on.

Whether or not these questions will ever be answered in the series, it would be wrong to blindly accept the idea that the Doctor never had a grand-daughter or any other family. It may be something that the new, independent producers will want to clear up once and for all...

D W B ISN'T NAFF!

David J Bickerstaff, Renfrew (20-11-91)

I wish to assure all readers of DWB that the letter which appeared in #96 was **not** sent by me. After a lengthy conversation with John Hughes (reviewer of Galaxy Con II), we have come to the conclusion that there are certain members of an infamous **Doctor Who** Group who would delight in discrediting my good name. We know who they are and I only hope those who wrote it **grow up**. I'm sorry to say I don't read DWB but I know it is excellent quality and is not "naff".

John Skeldon, Edinburgh (19-11-91)

I know for a fact that David did not write this childish nonsense and that he was as amazed to see it in print as you must have been when you received it. It's a disgrace that so-called "fans" can be so immature as to stir up trouble because they bear a grudge against, or are jealous of someone who, for two years running, has managed to organize one of the most entertaining and refreshing conventions in the U.K.. I just wish certain fans would have the nerve to openly criticise rather than anonymously indulge in idiotic and futile efforts of this kind.

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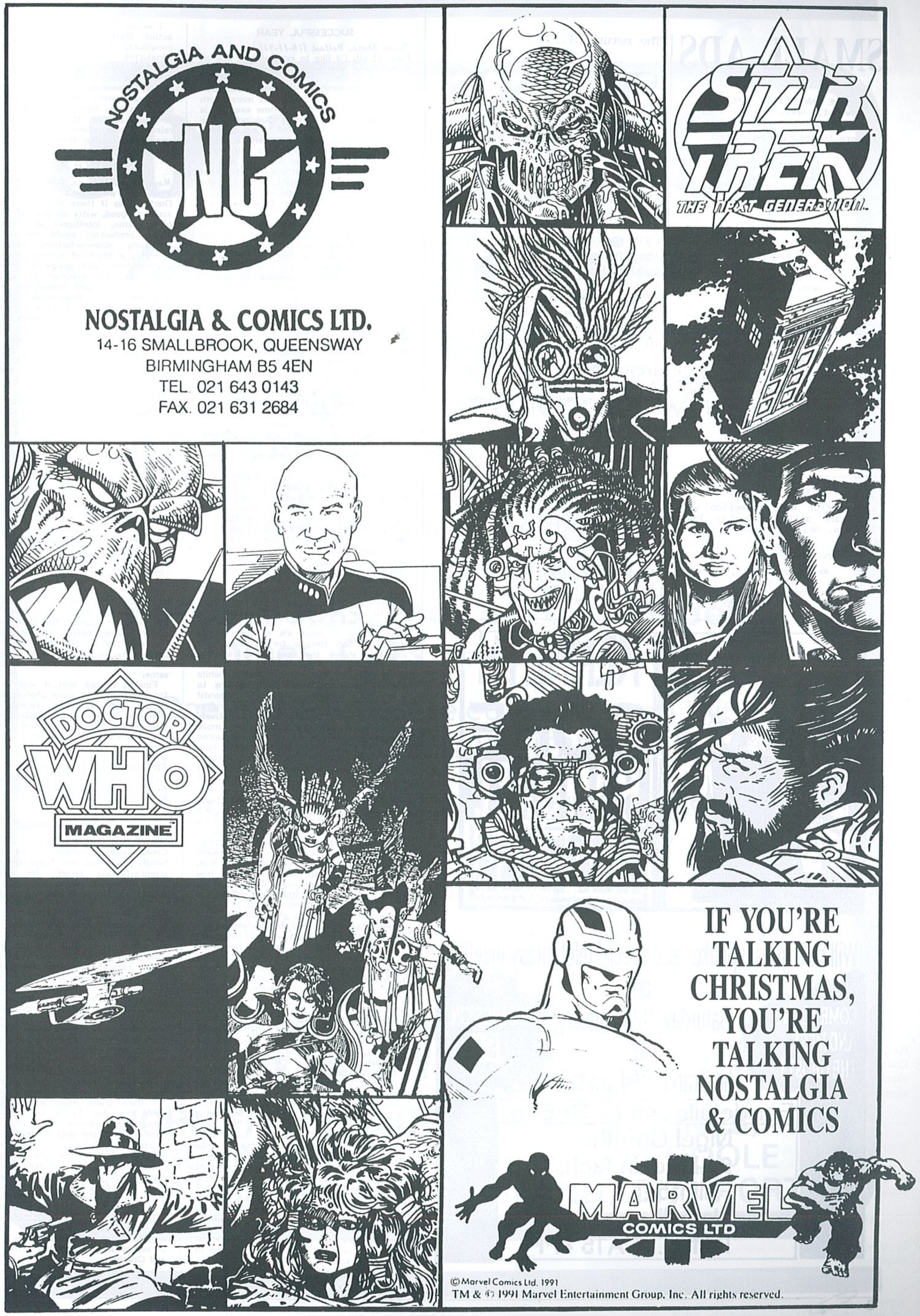

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SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Roger Shore, Belfast (14-11-91)

First of all, I'd like to congratulate you on a successful year's run of DWB and I look forward to 1992. Of particular merit has been your coverage of the television genre and the way you go into a lot more depth than other magazines. A prime example is Gene Roddenberry's death. Judging by the tabloids and TV, I was led to believe he'd been in the height of health and a sudden heart attack ended it all. Your obituary in *#96* made it quite clear that this was not the case. It might seem a minor point, but you do appear to clarify events in the news a lot more concisely.

On the subject of **Star Trek**, could you please continue with your coverage of it as it is, by far, my favourite programme at this time and Kathleen Toth's reviews of future episodes are very welcome, even if she does tend to analyse the programme too much. Remember, a lot of people out here haven't seen the episodes yet so such overt analysis could be falling on deaf ears. Analysis only works when people have seen what you are talking about.

Mark Jones, Tyne and Wear (29-10-91)

May I bring to the attention of your readers the current sorry state of the CIC Video **Star Trek - The Next Generation** sell-through releases?

As a fan of the programme and a purchaser of all the releases so far, I was looking forward to the release of Season Three, despite being asked to shell out the best part of £130 between October and Christmas on the twelve planned releases! I was most upset at finding that Cassettes 25-27 - the first six episodes of Season Three - were all playing perceptively faster than normal. A replacement set were exactly the same, so the shop I purchased them at suggested I get in touch with the video duplication company. Rank Video Services were most helpful, but could not give any indication of what was wrong without seeing the tapes and suggested that I get in touch with CIC Video.

After much effort, I eventually got through to Tim Gaskill on the production side at CIC Video. He explained that the speeding up of the episodes was **intentional** due to the new conversion process they are using results in the loss of 1/25th of each second - about **4%** of the running time! My own timings for **Evolution**, for example, shows that the American and BBC2 -transmitted versions run to approximately 45 minutes and 33 seconds, while the CIC version of the episode runs to only 43 minutes and 36 seconds! Consequently, when watching these videos the characters' voices are at a perceptively higher pitch and they speak and move distractingly faster. Mr. Gaskill explained that the episodes sounded normal to him, and that "Only fans would notice". However, friends I have shown the episodes to have noticed that there is a definite difference - and surely it's the fans who will be buying the majority of tapes anyway!

Mr. Gaskill also explained that the picture quality of the new releases is much improved by the new conversion process, and most people would forego normal speed and sound quality for this. When I pointed out that, no matter how good the visual quality is it's wasted if we can't bear to watch them because of the sound quality, he stated that all of Season Three and the majority of Season Four had already been duplicated in this format, and the speeded-up releases would be something "The fans will have to learn to live with".

Haven't CIC learnt **anything** from the fiasco of the **Next Generation** rental releases? I'm saddened and angered by this "like it or leave it" attitude, especially from a company who has done a lot for **Star Trek** over the past few years - even when Cassette 3 (**The Last Outpost/Where No One Has Gone Before**) was incorrectly duplicated with the rental version of the episodes, a speedy exchange was offered and the service was excellent. And yes, I know many people will not have noticed or will not be bothered by this speeding-up of the episodes, but there must be fans - **purchasers** of these tapes - who feel strongly about the way we are being treated.

No matter how CIC may try to brush us off with protestations of better picture quality, is it really worth buying these copies if they are **not** the proper versions? Versions we feel unable to watch? I **want** to purchase the CIC videos. I **want** a proper, full collection, but these are not the goods being offered. I feel I've wasted the best part of £35 and wil be returning these tapes for a refund. I cannot justify the purchase of any further releases if they are, overall, sub-standard versions of the episodes.

I would urge fellow fans to take similar action. Start by writing strong letters of complaint, as I have, to: Amanda Hearth (Production Assistant) and Karl Oliver (Head of Marketing) at CIC Video, Fourth Floor, Glenthorne House, 5/17 Hammersmith Grove, Hammermith, London W6 0ND.

I would hate to see fans (and CIC) lose out when they have to turn to bootleggers, as they did at the time CIC's rental releases were alienating the very people who wanted to buy them.

HI-TECH SEASON 27

Mars Melden, Illinois, USA (13-10-91)

What can we expect from Season 27 of **Doctor Who** if there is one? Hopefully an array of good, witty scripts rich in tension, high drama, intelligent and scary! The whole production could use a mix of intriguing science-fiction, real horror, mystery, a touch of surreal images and a claustrophobic plot device to entangle the viewer in every direction. Strong lead and supporting cast and characters would help make this show a powerhouse!

On the technical side, a decent budget is greatly required. It needs what the scripts ask for...a new, bigger production value by using computer-animated graphics for special effects sequences. Studiobound recording should be on high definition videotape, while the location scenes should be recorded on Super 16mm colour film or 35mm colour film.

Incidental music doesn't necessarily have to be all synthesized either! How about the return of the diamond title logo and Ron Grainer's haunting theme tune electronically remastered to great digital stereo sound! Digital stereo for music and sound effects, studio and location recording. MIDI, and other post-production sources can be vital for the return of **Doctor Who.**

It's about time to change the series from a JNT-influenced product back into a **Doctor Who**-influenced one!

Glyn Jones, Lancashire (14-10-91)

Your articles on the history of Target's **Doctor Who** range were fascinating (ref: DWB#s 93-95) and traced the development of the books far better than Marvel's recent effort. I cannot understand why the excellent 1992 reprint covers will be marred by the awful 'jeans label' logo. Of the two JNT logos, I felt that the tubular design worked better, but Marvel's DWM has reverted to the diamond logo with, presumably, no ill effects on sales figures, and I can't see why Target cannot do the same.

Finally, I hope that it will be possible for you to publish more photonovels in the future. With so many episodes missing from the archives, these publications are a vital means of preserving the programme's past. Talking of preservation, have you considered the possibility of producing DWB binders?

ED: While DWB binders hadn't crossed our minds (until now!), a brand new photonovel based on a missing **Doctor Who** *story is being planned for DWB#101...*

WANDJINA MAGIC

John Miller, London SE23 (25-7-91)

Could I plug a mention in the mag for a totally neglected and forgotten Australian science-fantasy series? The series was called **Wandjina Magic** and was a filmed serial in seven parts shown over June 1967 on BBC1. The story concerned an Aborigine legend of strange beings that visited them at the dawn of man. An investigation team of scientists and anthropologists discover an oddly-shaped skull half buried in sand which, on attempts to unearth it, seems to invoke natural turbulence and sand storms, as if an unknown force were trying to prevent any investigation of its origins. Later in the serial, the 'magic' is given scientific logic when it is discovered that the skull is the remains of one of the legendary space beings whose race is still present on Earth. One was glimpsed in the penultimate episode and it resembled a shrouded monk with a radio back pack and ariel. I am desperate to find some other readers who recall it as it seemed an important and unusual fantasy series.

I think Irwin Allen was highly underrated for his TV work. The dramatic content, motivations and lines in episodes of **Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea** (such as **The Amphibians**) and **The Time Tunnel** (**Flight into Yesterday**) are of really quite adult and eloquent proportions, as well as the imaginative inspiration. There is more than meets the eye, so maybe those who dismiss the series would do well to watch with concentration rather than arbiterily viewing through cups of tea and mouthfuls of crisps or the eyes of uneducated sceptics who perch themselves on thrones of self-assumed genius and write to Ceefax and Oracle.

JOHN FITTON

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How often do you read DWB: Every month<>, Regularly<>, Occasionally<>

How do you obtain DWB: Subscription<>, Specialist bookshop<>, Other ....

How many other people read your issue ....

Which of the following do you buy on a regular basis: Starburst<>, DWM<>, TV Zone<>, The Frame<>, In-Vision<>, TimeScreen<>, CT(DWAS member)<>, Other ....

Where would you place DWB in order of preference ....

Nine standard issues of DWB are published annually comprising six 24-page black and white issues and three 20-page issues with colour covers. Which of the following formats for the standard issues would you like to see from #100: Six 28-page b&w and three 20-page full colour issues as at present<>; Nine 28-page b&w issues<>; Nine 20-page full colour issues<>; No preference<>; Other ....

Would you be prepared to pay more for the special issues if the page count was increased (i.e. £3.95 for 60 pages): Yes<>; No<>

Price-wise, do you think DWB is: Value for money<>; Too expensive<> Priced about right<>

How would you describe DWB's covers: Generally striking<>; Adequate<>; Ill thought-out<>; Other ....

Regarding the use of colour in DWB, which of the following (if any) would you prefer not to see in this medium: Artwork covers (i.e. DWB#s 69, 73, 81, 85, 97) <>; Forthcoming videos and book covers<>; Full-page pin-ups (i.e. The back covers of DWB#s 87, 91, 95) <>; Wraparound photo covers (i.e. DWB#89) <>; Convention highlights (i.e. DWB#95, page 2) <>; Other ....

Regarding the DWB logo, do you think it: Has run its course and is time for a change<>; Still suits its purpose<>; Should run and run<>

Over the last year DWB has implemented a policy of using reduced text to increase overall content. Do you have problems deciphering reduced text: Yes<>; No<>; Other ....

Are you in favour of DWB's outspoken and uncensored approach: Yes<>; No<>; Other ....

Regarding DWB's stance on various issues, do you find yourself: Generally in agreement with our views<>; Agreeing with most of our views<>; Agreeing about 50%<>; In disagreement with most of our standpoints<>; Disagreeing with DWB's viewpoint entirely<>; Other

....

With which issue did you commence reading DWB: ....

If prior to issue 60, do you think that DWB has improved in its expanded format: Yes<>; No<>; About the same<>; Other

....

Is there anything in DWB which you regularly make a point of not reading:

....

Would you like to see - More<>; Less<>; About the same amount<> - **of non-Who related content in 1992.** Other ....

If more/less, please specify as a percentage of the entire magazine: ....

Are you a telefantasy fan in general: Yes<>; No<>; Casually<>

Do you buy DWB solely for the 'Doctor Who' content: Yes<>; No<>

If yes, do you read the non Who-related news and articles: Always<>; Sometimes<>; Never<>; Other ....

List your top three favourite telefantasy shows (i.e. if 'Doctor Who' is your favourite, then place it first):

1st .... 2nd .... 3rd ....

Do you find our coverage of non Who-related programmes: As well-informed as the **Who** content<>; Adequate<>; Poor<>; Other

....

How do you rate the service of news which DWB provides both for 'Doctor Who' and telefantasy in general: Second to none<>; Very good<>; Satisfactory<>; Poor<>; The worst around<>; Other

....

Are there any programmes which you would like to see increased coverage of:

....

Does a non 'Doctor Who' cover deter you from buying DWB: Yes<>; No<>; Other ....

What is your opinion of our 'Star Trek - The Next Generation' coverage: Far too much<>; Borders on the excessive<>; About right<>; Not enough<>; Far too little<>; Other ....

Would you like to see the STTNG episode guides: Continue as at present with detailed synopses of each story<>; Curtailed to just having brief plot outlines<>; Detailed synopses which don't go so far as to reveal the story's outcome<>; Scrapped altogether<>; Other

....

What is your biggest dislike, if any, concerning DWB: ....

....

In one sentence, please sum up exactly why you read DWB: ....

....

Have you any other suggestions on how DWB can be improved or the direction you would like to see the magazine take from issue 100:

....

....

....

SAVE THE DOCTOR CAMPAIGN

Are you participating in the "Save the Doctor" campaign: Yes<>; No<>; Haven't decided<>; Other ....

What is your opinion of its aims: Will ultimately result in **Doctor Who's** return<>; Stands a good chance of helping to revive the series<>; Don't know, but something had to be done<>; Will only make the BBC even more reluctant to bring the show back<>; Fatally flawed and stands no chance of succeeding<>; Other ....

....

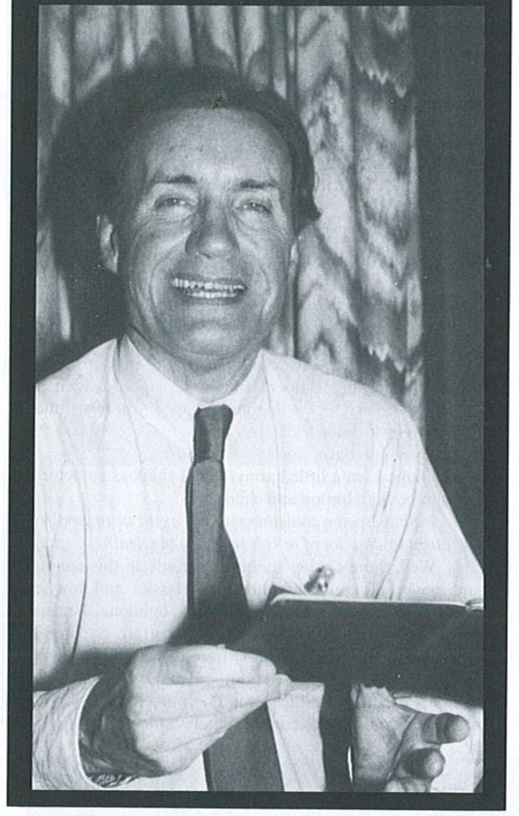
Do you share Tim Munro's view (ref: DWB#97) that we should sit back and enjoy what we do have, confident that the series will eventually return: Yes<>; No<>; Other ....

Any additional comments: ....

....

THE *ANTHONY AINLEY* INTERVIEW

ELUSIVENESS INVARIABLY breeds misconceptions, none more so than for Anthony Ainley who, until this year, was virtually an unknown quantity to British fans. His appearances at two UK conventions during the Autumn served to highlight just why this utterly charming and wittily intellectual character is so adored Stateside where he regularly guests at conventions, and DWB is honoured to be the first British magazine to be given an in depth interview with the latest incarnation of the Master.



You don't seem to go to a lot of conventions these days.

Even a dragon knows better than to appear too often. I like them very much. I went to one in Birmingham about three or four years ago. That was a one day event. It was probably one of the last times Patrick Troughton was seen in England and all the Birmingham fans came and had a lovely time, and they were very nice to us. The only time I ever worked with Patrick was at conventions and on *The Five Doctors* when we had very little to do with each other, but I loved working with him and I think you'll find if you take a rough poll that he's probably the actor's Doctor and probably the actor's actor. He was a most popular chap. I was with him when he died in Georgia USA. That was very sad. I had the privilege of dining with him the night before he died and in the morning I was told he was dead. On the Tuesday he was cremated in Georgia and his ashes were returned to England on Friday.

That was rather sudden.

Yes, and I had to make that statement to the people -- thousands of Americans who were very upset -- and I found the words stuck in my throat. I couldn't say that he would be cremated on Tuesday and his ashes returned on the Friday. The whole thing was a nightmare.

We had to carry on, and anyway I knew that Patrick would want it that way. He would have wanted us not to be glum and lachrymose. He would have wanted us to have fun there as I hope we will on other occasions, rather than be too mournful and sad and weeping, though of course we were weeping. This was on Saturday morning, remember. We had two more days to go and somehow, feeling his spirit with us, we managed to maintain what we always have at Doctor Who conventions : a great deal of fellowship and goodwill and fun, in spite of his death. But it certainly was a dreadful thing.

I always felt that of the people who played the Doctor he was the best actor. Him and Davison

Well, you've certainly named two very successful actors. They're all handpicked you know, and what is so nice is that while everybody's upset when *x* goes, when *y* comes along they take to him. Who fans are very good that way. When Tom went everyone was upset around the world but they soon took Peter to their bosom and that is the way Whovians do it. No matter what critics may say about the eighties Doctors I keep meeting people in my travels who say they were their favourites. Working with Peter was a joy. He was quiet, very professional, dependable, helpful, without malice and unaffected by trivia which at times seemed to abound. I think he decided to leave because he had genuinely had enough. He was one who wasn't pushed, and his successor who was (Colin Baker) shouldn't have been. In *Trial* he was particularly good. I can't think of anyone doing a better job than Colin. He was terrific and within a month of it going out he gets the chop. I don't understand it. But anyway they brought in another fine Doctor and after a while all is well. They love Sylvester, but I thought Colin was harshly treated. I'm sure he was very upset. I was a big fan of Colin; he is a real gent and a good friend and a lot of fun to be with, as is Sylvester. Sylvester has a way of coming down and being with the people. He comes down off the high table, the rostrum and down into the audience; sits with the people and jokes and clowns around, hugs them. He's a real character. Like Tom he's full of good creative ideas in rehearsal. I've only done those three episodes with him but I've worked with him at conventions and in cabaret. He's a lot of fun to work with.

Do you think the fans took to you as the Master as well as they have taken to new Doctors?

Roger was a hard act to follow, but it was a great honour to be given his part. I had no idea I would be given so many stories, or travel the world and meet all of you, but it's been a wonderful experience. When you start in Doctor Who you really do not know what it means. Normally if you do an episode of something like Upstairs Downstairs or Crossroads, you go home and the cheque arrives and you forget all about it until the episode comes on and then you forget all about it again. But in Doctor Who you find that your work is scrutinised, analysed, many years later and you see it many years later at conventions.

When you took on the role was it on the understanding that you would be playing it for a long while?

I was cast simultaneously as the Master and Tremas. It was a three-story twelve-week contract. I had no idea that there would be further Master stories. I signed a contract -- the longest contract I ever signed was that first one where it was twelve episodes. I can't remember when they put them out but I think we did them over something like November through to February or March, but the schedule went wrong and we had to come back and do *Castrovalva* later than originally planned. Some reason, I don't know what. I got the part as a result of being in Dickens with Barry Letts who produced a marvellous adaptation of Nicholas Nickleby with a young Nigel Havers back in the seventies. I played the evil Sir Mulberry Hawk and I think, though one is never quite sure, that I got into Doctor Who because of this. Barry saw some semblance of wickedness in my character and thought I might be suitable. I'm told there's a similarity in my face between me and Roger. But as I say I had no idea that I was going to do any more than three stories. I was told I was going to be in that trilogy but I wasn't told I was going to return. I was surprised when I returned and delighted. Every show I did I was never told I was going to do any more.

When I was offered the part originally I suggested that a sprinkling of humour might be an idea, to counterbalance what would otherwise be unremitting, one-dimensional evil. I remember being told by JNT that there had been too much comedy recently from Tom and that this idea would not be very desirable. I was asked if I would like to study Roger's tapes and said yes, but the tapes were never forthcoming, so I just got on with it, as one does in acting, dealing with each moment as it comes, relying on one's own instinct and imagination and the opinions of one's producer and director. Remember that the authors and directors were constantly changing. The main thing as I recall in the way of suggestions from the producer was his call for 'more', 'bigger' and 'louder'. 'More steel' was another of his favourite notes. 'More subtlety' was not something I ever heard, which I found puzzling. After all, the audience is only a yard away or perhaps two, while the mike is even closer than that. Actors, like soldiers, must obey commands. So too, incidentally, must directors.

With Delgado he always had a mask that he could rip off to reveal his true identity, but with you they tended to have a visual effect, like in Castrovalva.

That's true. I never knew how they were going to do it. I leave all that to the technological wizards. They do amazing things now with those cameras and I just stood there as the Portreeve and then they said come back in half an hour and stand in exactly the same place as the Master and we'll do the rest. I think they call it 'roll back and mix'.

And in Time-Flight there was all that green slime, for which disguise there didn't seem to be any reason at all within the context of the narrative.

So the critics have said, but you know we just do what we're told to do. As a matter of fact you might be interested to know that that green slime was not me. It's the only time I've ever had a stand-in and I was happy that I wasn't doing it because I gather the poor fellow who was doing it for me had a terrible moment when he was apparently feeling that he was about to die. He felt he was going to be suffocated. I don't know what happened or how. He was to release this green slime but he didn't like it. There was panic stations for a while.

So you were glad it wasn't you.

I was delighted.

The disguises were dropped after a while. Was that a conscious decision?

I don't know. You'll have to ask Nathan about that. I just do what I'm told. I found, actually, that the stories -- apart from *The Five Doctors*, which I was very pleased to be in as I had a nice slice of the action and couldn't complain about that -- lessened in importance for the Master.

Particularly the one Kate O'Mara was in?

Yes, I agree. I was second fiddle to the Rani and the Valeyard, and that was unsubtly obvious. I had previously been told that I was to be given a companion : the excellent Sarah Badel. But as things turned out Kate got the job and there were times when I looked like her companion and not vice versa. Acting is full of disappointments but I wasn't too disappointed about that. I'd had a very good run up until then and I was very grateful always. The BBC had given me lovely work prior to Doctor Who and then to take on Roger's part I considered a terrific honour. I will always be grateful to Barry Letts for that. I haven't told him so I hope he reads this. The profession could do with more like him.

So you think the Master got less attention as time went on?

Yes, the scripts seemed to deteriorate as far as the Master was concerned as the seasons passed. The excellent Barry Letts was no longer the executive and he of course was the creator of my character. Nathan, left to his own devices as producer, seemed more interested in creating his own enemies and this he did, with knobs on.

Did you notice any tension between him and his script editors?

I thought I noticed tension between him and Grimwade, yes. Not Saward particularly. Remember, actors are a long way from the heart of the matter and don't really know much of what is going on. JNT did seem to spend a lot of his time fuming about A and not talking to B, but he also seemed to be so secretive that one didn't know the whys and wherefores. Besides, the actors were so busy unlearning lines and learning rewrites that they had little time for gossip, plentiful as it always seemed to be. I always found Saward very affable. Ditto Dicks. As regards the styles of script editors and writers they didn't seem to differ greatly to me because I knew that they were all doing one man's bidding. Holmes of course had a unique style with which unfortunately I rarely came into contact.

Did you think that the character of the Master was a little overworked then? You did those three stories in a row, then another at the end of the season.

No, actually. I've never felt overworked in my life! I like to feel underworked actually. I don't have to accept everything I'm offered fortunately.

Would you do a long-running thing like a part in a soap?

No. I'm not grand but I don't particularly want to be in a soap. One of the things I don't think I'd like is the being bothered in supermarkets, that sort of thing. I like to be able to go shopping fairly anonymously. But going back to what we were saying, I never dreamed that I would go to all these conventions and see my work ten years later on a giant screen. I really admire a lot of the fans that know about all these stories and know more than a lot of the actors do. They can tell me things about stories I was in that I'd completely forgotten.

Colin Baker once talked about telling stories that then become established lore, and something that might have been very minor suddenly becomes important. Does it bother you that your word can get hung onto like that?

I think that happens in any sphere of life. That is why I suppose one must hold one's tongue and be careful what one says. But if it's true and amusing then I think it's not a bad thing. If it's kind, if it's necessary and true then say it. Tom has some lovely anecdotes, not only about Doctor Who, that are worth listening to. They seek and they sometimes thirst for anecdotes. They ask you on panels and I dare say you will ask me if anything funny happened.

Well, I won't actually because it's such an appalling cliche.

But we always had a lot of fun. They were nice people that were cast and there's always a great deal of laughter. Doctor Who is made in such a rush that there's not a lot of time for practical jokes.

Presumably you must have a certain fondness for the show or you wouldn't have returned to it so readily.

I think my fondness for it grew when I realised what it meant to so many very nice, very bright people round the world and when I learned what a very great demand there is for it. I didn't know what a great privilege it is for actors to be part of it. It has endured so long because of the goodwill of its audiences to whom we all owe so much. There's a great deal of goodwill, good fellowship and great friendship. People even get married through Doctor Who! Science fiction means a great deal to a lot of people and I just wish that the demand was fulfilled. There's a great demand for SF and I think sometimes, like now, tv companies ignore it. They're certainly ignoring Who, but the recent sales of the videos tell them that there's a huge market for SF and they should give the people what they want. I was in WH Smith the other day (which for the benefit of your readers overseas is a very big newsagents chain which sells videos) and on the sales chart I was delighted to see Doctor Who featured in the top ten for four or five weeks. Three Doctor Who videos in the top ten. That's a marvellous signal to the BBC tv executives.

What else have you done?

I was recently asked to go to Lancaster and play Hamlet but I didn't fancy it. I did play it when I was younger. I played it all over Italy and ended up in a theatre in Holborn -- Charles Marowitz's production. But I didn't want to do it again and I didn't particularly want to go up to Lancaster to sweat it out. It's hard work, you know, playing Hamlet. But it's a super part for an actor; some very nice soliloquies, and if you're a touch mad it's a little easier!

Are you a touch mad?

I hope I am a little barmy, yes. I think as an actor it helps to be both barmy and childish.

Is Shakespeare something which, as an actor, you feel you ought to do a lot of or is it really no big deal?

Well, there's a big snobbish attitude in this country and maybe all countries about the classics and you get great opportunities to win golden opinions because they're good parts in which to demonstrate one's gifts which one doesn't have in ill-written plays. I think there's no doubt about it that if you go and twinkle at the National or at the Barbican you do yourself a lot of good whereas if you go and struggle on television you ...

... fade into obscurity?

You're on your way to rapid obscurity!

There's also a bit of snobbishness about SF. It's a way to earn money while waiting for something more important.

I think you're right. Although a lot of the good actors like Richard Briers have come into the show and said it's the first time they've been taken seriously by their children.

Get taken seriously by your children and ridiculed by your peers.

Well, I hope not. It was said by Dawn Grainger, who was a very good friend of Lord Olivier's, that it was Larry Olivier's ambition to be in a Doctor Who, which was a lovely thought. I had the pleasure of meeting him and working with him briefly, but that was before I went into Who. I'd like to have checked that out with him before he died.

There's an idea that an actor should begin his career by playing Hamlet and end it by playing Lear. Would you play Lear?

Well, it is the natural route, isn't it? You end up a white-haired ancient. A dotty monarch. That's a super part too. If you have all the guns those parts are in most actors' range. Some do it better than others. You've got to be very fit to play Lear. Really most actors like to do it in their forties. By the time they're the right age they're too weak to carry it off.

The best Lear I've seen was Clive Swift, who you may remember.

Yes indeed.

He played it brilliantly.

I've played cricket with Clive Swift. He's a good actor and I'm a fan of his. I should be thinking in terms of tackling the challenging parts, but I've sort of run out of ambition. I'd rather go and play tennis. Isn't that a terrible admission?

Possibly. Do you think one can learn to act as one can learn to play tennis, or is it a talent that you either have or don't?

It is said that most actors are born performers, but you certainly have to acquire the technique to continue and develop as an actor, but then you need technique in any trade don't you?

Would you say that acting on stage and television or whatever were actually different skills?

The main difference is the stage. You have to present the Truth in your voice, but it has to be heard in the Upper Circle. Pat Troughton called it 'shouting acting'. You can also use facial expressions much more on the stage and more head movements. In tv and film there's no problem about 'drying'. You simply go again, and it's more about 'eye' acting. A blink can be a sufficient gesture.

Is acting a catharsis? For you?

An offer comes along and you accept it or you don't. One considers the script, the time, the place, the people with whom one is to work. The lolly too is a factor. Sorry to lower the tone of the conversation, but money is a factor. If it's not too urgently required one is able to say 'thanks very much, but no thanks' if it doesn't appeal. I have a feeling writing is rather more cathartic than acting. Acting is, after all, about team work and carrying out the author's intentions and carrying out the director's instructions, which in Doctor Who more often than not came from the producer.

What do you remember about The Land that Time Forgot?

That was my very first comedy film but I didn't know that at the time I made it!

There was some controversy a couple of years ago about a letter that you wrote turning down an invitation to appear at a local group. Something about peanuts and monkeys.

I wish I could show you the original invitation I got from them. It seemed to be written in a semi-jocular 'send-up' style. I get so many letters that I'm inclined to answer them very quickly and with this one I decided to be semi-jocular too. Indeed I always go for the light touch if I can. (One of the worries I have about this interview is that I may have been too solemn. I hope not.) So I scribbled off this reply, never thinking it would be read by hundreds and certainly not intending to upset anyone. Indeed I have the highest opinion of the Welsh, especially if they are science-fiction people. I can't say that I have a high opinion of Welsh rugger at the moment but that is just a passing phase. Do you know the difference between Welsh rugby and Cinderella?

No.

At least Cinders got to the ball.

I see.

Anyway, obviously I misjudged my rapid, semi-jocular reply to the good people of South Wales and I send them my heartfelt apologies and love. Actually I think I know why Welsh rugby is at an all-time low -- their best players have gone into rugby league and I don't really blame them.

What is the meaning of life?

My purpose in life is to love God and serve Him to the best of my frail ability to the end of my days, when I believe the meaning of life will be revealed.

And if it isn't?

Then at least the small influence of my brief existence will have been more beneficial than harmful. What I'm hoping for is eternal life and love and peace. The struggle is to deserve it. There's the rub.

Interviewed by PETER LINFORD, *15th September 1991.*
With very many thanks to Anthony Ainley for the generous giving of his time in the preparation of this piece.

LOGOPOLIS

WE ALL have our golden age of Doctor Who. That period in the programme's history which will forever be Doctor Who, be it chilling monsters a la Troughton, secure and cosy Uncle Jon or state of the art Gothic. There are those eras that appeal to the child in us all, or to the sophisticated student, or the serious connoisseur of drama. And there is one particular piece of Doctor Who's past that appealed directly to the intellectually-evolving 14 year-old, to the adolescent who felt he'd grown out of Doctor Who but was suddenly dragged back by the lure of apparently 'adult' themes and presentation, who found something to think about in what had been until then 'just a kids' show'. If you were fourteen in 1981, the eighteenth season of Doctor Who was indeed a coming of age.

It seems strange now to consider the impact that stories like *Logopolis* and *Warriors' Gate* had on a fandom still barely months out of the Doctor Who Weekly stage. Everything in that cosy, stale world had been turned upside down, and for some the shock was too much -- even today there are those who consider that the turning away from fantasy and comedy to hard SF and a 'dark' approach was too extreme for any audience to take. And yet, the move pulled back from the brink many of us who had had enough. In 1981 I became a fan.

Logopolis can be seen as typifying the whole of the season that it concluded. The dark atmosphere, the heavy reliance on scientific ideas, the emphasis on continuity : it had them all. But it was also the end of an era, and not just in the obvious sense. It brought to a thundering crescendo all the themes of the previous 24 episodes and then threw them out -- within the year the programme would be unrecognisable, and it was in *Logopolis* that practically all the changes occurred.

To begin with the blindingly obvious, *Logopolis*, and to a limited extent the final episode of *The Keeper of Traken*, changed the cast almost 100%. Only Adric nominally provided any kind of continuity with what had gone before, but even his character was so radically changed in Season 19 as to be virtually unrecognisable. It comes as something of a shock, watching this story ten years on, to find that Matthew Waterhouse's whining adolescent ... isn't. Instead, an intelligent teenager, the perfect foil to Tom Baker's increasingly eccentric, and aged, sage. For barely eight episodes was this side of the much-maligned Alzarian extant (it resurfaced briefly in *Castrovalva*, only to be extinguished by a subplot apparently designed solely to highlight the inadequacies of the Adric substitute, Nyssa), and one can only imagine how it could have developed had circumstances proved different.

Logopolis also saw the development and refinement of what was to become a hallmark of the later JN-T years -- the outrageously unbelievable plot device, the bigger the better. Renegade Time Lords genetically engineering giant brains to hijack asteroids of strange matter? Cybermen redirecting comets to change history? You dream 'em up, we've got 'em. And to think it all began (giant cacti notwithstanding) with a humble assistant beaming a radio message to the universe, closing a hole in the space-time fabric, and unleashing a wave of entropy that sweeps galaxies before it in real time. Chris Bidmead may have introduced 'real science' into Doctor Who, but he never let it get in the way of a good plot.

Here we find a strange dichotomy. On the one hand the underlying ideas are breathtakingly original (or so Nigel Robinson would have us believe), and staggeringly elegant. Simply by following Maxwell's second law ('entropy increases,' as the Doctor so bluntly puts it) through to its logical conclusion, Bidmead has constructed the ultimate Doctor Who plot, a fitting finale for the ultimate Doctor Who. And yet, on the other, when this concept is actually applied, when it is translated on to the screen, the result is all that for which pulp sci-fi is ridiculed: megalomaniac madmen holding the universe to ransom and noble heroes risking their life to pull out the wire that will transmit the deadly pulse that threatens all of space and time. It must say something about the respective qualities of writer and director (the criminally underappreciated Peter Grimwade), if not the actors concerned, that somehow they all manage to pull off this very dodgy scenario under our noses without us even realising how ridiculous it is.

It helps that the series of mind-boggling concepts (and how they keep coming : nested dimensions; mathematics shaping real events; a universe teetering on the edge of heat death; the Doctor's future returning to fashion his past) is wrapped up beneath a torrent of extremely well-written dialogue and generally excellent characterisation. And this, in turn, is helped by the fact that the cast for *Logopolis* was very, very small. Aside from the (new) regulars we have Aunt Vanessa (one episode), The Master (two episodes) and The Monitor (two episodes) -- everyone else barely gets a line in edgeways. This concentrates the action and allows the regular cast a chance to shine. Even Sarah Sutton is halfways bearable, although Janet Fielding needed a little more work on the accent.

But the story is dominated by Tom Baker. A massive figure in his blackest red greatcoat, he towers over every scene, sombre and full of premonition, yet reaching new heights of wit. This is in many ways a direct contrast to the rest of the season, which had tended to push the Doctor very much into the shadows, so as to spotlight the new characters in each story. But I suppose every Doctor is allowed a showcase in his final story, so they handed Tom Baker the role on a plate, and he went to town. When he's not being deep and doomful, he's rattling off the lines at a hundred miles an hour, and unless you know the script backwards a video is essential if you're not to lose some gem of a line. *'Whenever you see me in this part of the TARDIS pacing up and down like this be a good chap and don't interrupt me will you, unless it's terribly urgent -- it's not terribly urgent is it? Good, so now you know; in fact there's no need for you to come barging in here at all, and if it is terribly urgent you can always ring the Cloister Bell.'* All delivered without scarcely a breath taken, and poor Matthew Waterhouse is lucky if he gets the chance to open his mouth, let alone utter '[illegible] ...'. Scene stealing was Tom Baker's speciality, and he obviously saw no reason to stop now just because he was leaving.

This is not an objective review. How could it be. *Logopolis* was one of those handful of stories like *Kinda* and *Warriors' Gate* that held my attention as drama, but unleashed my imagination for weeks after. I make no apologies -- this rather low budget collection of four episodes, notable for achieving the end of the universe with a model of Jodrell Bank, some dodgy CSO and a cast of Action Men, is one of my all-time favourites, and if you don't agree then I can't explain. I cannot convey in words just what it is that makes *Logopolis* so special to me. The atmosphere, of course, that amazing funereal music that pervades every corner, be it pink-tinted Logopolis, wind-swept Barnet (oh *yeah*!) or appropriately dark console room: that helps. As does the unusual realism in little touches : the passage of time (how often do you see dawn breaking in Doctor Who?), or the technician listening on his walkman. And the sheer novelty of devoting the first forty minutes to the Doctor and his companion almost entirely within the TARDIS surely counted for something. But more than that ... if you weren't there, it won't mean anything. Out of context, *Logopolis* is just another, admittedly very clever, Master wants to rule the cosmos story. But it was the first, and the last of another breed.

With *Castrovalva* they tried the same trick, and in some ways they came close. But without Tom Baker the programme could never be the same again. Not necessarily worse, but never, ever, the same.

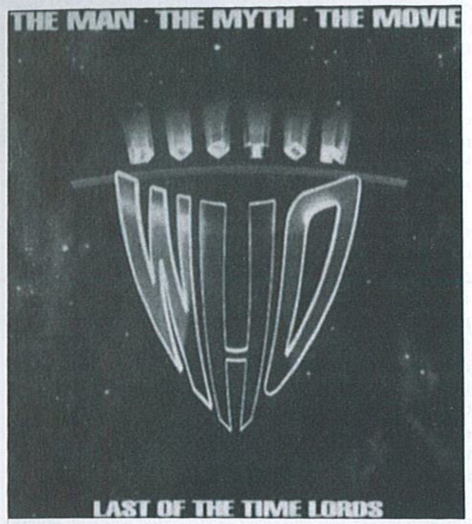
'The more you put things together the more they keep falling apart and that's the essence of the second law of thermodynamics and I never heard a truer word spoken, come on!'

DAVID GIBBS

Logopolis is released by BBC Video in January 1992, priced £10.99.

So, what actually *happens* in *Doctor Who* The Motionless Picture . . .

The efforts of Green Light to make their mooted Doctor Who motion picture a reality is now a well-worn joke, but what of the script as it stands? Synopsis by Julian Ames.


THE MAN · THE MYTH · THE MOVIE
DOCTOR
WHO
LAST OF THE TIME LORDS

SCREENPLAY BY JOHNNY BYRNE
FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY
BY PETER LITTEN AND GEORGE DUGDALE

London, Planet Earth, 1932

FORTY-FIVE YEARS after he last plagued London, Jack the Ripper prowls the foggy streets of the East End. Following a prostitute as she moves through the alleyways, Jack is horrified when she turns to reveal she is a man in drag -- the Doctor, now 'a fit, striking looking man, keen-eyed, sharp-witted and deceptively subtle'.

Jack, whom the Doctor greets as Weazll, tries to eviscerate the Time Lord, who responds by shining a torch-like instrument in his face. Jack's flesh boils away, leaving a small, vicious animal which continues its attack. Sighing, the Doctor alters the torch's setting, and the animal swells up and bursts.

The Doctor runs for his TARDIS, pursued by London's bobbies. After dashing into a real police box, he manages to reach the TARDIS and places his hand on a dome built into the central column which scans his palm with laser light. A time rotor rises above the console and its distinctive sound begins. As the policemen watch, the TARDIS's form shimmers, giving a tantalising glimpse of its true, futuristic form before a shower of sparks bursts from the console and the TARDIS becomes a police box again before dematerialising.

As the Doctor tries to repair the chameleon circuit, a dusty holovid fills with a three-dimensional image of Cora's head. Cora, a 'smart and beautiful Gallifreyan communications expert', tells the Doctor that there's been a message for him. Gonjii, an old friend whom she thought worked in a brothel, has found what he's looking for ...

Raqetz, Planet Demos, 98349.01

The city of Raqtez is a shattered shanty town, the result of an ancient, planet-wide catastrophe. Emerging from the TARDIS, dressed in his usual garb of billowing coat and wide-brimmed hat, the Doctor is noticed by Mother Cajage, a hugely obese alien woman who is passing in a sedan chair. She is not pleased to see him. The Doctor moves on, seeking directions to the Palace of Profit.

The Palace is a tacky, jerry-built structure hiding behind a Vegas-like entrance. Inside, the Nymphid singer, a green-skinned Marlene Dietrich, croons a cover version of 'Falling in Love Again' while Demosian natives fawn over the alien gamblers. Gonjii, a mercenary soldier who once commanded a Gallifreyan Time Battalion and is now the Palace's bouncer, sits in a raised observation chair. His pet, Pog, spots a long-nosed Dromodyxx syphoning gambling chips from a table and, sinking his teeth into the alien's nose, chases it from the premises. Meanwhile, Gonjii throws out an over-amorous Kagut which tries to break into the Nymphid's electrified cage. The Doctor meets him at the door and the two make their way to Mother Cajage's auction lot, where Gonjii is certain he saw a time rotor.

The auction is filled to overflowing with 'discarded Cybermen, trashed Daleks, a truncated K9 and other tv Doctor Who metallic creatures and artefacts'. At its centre is an auction ring, presided over by a Feqal auctioneer, whose two heads speak in a Goebbels-like whine. Entering, the Doctor delivers a writ to Mother Cajage, ordering her to surrender the time rotor. She does not comply, so the Doctor thanks her and takes his seat, watching the bidders. The rotor, explains the Feqal, draws the power of time travel from the Matrix on Gallifrey. According to legend, it is uniquely bonded to the Time Lords, but perhaps, he suggests, one of the bidders can unlock its secrets. The rotor is eventually sold to a cloaked figure, whom the Doctor and Gonjii follow, watching as he cuts the throat of a Demosian mugger.

Hanging in the sky is the Creator, a vast, archaic ship whose advanced technology has been repaired with the most primitive equipment. The Creator's control room resembles that of the TARDIS and contains two people -- Zilla, a woman of imperious but harsh and timeless beauty from whose back trails a thick cluster of tubing, and Varnax, a shrivelled figure encased in a bulky exoskeleton. Watching the cloaked figure on a monitor, Varnax decides to take the ship down.

The Doctor presents his writ to the cloaked figure who throws off his cloak, revealing an exoskeleton which expands to a height of seven feet and a handsome face studded with chrome implants. Extending blades from his arm, he tries to kill the Doctor but is hit in the face by several tiny daggers, fired from the Gatling-gun like device Gonjii wears around his wrist. The figure, Neglos, attacks Gonjii with a flame-thrower built into his other arm, until the Doctor tears away the fuel lines and then leaps for a ramp extending from the Creator. As the ship lifts away, the Doctor tells Gonjii that he recognised Neglos, and that if he is alive, then so must be Zilla and Varnax. Gonjii is shocked -- Varnax was responsible for the devastation of his homeworld, Demos.

Aboard the Creator, Varnax places his hand between two terminals in the rotor. A burst of electricity bonds it to him, giving the Creator time travel again. He orders Neglos to set the co-ordinates for the first of the time fusion crystals.

Back in the TARDIS, the Doctor tries to trace the Creator on the Matrix terminal but can find no trace, as the pattern of Varnax's antique rotor has been wiped. Contacting the President of the Time Lords by Holovid, the Doctor tells him what's happened, and is ordered to return to Gallifrey.

The TARDIS materialises in the palace of the Time Lords, to the anger of the Court Warden who prints a traffic violation stamp on the ship's side, next to fifty others. As the Doctor and Gonjii reminisce about their first meeting (which took place when they were a know-all officer of the Time Battalion and a Time Lord who'd had too much too drink), Cora dashes up, hurling herself into the Doctor's arms. The Doctor explains that, somewhere down the line, he's her uncle. Cora's wrist holovid bleeps and the old maid-ish Librarian warns her through it that she has a book (*Davros' Synchro Nodular Patterns*) overdue. Cora ignores this and, taking the others to her workshop, locates a rotor of the type Varnax has. Using the trace from this, the Matrix is able to locate the Creator.

In the assembly chamber, the Time Lords explain that Varnax once offered them god-like powers through the fusion crystals and that, when they realised the threat to natural order they represented, Varnax hid the crystals throughout the universe. The Time Lords ordered the destruction of Varnax and his colleagues, a sentence the Doctor supposedly carried out a thousand years ago. Telling the Doctor to ensure no other world suffers the fate of Demos, the President orders him to leave immediately.

The first crystal is on Kernos, and Gonjii explains that the Kerne worship a Singing God, the only piece of technology on the planet. They are warrior monks who eat all demons -- ie. anyone not a Kerne. Landing in a jungle, the Doctor's party are soon captured by the Kerne.

In the Kerne temple, the Doctor, Cora and Gonjii are imprisoned in a cage, suspended over a stinking cooking vessel. The pot lies in the lap of the Singing God, a giant statue which holds a Varlian Radioprobe in its lowered arm. The Doctor challenges the High Priest, Pixolote, to the test of the Reality Cup and wins, by throwing the foul brew in the priest's face. Before they can be freed, however, the Librarian appears in Cora's holovid, telling her that her access to the Academy Library is suspended, scaring the Kerne. The statue's arm is raised, a counter-balance dropping the cage into the pot, while a panel opens in the wall, allowing a beam of light into the temple. When this beam strikes the radio probe, the sound of a 1930s radio broadcast emerges, while sparks light a series of gas jets under the pot. Then the Kerne leave for a night of ritual fasting.

The Creator materialises in the jungle, and Neglos and five warriors burst into the temple. Gloating at the captives' plight, Neglos climbs onto the statue's arm to retrieve the probe. His weight causes the arm to drop, trapping him, freeing the Doctor's party, and smashing in the heads of the two warriors below the statue's fist. Gonjii seizes his weapons and destroys one warrior, though not before it has freed Neglos, while the Doctor swings another into the fire of the fifth. Cora then decapitates the last warrior with a ladle, but Neglos manages to escape with the crystal. Summoning the TARDIS with its remote control, the Doctor and his friends escape as the enraged Kerne enter.

In the Creator, Varnax extracts the White Crystal from the probe and takes it into the Crucible, a massive structure which dominates the Creator's hull. As Neglos sets the co-ordinates for the Dark Crystal, the Doctor tracks the Creator on the Matrix. The TARDIS lands in London, outside a museum.

Sitting on the museum steps is Shane O'Neill, an Irish-American student. When his filofax is stolen by skinheads, Shane follows and whips it back while the skinheads are questioned by a cop. Chased by the skinheads, Shane hides in a Gents cloakroom in the museum, adjacent to the mineralogy department. Soon after, the Gents wall is smashed in by the Creator's ramp, and Neglos and his warriors flood in ...

Using his crystal detector, the Doctor locates the Dark Crystal in a museum display, and picks the cabinet lock. He is interrupted by a stream of tourists fleeing Neglos's attack. When the warriors block the route to the exit, the Doctor and his friends make for the cloakroom where they ask Shane if there's another way out. He guides them to the emergency stairs and Gonjii fires two daggers into Neglos's face in an attempt to slow him down. Neglos simply pulls them out. Shane catches the crystal when the Doctor drops it, and is returning it when he is caught by an explosion, forcing the Doctor to take him aboard the TARDIS.

As Cora treats Shane's wounds, introductions take place and the Doctor directs the TARDIS towards Gallifrey, where the Dark Crystal will be placed in the Time Vaults. Realising their intentions, Varnax decides to use a vortex jump to overtake the TARDIS. When Zilla and Neglos object that this is too risky, Varnax points out that without the crystal they can never be regenerated. Do they really wish to survive only in their disgusting life-support systems?

The Creator chases the TARDIS along the Time Vortex tunnel, slowly expanding. The Doctor guesses Varnax's plan and attempts to drop the TARDIS out of the Vortex. As he does so, time freezes for his companions, while he begins to age rapidly. Once he is nothing but skin and bone, the Creator absorbs the TARDIS and everything returns to normal. As the Doctor attempts to restart the time rotor, Neglos and his warriors burst into the TARDIS. Holding a blade to Cora's throat, Neglos forces the Doctor to surrender the crystal before taking him to Varnax. Varnax in turn sends the Doctor to see another old friend, Zilla.

As Shane, Cora and Gonjii are locked in a cell, Shane falls, cringing, against Neglos and manages to steal the cell key. As he demonstrates the find-the-lady trick to Gonjii, Cora times the warrior patrols outside.

In Zilla's stateroom, she and the Doctor enjoy a barbed reunion. He comments that she's looking well for someone living on borrowed time, while she asks him why he tried to destroy the woman he claimed to love. He replies that he had to make a choice, as she did when she joined Varnax. She claims that her choice was based in love, asking whether his was based in obedience to the Time Lords or in jealousy against Varnax. When she asks what happened to the dreamer she once loved, he replies that he still has the dreams that matter -- the others he traded for a moment of humanity. Seizing the tubes which run from her back, he asks what happened to the immortality Varnax promised her. She strikes him.

Varnax enters, telling the Doctor to look at the price he's paid for his treachery. The Doctor will later pay deeply for the years Varnax has had to spend in a life support suit. The Doctor questions whether there'll be a later, after biological fusion, but Varnax assures him that biological fusion will compress billions of years of evolution into a few milliseconds, producing a perfect being whose powers cannot be imagined. The Doctor asks which planet will be used, guessing from the Gallium ore he saw in the Creator's hold that it'll be one in the nuclear stages of development -- Varnax assures him that he'll recognise it when he sees it. As Varnax leaves, the Doctor accuses him of having become a genocidal maniac and appeals to Zilla for help. She comments that he was never a good loser ...

Soon afterwards, Gonjii, Cora and Shane burst in, having killed their guards, and capture Zilla. When she refuses to name the planet where fusion is to take place, Gonjii pulls the life-support tubes from her back for a moment. Collapsing into a chair, she agrees to talk, but then flicks a switch, causing the chair to shoot off through a gap in the wall. The Doctor leads his party to the bridge to try to discover the Creator's co-ordinates. They come under fire from Varnax, Zilla and some warriors, and the Doctor suddenly recalls where he's heard Shane's name before. His namesake was a friend of the Doctor's, a warrior king of the Ulster Irish. Hearing of Shane's warrior ancestry, Gonjii hands him a gun and the two hold off the warriors.

The Doctor discovers that the Creator is headed for Earth, but is attacked by Neglos before he can discover the precise co-ordinates. Leaving Cora to find them, he forces Neglos back and, pulling away a short length of piping from the wall, causes a chain reaction which drops a girder on Neglos's back. Retrieving the TARDIS remote control, which Neglos had earlier confiscated, the Doctor summons his ship and drags his party aboard before Varnax and Zilla can retake the bridge. Checking his monitors, Varnax is relieved to discover that the Doctor doesn't know where on Earth the fusion will take place.

Back on board the TARDIS, Gonjii changes into the uniform of the Gallifreyan Time Battalion, in which he policed the time streams, until the destruction of his home world disillusioned him. Forced to land the TARDIS by damage caused in the Vortex jump, the Doctor sends Cora and Shane out to find where and when they are. They emerge onto a sailing ship, and, going below decks, pass the sleeping captain, whose diary they read. Realising that he's Christopher Columbus, Shane becomes worried that he may not discover America and decides to leave a map page from his filofax. Columbus wakes but takes the lantern-lit Cora for a vision of the Virgin Mary, which allows she and Shane to slip away. Finding the map, Columbus attempts to read it but it is snatched away by the wind from a port-hole.

Tracing back its path, the TARDIS returns to the museum. The Doctor sends Cora and Gonjii to get a spare part for the TARDIS, a proton synapse which he built on a previous visit and which is on display in the museum. Explaining that the fusion process requires weapons grade nuclear waste to charge the crystals, the Doctor takes Shane off to make a phone call.

The Creator materialises above a sinister complex built on a desolate moor. Neglos's warriors cut down the men in the security bunker and take the lift underground. In the operations room this unauthorised access is reported by the computer, but the technicians assume that it's the woman bringing their sandwiches who always forgets her security code. Killing everyone they meet, Neglos moves towards the silo shaft, which plunges deep underground, down to the nuclear waste depository itself. Fitting a systems scrambler in the operations control bunker, Neglos passes control of the silo from the computer to Varnax. In the Creator, Varnax addresses his warriors, telling them that he need maintain their life-force for only a little longer. Soon he and the Lady Zilla will enter the Crucible and the age of Varnax the immortal will begin ...

Finding a phone box, just installed by a lorry which is replacing old phone booths with new ones, the Doctor makes a call, using change obtained by Shane by posing as a news vendor. The woman on the end of the line asks the Doctor for his password, and when he recites a palindrome expresses delight that he's 'one of us'. She promises that the Brigadier will call back and, learning her name, the Doctor assures Margaret that she'll go far. Minutes later, the Brigadier calls. He's currently on special duties in the Falklands (which apparently entail observing a colony of penguins) and therefore can't help personally, but he tells the Doctor that the deep trench site for weapons grade nuclear waste he wants was built on Rogarth Fell, in the north of England.

In the museum, Gonjii and Cora locate the proton synapse and try to smuggle it out under Cora's dress. A museum attendant becomes suspicious at the speed with which her 'pregnancy' has developed and chases them. Meanwhile, the Doctor and Shane discover that the TARDIS has been replaced by a new-style phone box. The Doctor has left the remote control on board, and though the Matrix will register its loss and send help, it won't do so in time to save the Earth. To make matters worse, the proton synapse slips from Cora's dress and smashes.

The Creator lowers the Crucible into the waste silo, Neglos watching from a gantry overlooking the shaft which is accessible only through the operations control room. A probe extends from the Crucible, cutting its way through the silo bulkheads and extending Gallium rods into the waste. On gauges built into the waste containers, needles rise from stable into the danger zone.

Using Shane's credit cards to buy rail tickets, the Doctor's party make their way to Rogarth Fell, encountering a group of football fans including Shane's skinhead 'friends' en route. They trek across the moor to the waste complex, which Gonjii describes as a cocked pistol pointed at the planet's heart. They cut their way into the complex and, posing as a romantic couple, the Doctor and Cora lead the two warriors on patrol into a trap. Taking their weapons, they then destroy the warriors in the surface security bunker and take the elevator underground.

When the elevator doors open, the warriors guarding them see the bodies of four of their colleagues. While they are confused by this, the Doctor's group, who were hiding behind the bodies, manage to destroy them. En route to the operations control room, more fights develop, and the sound of a shot alerts Neglos to their presence. While Shane and Gonjii guard the rear, Cora and the Doctor enter the control room but, finding the systems scrambler in place, realise they cannot activate the failsafe procedures. Remembering that it works on the same frequency as the scrambler, the Doctor asks Cora for her holovid.

As he tinkers with it, he explains to Shane that Varnax needs temperatures hotter than a sun to charge the crystals. He's obtaining them by combining superheated Gallium ore with the radioactive elements of the waste, in the process recombining the waste to produce a time bomb which will atomise the Earth when the Gallium is withdrawn. Telling Shane and Gonjii to watch their backs, he and Cora head for the Crucible.

Using a winch, Cora lowers the Doctor down the shaft to the Crucible's entrance platform, where he finds Varnax and Zilla's discarded life support systems. Trying the controls on Varnax's belt, the Doctor is almost throttled by the suit before he succeeds in opening the door to the depths of the Crucible.

The door to the operations bunker blows open and three warriors enter. Gonjii and Shane finish them off with bolter fire and swordplay. Watching this, Neglos sends on another wave of warriors, while he and some others head for a service tunnel. They emerge onto the gantry behind Shane and Gonjii, who are warned by Cora's shout, and manage to destroy the warriors. But Neglos conceals himself in an alcove and stabs Gonjii in the back as he passes. Enraged, Shane attacks him, and, after a frenzied battle, Neglos falls from the gantry into the superheated waste silo.

Entering the Crucible, the Doctor finds himself in a beautiful but artificial garden, where the water turns to slime when removed from the pool. The garden is filled with statues of Varnax and Zilla as they once were, while the real couple lie in the regeneration pavillion, their shrunken forms even more hideous without their life support systems. Bathed in the glow from the twin crystal helix, they regenerate, returning to their original forms. Zilla, now the radiant beauty the Doctor remembers, welcomes the Doctor and invites him to join them, but he insists that the future they offer is as false as their garden. He begs Varnax to abort the fusion process but he refuses, saying that he's proved that biological fusion works, and has only to remove the Gallium core to make it irreversible. The sacrifice of the Earth will be worthwhile. The Doctor draws a bolter on him and, when his threat is ignored, fires. The weapon has no effect. Zilla repeats her offer -- join them or die. After a moment's consideration, the Doctor fires again -- at the crystal helix. As the white crystal explodes, flame devastates the garden, and Zilla screams.

The dark crystal survives, and Varnax, standing over Zilla's body, declares that he had meant to fuse the powers of light and darkness. Instead he has become one with the darkness. Accepting this destiny, he activates the controls which will remove the Gallium rods from the waste silo, declaring that he will destroy both the Earth and the Doctor, who has corrupted the gift he wished to give the universe and destroyed the woman he loved. Then, from within Varnax's control panel (where the Doctor dropped it earlier), Cora's holovid bleeps and an image of the Doctor's head forms, telling Varnax that he's returning control of the silo to where it belongs.

Standing over Gonjii's body, Shane and Cora jump as Varnax's systems scrambler explodes. Instantly the failsafe systems activate and the operations computer orders an immediate evacuation as it begins entombment procedures.

Varnax turns on the Doctor, his body transforming into a winged demon, a Dark Varnax. He chases the Doctor through the ruined garden where the mutilated statues reach out to attack him. He reaches the Crucible's exit, Varnax at his heels.

The Creator is drawing the Crucible back up the shaft, and the Doctor waits on the platform for it to reach the level of the gantry. As Varnax closes, the Doctor activates Varnax's discarded life-support system and the mindless exoskeleton entangles itself around its owner. As Varnax rips his way free, the Doctor jumps across to the gantry. Then the entombment shutters sever the hawsers supporting the Crucible, which falls back down the shaft, Varnax screaming powerlessly on its platform.

Released from the weight of the Crucible, the Creator tumbles out of control and crashes down onto the complex. Sealing compounds pump into the silo, smothering the Crucible, while Cora and Shane show the Doctor Gonjii's body. Taking an amulet from inside his shirt, the Doctor presses it to Gonjii's forehead, where a symbol flares for a moment.

Later, the Doctor, Cora and Shane trudge along a country road. Shane fails to get them a lift, but Cora has better luck, and a battered Ford Cortina with 'Simon loves Sharon' emblazoned on the windscreen pulls over. As the driver, a pleasant young man, assures his passengers that their lost motor'll soon turn up, the Doctor takes a book from the glove compartment. It is *Davros' Syncho-Nodular Patterns*. As the Cortina pulls out, it transforms for a moment into a police box, and then the TARDIS vanishes back into the fourth dimension of time ...

IRWIN ALLEN 1916 – 1991

BARELY ANY time at all after the sad loss of Gene Roddenberry, the world lost another gentleman whose name was strongly associated with American telefantasy of the sixties : Irwin Allen died from a heart attack on November 2nd, aged 75. Although both his films and television series have frequently been heaped with derision for their cliched scripts, improbable plots and low budget effects, Irwin Allen has still provided many, many hours of at times impressive and spectacular adventure and excitement to keep the fantasy genre in the public eye.

Born in 1916 in New York, Allen majored in journalism and advertising at Columbia University. In 1938 he set off to Hollywood as a magazine editor, switching to radio writing and production the following year. By 1944 his writing had built up a literary agency, and after the conclusion of the war he collaborated on the first celebrity panel shows on American television. He started off in the motion picture industry with semi-instructional and educational films such as *The Sea Around Us* (1950) for which he won an Academy Award, and *The Animal World* (1956) which saw the use of animated dinosaur models from the likes of Willis O'Brien and Ray Harryhausen.

Irwin's first purely entertainment feature was *A Girl in Every Port*, a 1952 farce starring Groucho Marx. This was followed by a 3D police thriller entitled *Dangerous Mission* in 1954. Then came his epic *The Story of Mankind*, a heavily criticised picture in which a heavenly jury decides the fate of mankind by surveying its progress throughout history -- with Harpo Marx as Sir Isaac Newton. Abandoning comedy, Allen next wrote and produced *The Big Circus*, a thriller and melodrama, in 1959. It was his next movie in 1960 that would show the way ahead, as his technicolour adaptation of the Conan Doyle story *The Lost World* blazed onto the screens and showed Professor Challenger encountering long extinct dinosaurs in a forgotten jungle basin. The effects for the dinosaurs, consisting of photographically enlarged lizards bearing rubber appendages, were adequate for the techniques of the day, and subsequently made many appearances in his television work.

Continuing with the fantasy theme, Irwin wrote, directed and produced the notable 1961 movie *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* starring Walter Pigeon in which Admiral Nelson and his fantastic submarine, *Seaview*, have to aim missiles into the Van Allen Belt around the Earth since it has caught fire. The film was notable for its special effects and modelwork. The following year Allen adapted the work of Jules Verne for the big screen in *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, although this picture was not as well received as the undersea adventure.

With many of the props and models left over from the successful *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, Allen decided to recast the characters and adapt the format to the basis of a television series. A colour pilot episode was made, and a deal arranged with ABC and Twentieth Century Fox to make an entire season of the programme. The pilot was re-edited and struck up in black and white as the episode *Eleven Days to Zero* which Allen had written and directed himself. With Richard Basehart now playing Nelson and David Hedison (who had been in *The Lost World*) as Crane, the series progressed through a further thirty-one monochrome adventures that combined primarily espionage plots with fantasy elements. The show made its debut in September 1964 with storylines set around 1973.

Throughout 1964, work had also begun on a new even more outlandish fantasy series created by Allen which would see an all-American family blasted off into space to encounter all manner of bizarre creatures and people. After a pilot episode of *Lost in Space* was sold to CBS in favour of a proposal called *Star Trek* from Gene Roddenberry, Allen added to the family the additional characters of enemy agent Colonel Zachary Smith and the family's robot, with the help of which they aimed to set up new colonies in the year 1997. At the same time, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* went into full colour production with another twenty-six episodes, whilst its new younger cousin was turned out in black and white. Irwin thus had two networked fantasy shows debuting in September 1965, with adventures on the Seaview now veering towards the more fantastic.

September 1966 saw a total of three offerings from the Irwin Allen stable -- *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, *Lost in Space* and *The Time Tunnel*, all in colour. *The Time Tunnel* wound up on ABC, and over thirty episodes followed the adventures of scientists Tony Newman and Doug Phillips as they battled to survive in the past and the future. Although the series was heavily reliant on stock footage from historical movies, the early episodes, including the pilot *Rendezvous with Yesterday*, co-written and directed by Allen, were very well made and thought-provoking tales of time manipulation. Also on ABC, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*'s third season saw an even greater emphasis on the fantasy elements with less spy drama. *Lost in Space* also became increasingly reliant on whimsy and humour from Dr Smith, Will Robinson and the robot.

The Time Tunnel only lasted a single season, fairing badly in the ratings. September 1967 welcomed the final seasons of *Lost in Space* and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, both of which now had even wilder and unlikely storylines to take them into 1968. The quartet of Allen's famous fantasy series was completed in September 1968 as the Allen-directed pilot of *Land of Giants* began on ABC with Irwin as executive producer and creator. At the start of the two season run for the show, the crew of the Spindrift passenger shuttle head into a storm, lose control and arrive on a planet which is very similar to Earth, but where everything is massive.

Irwin next turned back to feature films, coming up with two very successful and memorable disaster movies. The first in 1972 was *The Poseidon Adventure* in which a luxury cruise liner is capsized, leaving a few survivors to fight their way upwards to the ship's bowels and hopefully to find a means of escape. In 1974, a blazing tower-block provided the backdrop for Steve McQueen and Paul Newman in *The Towering Inferno*, another epic disaster movie of the sort Allen was to be associated with in the seventies.

Allen's next television series was *The Swiss Family Robinson*, a two-hour pilot followed by a set of twenty filmed adventures with the castaway family of Johann Wyss's popular children's novel. Starring Martin Miller and Pat Delaney, it was picked up by ABC and produced by Twentieth Century Fox for a 1975 debut.

In 1976, Allen co-wrote a television pilot with Rod Serling entitled *The Time Travellers*, believing that there was more mileage in the prematurely cancelled format of *The Time Tunnel*. The tv movie, which featured Sam Groom and Richard Basehart, was a suitable story, except that nobody was interested in picking up the series. Determined to show that there was still mileage in fantasy, Allen resurrected another Jules Verne character in a three-episode series for CBS in Spring 1978. *The Return of Captain Nemo* starred Jose Ferrer as Captain Nemo who takes on the crazed genius of Professor Cunningham in the form of Burgess Meredith in a present-day set of nautical adventures.

A series of low-budget disaster tv movies then followed : *Flood* (1976), *Fire* (1977), *Cave In!* (1979) and a two-part cable car suspense thriller *Hanging by a Thread* (1979). Also in 1978, Allen's tale of how America almost fell to killer bees in *The Swarm* hit the cinemas, starring Michael Caine. 1979 saw *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure*, a disappointing sequel to the original tale of the capsized liner set on the same hulk only hours later, starring Michael Caine once more, with Telly Savalas. Allen's next film, in 1980, was *When Time Ran Out*, another disaster movie, this time based around the eruption of a volcano on a small island.

Another 1981 tv movie for Columbia about a family of firefighters called *Code Red* was developed into a short-lived series later that year. One of Allen's last and more infamous forays into fantasy was an Americanised version of *Alice in Wonderland*. With a star-studded cast including Lloyd Bridges, Sid Caesar, Sammy Davis Jnr and Anthony Newley, these two 1985 tv movies were certainly distinctive, if not an entirely faithful representation of Dodgson's work.

Although Irwin Allen's work was seldom graced with vast budgets, during the sixties he was a fine example of producing product in sheer volume. And when the money was there, his special effects could produce work superior to any other television series of the day. Maybe not gems of the genre, his shows still maintain a basic thrilling excitement and desire to entertain the average audience and to try to promote fantasy where other producers would not have dared.

ANDREW PIXLEY

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
abc In Color

STTG SEASON FIVE SCORING HUGE RATINGS

DARMOK, the second episode of the new season of 'Star Trek: The Next Generation', was the highest rated episode of the series to date.

The ratings it achieved would place it in the top fifteen programmes if it was a network show (higher than LA Law or **Quantum Leap**).

Figures are not yet in for the **Unification** episodes, but these are expected to be higher still. Speaking of which...

POIGNANT BRIDGE

The most famous character from the original **Star Trek** crew has officially consolidated the worlds of old and new **Trek** by appearing in a two-part episode which saw the death of Sarek and a dangerous future for Spock as a peaceful refugee on Romulas.

Leonard Nimoy, who had been asked to appear on **The Next Generation** early in its run but refused, came to executive producer Rick Berman after filming **Star Trek VI,** and asked him what ideas he might have for bringing Spock into the 24th century. The result was a story co-authored by Berman and Michael Piller that required two episodes to tell, although Nimoy appears only in the closing moments of the first part. To make the event even more special, a novelisation of the story was published days before the airing of the first part, written by producer Gerry Taylor who had done the teleplay for part of the story.

Part of what Nimoy wished, of course, was to promote **Star Trek VI,** on which he served as executive producer. **The Unification** not only featured Spock; Paramount used the occasion to advertise the "last" film with the original crew. Part of the story made references to the events of **Star Trek VI,** along with hints that the peace initiative that Spock had undertaken with the Klingons brought trouble for his friends on the Enterprise.

The premise of **Unification** was that once again Spock was willing to take a daring step to try to promote peace between bitter enemies by secretly going into the Romulan empire. Starfleet learns of his presence there only after his arrival, and fears that the Romulans will be able to learn important secrets from this venerated ambassador who has been the confidant of Federation leaders "for generations".

Captain Picard, who had mind-melded with Spock's father Sarek in a third season episode, journeys to Vulcan to learn what he can from Sarek, but the elderly man is dying from the terrible illness that was discovered during his visit on the Enterprise. Sarek is able to suggest that Spock may have gone to see a Romulan senator whom he had remained in contact since the Klingon peace. Picard is troubled by Sarek's own wish to make his own peace with Spock, who left Vulcan without a word to his father.

Picard and Data disguise themselves as Romulans to undertake the difficult task of infiltrating the Empire and returning with Spock. They do manage to find their quarry, but the 130 year old Spock has grown no less determied, even when he learns that his father has died.

Fans who were anxious to see Spock again were perhaps a bit displeased by his minimal appearance in the first part of the story, but **Unification** was undoubtedly a ratings success. Some found Spock's ultimate decision to remain behind on Romulus to guide an underground movement interested in adopting Vulcan philosophy an entirely appropriate fate for this character, others found it bittersweet that Spock should have remained estranged from his father for so long and abandoned his life on Vulcan.

Mark Lenard commented afterwards - much as Sarek would have done - that Spock had seemed unusually emotional. The emotion was expressed in his disagreement with Picard, whom he came to see as being "as stubborn as another Captain of the Enterprise". Nevertheless, the two come to admire each other, and in the end Picard offers Spock another kind of Unification.

Leonard Nimoy has revealed that the tears he shed during his final scene when he mind-melds with Picard were for real. He had not expected them: "They snuck up on me"! Nimoy admitted that his attitude towards **The Next Generation** had changed from the resentment many of the old cast might have felt a few years ago. He had thought the new series would have a very difficult time, but they have done "Remarkable work", in his view, and he is particularly impressed with Patrick Stewart and Brent Spiner.

Nimoy does not anticipate that Spock will appear again in the new series, but director Nimoy may well be positioned now to either produce or direct a **Next Generation** feature film.

KATHLEEN TOTH

COMPLETE *BLAKE'S 7* WORK UNDERWAY

VIRGIN BOOKS are to publish 'The Complete Blake's 7' with a release date set for the Spring of 1993.

Fan writers Andrew Pixley and Neil Alsop have been commissioned to write the book, which will be the most exhaustive ever based on the series, comprising interviews with the main actors and behind the scenes crew, a concise episode guide, an autobiographical section on Terry Nation and "as much information as can possibly be crammed into it"!

The book, which will be a large format paperback, also aims to cover the production, and pinpoint the success and appeal of the defunct series which is currently experiencing a revival via the release of the complete series on BBC Video (see back page).

STAR TREK SNIPPETS...

RICHARD ARNOLD, Research Consultant for 'Star Trek: The Next Generation', was unceremoniously shown the gate at Paramount on November 20th. His departure following Rick Berman's rise to overseer of the 'Star Trek' legend was expected, but the speed with which the axe fell surprised many. The official reason given for superfan Arnold's "release" was that Paramount were closing the 'Star Trek' offices as a whole where he worked (not the STTNG office), but they took the unprecedented move of changing the locks on the doors at the same time! Guy Vardaman and Susan Sackett are also rumoured to be gone too, and Arnold is believed to be considering taking legal action. He could also expect aid from the union since he was fired mid-season - technically everyone is 'fired' at the end of a series and re-hired for the new season.

WIL WHEATON got his forehead dented to the tune of 36 stitches in October. An avid hockey player - he plays goalie - a slap shot broke his helment and did the damage. No scar is expected, though some are of the opinion that one would've given him character!

PATRICK STEWART will direct six cast members (including himself) in a production of Every Good Boy Deserves Favour in California in February. Other participants are Gates McFadden, Jonathan Frakes and Brent Spiner. Both scheduled performances are already sold out, but further dates might be announced. Early ticket sales for Stewart's one-man version of A Christmas Carol on Broadway (December 17-29th) have been good.

THE REMOVAL of Richard Arnold as Research Consultant (above) also stretches to the book approval loop, and has prompted Diane Duane to submit a proposal again. David Gerrold is also now interested in perhaps doing two original series novels. Carmen Carter's Picard book - which has lain dormant since approval for it as a hard cover was strangely rescinded by Paramount after approval by Pocket Books - will now be re-submitted, and A C Crispen and Margaret Bonano also report themselves ready to submit proposals again.

TALK of a sixth season of STTNG and even of a seventh is widespread, despite the high costs of renewing contracts after the original expires at the end of the present fifth season run. Should the series continue there are also rumours of possible staff changes and maybe even more fundamental changes as Rick Berman takes control in earnest. Some fear he has a "Roddenberry complex" (wanting to oversee, control and approve everything connected with the series and its spin-offs).

BELOW is a scene from 'Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country' which opened in America on December 6th. Reviewed next issue... Leonard Nimoy arrived in London in late November to promote the film, which was exclusively previewed to Oxford University students - four months before its official UK Easter release.

TITAN Books published The Making Of Star Trek on December 5th, originally released in America in 1968. With behind-the-scenes stories of the original series by Stephen E Whitfield and Gene Roddenberry, it costs £5.99.

BRIEFLY...

BBC RADIO COLLECTION has released a limited edition boxed set of the complete 'Journey Into Space' series for Christmas. Previously available on individual cassettes, this set is a must for anyone captivated by Andrew Pixley's excellent article on the 40-year-old science fiction radio plays in DWB#89.

RED DWARF III
BACKWARDS
RED DWARF III
TIMESLIDES

BBC VIDEO has released the complete third season of 'Red Dwarf' over two tapes - ahead of their predecessors!

CONCERN has been expressed that BBC2 are showing only selected episodes from the current second season run of 'Quantum Leap'.

Meanwhile on Channel 4, 'The Prisoner' is lining up for a late-night run on the station's once-weekly evening of archive television which is starting in the new year, in addition to 'The Avengers'. While it is believed that the latter will enjoy a lengthy run from selected Season 1-3 episodes struck a year ago (re: DWB#86), it has been intimated that C4 may now only screen one of these episodes...

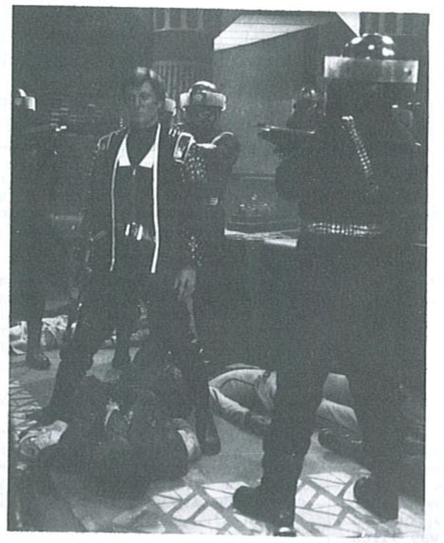
While we await confirmation of the above, it can do no harm to write to the appropriate channels urging a full run of each of the respective series as originally intended.

THE BFI cinema at Welwyn Garden City's Campus West are holding a TV day of science fiction and fantasy on January 18th at 3.30pm, including screenings of 'UFO'(Identified), 'Doctor Who'(The Ice Warriors), 'The Avengers'(Too Many Christmas Trees) and 'Randall & Hopkirk'(A Disturbing Case). Guests associated with the productions have been invited to speak. For further information, call the theatre manager (Mark Woolman) on (0707) 332880.

BLAKE'S 7 Series Survey Results

P = points; V = votes; F = firsts; S = season. See DWB 96 for notes on how the results are tabulated.

Favourite episode



		P	V	F	S
1	**BLAKE**	**431**	**92**	**12**	**4**
2	**The Way Back**	**360**	**49**	**15**	**1**
3	**Duel**	**329**	**49**	**8**	**1**
4	**Star One**	**254**	**43**	**6**	**2**
5	**Terminal**	**235**	**38**	**7**	**3**
6	**Aftermath**	**226**	**38**	**4**	**3**
7	**Rumours of Death**	**223**	**38**	**4**	**3**
8	**Sarcophagus**	**217**	**32**	**9**	**3**
9	**Orac**	**181**	**31**	**4**	**1**
10	**Seek-Locate-Destroy**	**177**	**30**	**4**	**1**
11	Project Avalon	164	32	1	1
12	Spacefall	158	28	-	1
13	Redemption	134	19	5	2
14	The Web	130	23	1	1
15	Orbit	128	23	2	4
16	Shadow	127	22	2	2
17	Trial	111	25	-	2
18	Cygnus Alpha	104	18	2	1
19	Gambit	103	20	1	2
20	Killer	103	21	-	2
21	The City at the Edge of the World	100	19	3	3
22	Powerplay	92	31	2	3
23	Pressure Point	92	22	-	2
24	Sand	91	22	-	4
25	Headhunter	88	16	1	4
26	Mission to Destiny	80	14	1	1
27	Rescue	74	15	-	4
28	Deliverance	69	17	-	1
29	Weapon	60	12	-	2
30	Children of Auron	59	13	-	3
31	Bounty	46	10	-	1
32	Time Squad	43	10	-	1
33	Deathwatch	36	8	1	3
34	Ultraworld	35	12	-	3
35	Power	35	7	-	4
36	Stardrive	34	8	-	4
37	Breakdown	32	10	-	1
38	Gold	30	8	-	4
39	Traitor	28	8	-	4
40	Assassin	28	6	-	4
41	Games	25	5	-	4
42	The Keeper	18	3	-	2
43	Horizon	13	4	-	2
44	Voice from the Past	11	3	-	2
45	Warlord	11	2	-	4
46	Countdown	9	3	-	2
47	Dawn of the Gods	6	2	-	3
48	Animals	6	1	-	4
49	The Harvest of Kairos	5	2	-	3
50	Moloch	4	1	-	3
51	Volcano	3	2	-	3
52	Hostage	-	-	-	2

There is a certain elegance in the last and first episodes of Blake's 7 coming first and second, though I had no idea that *Blake* was rated quite so highly. All four seasons' final episodes feature in the top ten, but apart from *Blake* Season 4 is ill-represented even in the top half. Most of its stories rightly languish lower down. This is consistent with the placing of the four seasons in that category, as is the high placing of Season 3 episodes, although, apart from these four and a couple further down, that season doesn't do too well, holding three of the bottom five placings (four if you don't count *Hostage*, which got no votes at all). What is, however, utterly bizarre (to me at any rate) is the appearance in third place of the episode *Duel*. Notwithstanding that it is, as has often been observed, a rather obvious remake of a Star Trek episode, it is also very boring and terribly trite. The placing of *Sarcophagus* at number eight is reassuring, but only readers of DWB would place such an abjectly shite episode as *The Web* over the idescribably wonderful *The City at the Edge of the World*. And why has everyone got it in for *The Harvest of Kairos*? Okay, so it has the killer vacuum cleaner bag, but surely that shouldn't condemn the whole thing. It's the *Kinda* syndrome again.

Least favourite episode

		P	V	F	S
1	**ANIMALS**	**83**	**27**	**9**	**4**
2	**Bounty**	**71**	**17**	**3**	**1**
3	**Mission to Destiny**	**62**	**16**	**6**	**1**
4	**Stardrive**	**61**	**18**	**4**	**4**
5	**Horizon**	**55**	**21**	**1**	**2**
6	Warlord	52	18	6	4
7	Time Squad	52	16	4	1
8	The Harvest of Kairos	46	15	1	3
9	Volcano	42	12	3	3
10	Redemption	42	11	3	1
11	Power	40	10	4	4
12	Weapon	39	10	5	2
13	Cygnus Alpha	38	11	4	1
14	Gold	38	10	3	4
15	Headhunter	38	9	3	4
16	The Web	33	12	3	1
17	Breakdown	31	7	4	1
18	Sand	31	8	2	4
19	Deliverance	30	8	1	1
20	Rescue	28	8	1	4
21	Moloch	25	11	1	3
22	Games	24	10	2	4
23	Shadow	23	11	1	2
24	The Way Back	21	6	2	1
25	Ultraworld	21	6	-	3
26	Blake	19	4	3	4
27	Pressure Point	18	7	-	2
28	Trial	15	4	1	2
29	Voice from the Past	14	4	-	2
30	Sarcophagus	14	6	1	3
31	Orac	13	5	-	1
32	Dawn of the Gods	13	4	-	3
33	Orbit	12	5	0	4
34	Gambit	12	3	1	2
35	Traitor	11	3	-	4
36	Killer	10	3	1	2
37	Aftermath	10	4	-	3
38	Deathwatch	10	3	-	3
39	Children of Auron	9	3	-	3
40	The Keeper	9	4	-	2
41	Seek-Locate-Destroy	8	4	-	1
42	Spacefall	8	3	-	1
43	Project Avalon	8	2	1	1
44	Assassin	8	2	-	4
45	Duel	7	2	1	1
46	Powerplay	5	2	-	3
47	Rumours of Death	3	1	-	3
48	Hostage	2	1	-	2
49	The City at the Edge of the World	1	1	-	3
50	Countdown	-	-	-	2
=	Star One	-	-	-	2
=	Terminal	-	-	-	3

Was *Animals* really all that bad when we have the likes of *Voice from the Past* to reckon with? Evidently. There was a flood of votes towards the end of the calculation giving *Weapon* the cold shoulder which looked like a conspiracy to me ... The top ten mainly comprises episodes from Seasons 1 and 4, which is fair enough. Curiously *Hostage*, which got no votes at all in the 'best' category, similarly almost fails to score here. Weird. And that *Rumours of Death* should be voted worse than it (albeit only just) is utterly outrageous. The high placing of *Stardrive* surprised me, as I always thought it was rather fun. The trick is to know when to stop taking things seriously. And why oh why oh why has everyone got it in for *The Harvest of Kairos*!!???

Favourite regular character

		points
1	AVON	386
2	Vila	208
3	Blake	147
4	Servalan	104
5	Cally	59
6	Jenna	34
7	Travis	26
8	Orac	20
9	Zen	17
10	Soolin	10
11	Dayna	8
12	Gan	6
=	Tarrant	6

Least favourite regular character

		points
1	SOOLIN	173
2	Gan	156
3	Tarrant	152
4	Dayna	96
5	Travis II	87
6	Jenna	68
7	Slave	63
8	Cally	53
9	Blake	41
10	Orac	9
11	Servalan	8
12	Vila	7
=	Avon	7
14	Zen	4

This is about as surprising as something that isn't surprising at all. If anyone tried to tell me that Avon would not win a favourite character vote I would laugh in their face. It might, however, be interesting to ask what season was he best in, since the character he played at the end was so totally different to that at the beginning. It is also significant that he and Vila were the only ones to be present all the way through. The low placing of Travis is a little surprising, given his recent exposure on video, and the number of people who specified the Croucher version in the worst category was disheartening. After all, it wasn't really his fault. He did the best with the material, and taking over another actor's role is not the easiest job in the world. The worst vote was never really in doubt, and Glynis Barber really has no excuse, given that she was equally dire in Dempsey and Makepeace.

Favourite regular male actor

		points
1	PAUL DARROW	106
2	Michael Keating	27
3	Gareth Thomas	17
4	Stephen Greif	7
5	Brian Croucher	5
6	Stephen Pacey	3

Least favourite regular male actor

		points
1	BRIAN CROUCHER	44
2	Stephen Pacey	36
3	David Jackson	32
4	Paul Darrow	9
=	Gareth Thomas	9
6	Michael Keating	3

The top three here correspond exactly to the character listings. Boring. And about as predictable. Poor old Brian Croucher again has a rough deal, but I was surprised by the level of dislike aimed at Stephen Pacey. Why, in particular? He acted competently enough. Some strange person voted for Richard Franklin as least favourite regular male actor.

Wrong series, I think.

Favourite regular female actor

		points
1	JACQUELINE PEARCE	100
2	Jan Chappell	30
3	Sally Knyvette	22
4	Glynis Barber	11
5	Josette Simon	4

Least favourite regular female actor

		points
1	GLYNIS BARBER	58
2	Sally Knyvette	25
3	Josette Simon	24
4	Jan Chappell	14
5	Jacqueline Pearce	7

What a surprise. Given the lack of choice on this front there's not a lot to say really. Cheers, Glynis.

Favourite guest artist

		points
1	ROY KINNEAR	18
2	John Savident	16
3	Colin Baker	13
4	Julian Glover	12
5	Brian Blessed	9
6	Jackie Pearce	7
=	T.P. McKenna	7
8	Paul Daneman	6
=	Derek Farr	6
10	Lorna Heilbron	5
11	Stratford Johns	4
=	Stephen Greif	4
=	Cy Grant	4
14	Aubrey Woods	2
=	John Bennett	2
=	John Bryans	2
=	Geoffrey Burbridge	2
=	David Collings	2
=	Scott Fredericks	2

Least favourite guest artist

		points
1	BRIAN BLESSED	13
2	John Savident	6
=	Brian Croucher	6
=	Colin Baker	6
5	Caroline Holdaway	5
=	Darien Angandi	5
7	Roy Boyd	4
=	Bobby Brown	4
=	Andrew Burt	4
=	Peter Byrne	4
=	Stratford Johns	4
=	T.P. McKenna	4
=	Sheila Ruskin	4
14	Leslie Schofield	3
=	Yolande Palfrey	3
=	Dicken Ashworth	3
17	Julia Vidler	2
=	Damien Thomas	2
=	Barbara Shelley	2
=	Roy Kinnear	2
=	Karl Howman	2
=	Cy Grant	2

Nearly everybody got a vote here. A nice coincidence for John Savident getting second place in both tables. To be honest I haven't the faintest idea who most of these people are and I can't be bothered wading through the programme guide to find out. So there. The obviously memorable ones are where you'd expect them to be. Dear old Colin Baker overacting his heart out won as many fans as he lost, but the word is that Paul Darrow deliberately took the piss out of *Timelash* with his portrayal of Tekker in return for *The City at the Edge of the World ...*

Favourite alien

		points
1	DECIMAS	42
2	Cally	18
3	Andromedans	10
4	Mutoids	9
5	Ultra	6
6	Moloch	4
=	Thaarn	4
=	Zil	4
9	Auronar	3
=	Moon Discs	3
=	Sinofar	3
=	The System	3
13	Klute	2
=	Sand	2
=	Vargas	2
=	Zen	2

Least favourite alien

		points
1	PHIBIANS	14
=	ZIL	14
3	Moloch	13
4	Decimas	13
5	Altas	6
=	Kairos thingy	6
=	Space Rats	6
=	Ultraworld	6
9	Links	4
=	Og	4
11	Animals	3
=	Hommiks	3
=	The System	3
=	Timesquad	3
15	Auronar	2
=	Gestalt	2
=	Mutoids	2
=	Sand	2
=	Seskas	2

Yes, I suppose Cally was an alien, but that wasn't quite the point. The Decimas may have won for cuteness value. Likewise Zil, who looked remarkably similar actually. Hmm. Since Blake's 7 never really went in for aliens this is a difficult category, but the utterly laughable man-eating Hoover bag was surely worse than the Phibians. They remained safely shadowed, but we saw the Hoover bag in all its inglory -- eek!

Favourite writer

		points
1	CHRIS BOUCHER	70
2	Terry Nation	46
3	Robert Holmes	24
4	Tanith Lee	15

Least favourite writer

		points
1	ALLAN PRIOR	27
2	Ben Steed	22
3	Terry Nation	20
4	James Pollett	14
5	Tanith Lee	10
6	Chris Boucher	5
=	Bill Lyons	5
=	Simon Masters	5
=	Roger Parkes	5
10	Trevor Hoyle	4
11	Colin Davis	3

Robert Holmes is clearly not as well regarded in Blake's 7 circles as in Who, but then he didn't write as much. The high placing in both categories of Terry Nation is to be expected, but there is no doubt that Boucher is superior. Allan Prior thoroughly deserves the worst placing, having given us consistently irredeemable stories from the word go: *Horizon, Hostage, Volcano*, etc. etc.

Favourite director

		points
1	VERE LORRIMER	35
2	Michael Briant	22
=	Mary Ridge	22
4	Douglas Camfield	16
=	David Maloney	16
6	Fiona Cumming	15
7	George Spenton-Foster	8
8	Derek Martinus	6

Least favourite director

		points
1	PENNANT ROBERTS	43
2	Vere Lorrimer	13
3	Mary Ridge	10
4	David Proudfoot	9
5	Viktors Ritelis	8
6	Vivienne Cozens	7
7	Desmond McCarthy	5
=	George Spenton-Foster	5
9	Michael Briant	4
=	J Wright Miller	4
11	Gerald Blake	3
12	Brian Lighthill	2
=	Andrew Morgan	2

Vere Lorrimer??? Hmm. Pity he didn't stick to directing really. Douglas Camfield didn't do enough to come any higher and in the worst it seems that people just voted for whoever directed their least favourite episode. Fair enough. I will maintain until my dying day that Pennant Roberts is deserving of better opinion. Has anyone been watching his thing on ITV at the moment? The placing of Mary Ridge is interesting inasmuch as that, apart from *Terminal*, she was only involved in the last season, which most people seem to hate.

Favourite season

		points
1	THREE	53
2	One	51
3	Two	47
4	Four	10

Least favourite season

		points
1	FOUR	97
2	One	22
3	Two	16
=	Three	16

A close run thing here, for the best at any rate. The overwhelming contempt in which the Lorrimer version of Blake's 7 is held is well known, but that Season 3 should come first did surprise me. Pleasantly, I might add. Less pleasant is the thought that the disgustingly bland and increasingly tedious first season should come second. Perhaps if we do this again once the videos are all out things might be different. But if we do I'm having nothing to do with it. This is absolutely the last time I have anything to do with one of these polls. I know I say that every time, but this time I mean it. Thank you and good night.

PETER LINFORD

Results tabulated by Paul Cornell and Peter Linford.

RIGHT TO REPLY:

But what the hell. The most serious problem is the standard of morality that Blake declares. The question of when a terrorist becomes a freedom fighter was rarely tackled in 'Blake's 7' - that's not, after all, what the series was really about - but here Blake states that unless they win, all that they have done is just "senseless killing and destruction", so it seems that if a terrorist achieves his objective he ceases to be a terrorist. Hmm. Perhaps it was as well that when the battle was done Blake would be lost and the Federation destroyed by another hand.

It was time for change.

PETER LINFORD

ORWELLIAN PIGS IN SPACE

SO PETER LINFORD thinks that Blake's 7 wasn't really about the ethics of terrorism *(DWB #95)*? Peter, has anybody ever told you that Animal Farm isn't really about pigs?

Blake's 7 was always a political series. The politics varied, of course, from writer to writer -- Terry Nation's Blake's 7, for instance, was Robin Hood in Space. Ben Steed's version said Back-in-the-Kitchen-Woman. Allan Prior's was ... well, embarrassing, really. But Chris Boucher's version was definitely about rebellion, in all its forms, about the system and what it does to those who oppose it, and as script editor, his vision became the dominant one. *Star One* is merely the episode in which these questions are most clearly foregrounded ...

But they are there in the first season, which on the >

surface seems to be 'only' an action adventure. They had to be, as the Robin Hood story is political in itself. Like most myths and legends, it carries an underlying message -- that it's right to oppose a corrupt system.

In February 1984, Socialist Review, the magazine of the Socialist Worker's party, published an interesting (though muddled and, ultimately, dogmatic) article called *Mao and the Time Lords*. Aside from pointing out that Doctor Who is essentially Maoist in nature (ummmmh!) while the Anderson series tended to be right wing (concerning, as they do, 'semi-official puppet SAS's who save the world from terrorism and anarchy'), the (anonymous) author commented that Blake's 7 had begun well, with the 'outer space Robin Hood storylines developing into a sci-fi equivalent of the Red Brigades. A small band of 'outlaws' blow up bits of the nasty Federation in the hope of sparking a general uprising.'

It would be difficult to deny that that's an accurate summary of the first season. The Seven do spend a lot of time blowing up bits of the Federation (Centero, Saurian Major and, presumably, more off-screen, as they are already notorious by *Seek-Locate-Destroy*, after only one on-screen raid), and they do inspire others to similar activities. 'There have been two attempts on my life,' Servalan tells us in *Project Avalon*. 'I blame Blake. Not personally of course, but stories of his exploits give people hope, and hope is very dangerous.' Under the surface, then, the first season of Blake's 7 could be seen as advocating the politics of revolution.

Had that remained under the surface, an echo inherent in the Errol Flynn heroics, it might have been acceptable. The implications could have been dealt with by one of the ultimate cliche plots -- the embittered rebel who's lost all sense of proportion, and is willing to kill the innocent to hurt the Federation. Our heroes talk him out of this, Blake giving a Kirk-like speech. 'You can't do this, it'll make you one of them,' he cries ...

But for Blake to have made such a speech would have been out of keeping with Gareth Thomas' portrayal, which, as Terry Nation has commented, was something more than the swash-buckler originally envisaged. He treated Blake's 7 as a drama, not an adventure, and so Blake himself became the rebel willing to sacrifice millions to destroy the Federation.

Now whether that's acceptable depends on how you view the hero of a series. The melodramatic hero (as Tom Baker has complained) tends to be seen as someone to be emulated, a flawless source of wisdom. The producers of Star Trek felt it necessary to alter Harlan Ellison's script for *The City on the Edge of Forever* so that Kirk, not Spock, prevented McCoy from saving Edith Keeler. They thought that he had to be the one who saved the universe, placing it above the woman he loved. But for some of us, this destroyed Kirk as a believable person -- however convinced he was intellectually, if he didn't freeze when expected to 'kill' the one he loved, he wasn't human.

Blake could have been played like Kirk. But why should he have been? The rest of the Seven were killers or criminals -- so why should Blake alone be treated as some sort of role model for the viewers? Instead he belonged to an older tradition of hero -- an admirable man of courage and ability, destroyed by a single, fatal, character flaw. Coriolanus was destroyed by his pride, Brutus by his nobility. Blake was destroyed by his conscience.

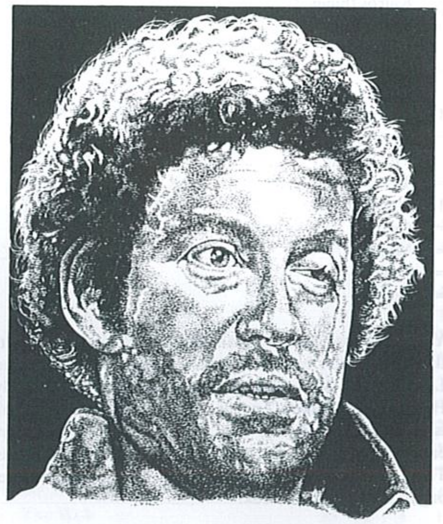
His conscience meant that he couldn't work to improve a corrupt system from within. It meant that once he'd begun to fight he had to win. He couldn't let the lives he'd destroyed be lost in vain. Like a compulsive gambler, his response to loss was to raise the stakes. His aims developed from purging the system of corruption, to changing the system, to destroying the system. To set his mind at rest, he'd had to know that he was right, and victory was the only thing that could prove it.

Commenting on this in an earlier article *(DWB #65)*, Peter Linford remarked that 'the suggestion that if a terrorist achieves his aims he ceases to be a terrorist is one we could do without'. Peter, that's the philosophy of Mary Whitehouse -- if no one voices an unpleasant truth it'll go away. It's a cynical fact that a successful terrorist is generally known as a statesman. Shamir, Mugabe, Mandela, they've all been *called* terrorists. They've all backed or organised violent guerilla action against the then government. They are all now (or soon will be) respected national leaders.

But then, they were Freedom Fighters, weren't they? Which brings us to the point *Star One*, like *Shadow* before it, is trying to make -- what separates a freedom fighter from a terrorist? The comment of one of the Horizon committee in Newsletter 22 shows how thoughtlessly most people make the decision : 'the Federation were so bad that whoever was against them you couldn't really call a terrorist'. My enemy's enemy is a freedom fighter, it seems.

Now that is a dangerous notion. That's the philosophy that let the CIA produce How to Kill a Sandinista comic books, that led Oliver North (who, Chris Boucher has, jokingly, suggested, based his character on Travis) to subvert the democratic constitution of his own nation in order to 'support' democracy elsewhere. If you divide the world into heroes and villains, it's all too easy to decide that the villains have no rights -- and that's the philosophy of the Federation.

Star One expected us, instead, to judge Blake by the only objective standard there could be -- his own actions. To quote Chris Boucher, 'you are what you do', and if Blake behaves like a terrorist, then he is a terrorist, however worthy his motives. Chris Boucher's verdict can perhaps be inferred from his description of Blake in the camera script for the final episode : 'His hair is greasy and matted, and one eye is covered by a black patch exactly like that once worn by Travis'. Even in opposing the system, Blake remains a part of it (a concept drawn from Nineteen Eighty Four, which is most clearly visible in *Pressure Point*), and its corruption destroys him just as it did Travis.



Not surprisingly, the author of *Mao and the Time Lords* disliked these developments in the series, declaring it a 'flop on all levels'. It had criticised his dream of selfless rebels leading a glorious revolution, pointing it up for the fantasy it is.

Blake had hoped that the destruction of Star One would allow the resistance to take control. But when their chance came, they were more interested in 'kicking the corpses' than establishing a decent regime, and by that point the original Federation had been swept away, replaced by one far worse ...

Initially, remember, the Federation was a curate's egg -- good in parts. Though the whole was corrupt, there were still a few decent governments and leaders left (Le Grand, Bellfriar, even Commander Leylan of the London). Even someone as deeply implicated in the corruption of the Earth administration as Ven Glynd tried to purge the more rotten elements when he saw a genuine chance of success. But the chaos caused by the Andromedean sabotage of Star One resulted in this Federal structure being replaced by a centralised military regime, headed by the personification of Federation corruption herself, Servalan.

Blake just made things worse, and, if he *was* a terrorist, that shows that terrorism is no answer. At most, as *Rumours of Death* hints, it might replace one dictatorship with another. Blake's 7 doesn't try to provide answers -- but that's not a failing. It's simply a repetition of the message of a great novel on the same subject ...

'If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face -- forever.'

ANTHONY BROWN & ALAN STEVENS

MICHAEL KEATING

Continuing our series of interviews with the cast of Blake's 7, **Michael Keating** talks to Peter Linford and Stephen O'Brien about his time on the series.

'BLAKE was the first block television I'd ever done. I did odds and ends before, mainly in theatre, so it was quite an eye-opener to be involved in an on-going programme, and it's been strange in a way to come back to it, doing conventions and things. It's seen a resurgence of interest with the release of the videos. I did a repertory season with Paul (Darrow) this summer and a lot of people came to see us who'd become fans or whatever. It's strange because we finished Blake's 7 ten years ago -- 7th November 1981 it was. Then it took off in America, Australia, New Zealand and so on so that kept us going and now there's been this resurgence.

I did the Jonathan Ross show earlier in April with Jacqueline Pearce and Gareth (Thomas). They suddenly decided to have a 'Where are they now?' kind of thing. Luckily we now have these tapes to remind us of what we were all doing in each episode. But if we'd been in, say, The Brothers I wonder if we'd have had the same thing? I remember Colin Baker telling me that The Brothers had a big following in Israel and Scandinavia. He did a lot of theatre tours and he went to some sort of reception in Israel, but it generally seems to be science fiction that attracts such followers. I think it was Star Trek that started it off, and now I think we've reached a stage where television is forty, forty-five years old and there's a lot of reflection. People are looking back at old programmes and discovering them all. A lot of good things were emerging in the fifties and sixties, there was a lot of innovation with programmes like Z Cars, and with only one or two channels we really had better television. The same thing is happening in America.

But the BBC have steadfastly refused to repeat Blake's 7 and I rather suspect that the BBC was rather embarrassed by it. They felt they had to have science fiction but that it wasn't really the sort of thing that the BBC ought to be doing. But Blake was a good show. I enjoyed it; most of it. Obviously there were times that weren't as enjoyable as others but most of the time I enjoyed it. We had a good time and we all got on very well. And in fact people who came in just for one episode used to remark upon the fact that we were most welcoming. In a way we clung together as actors and actresses because the special effects were so baffling to begin with that the human beings tended to stick together a bit! Not having done any other series I can't really compare it. I did a few episodes of The Paul Squire Show but that was rather different. I also did four episodes of Doctor Who which was good fun as well. I think there's something about science fiction that appeals to actors and actresses maybe more than other things because it's very theatrical in its way and anything can happen in it, but Blake's 7 was different to Doctor Who in that it was a lot more hard hitting.

When it started it was going to be a more adult programme, then there was a bit of an outcry in the late seventies about Starsky and Hutch and we had to tone Blake's 7 down and in the end it became what is called 'kiddult' -- it appealed to adults and children. But to start with it was quite serious. I mean, Blake was charged with child molesting, although it was a false charge. He was fighting against a dictatorship.

I think it lost its way a bit when Terry (Nation) went to the States. He started it off and I thought it was a great idea under him but by the fourth series I think it had run out of steam. I always thought that we should have had, say, in the third season a situation where we were stuck on one particular planet and had to fight our way off it over three or four episodes, instead of each week just getting back on the ship and going off. It got to the stage where you just knew that anyone we met would be dead by the end of the episode because we just couldn't afford to keep them on. It all came down to time and money. If we'd had longer on each episode and they'd had longer to write them it might have held together better. We would do a lot of block filming, say for the first four or six episodes of a season, then we'd go into making the studio stuff. It would average out that we would spend about three weeks an episode. But when we started we only had six months to make the entire season. The BBC in those days was rather like the Civil Service, it had no idea. I don't think the people in the budget section ever watched television; they just said 'Oh yeah, fifty minute episodes. That's two days in studio,' forgetting that we had all the special effects. Now the directors, a lot in the first season, had never worked with effects and so the end result was that we never finished an episode and everything had to be remounted. At one point we thought we might even have to go out live which would have been fatal. So by the time we got to the third season we had about eight months and nine for the last.

I guess we needed about nine months and a longer break in the middle to consider. But you see, although they make money out of it they don't put it back into the series itself. It could have been developed. The chances were there. It was obviously more popular than they had thought it was going to be. People still talk about it and, looking at television today, it was pretty well done in comparison to a lot of the stuff that's going out now.'

BLAKE'S 7 Cassette 15

OK, so I should have known better than to tempt fate last issue. That comment about pitying the reviewer of tape fifteen was rather asking for it. And sure enough, events have forced Peter Linford and I to swap assignments, so that instead of the superb *City at the Edge of the World*, I have to review this ...

First up is *Volcano*. Now, this isn't exactly the most memorable of episodes -- in fact, it would probably be accurate to say that if it's remembered at all, it's as 'the one with Michael Gough in it'. Which is probably fortunate, because its only other claim to fame is that it's written by Allan Prior.

Allan Prior isn't a bad author, if a little right wing. But he does seem to have formed his ideas as to what science fiction should be like by watching the third season of Star Trek -- and that didn't even make good Trek, let alone Blake. *Volcano* is a good example of this. Kirk and co. arrive on an independent planet which is suddenly of prime strategic importance. As they negotiate with the planet's leader (who's concealing a shocking secret and would much rather that all the outsiders just went away and left him alone), his ambitious son betrays them to the Klingons. Meanwhile, in orbit, the Enterprise comes under attack ...

See what I mean? Change a few names and you've got *Volcano*. There are, of course, a few other details you'd have to alter, but, basically, you could've done this episode in almost any SF series. That's always a bad sign, because it means that the characters are being forced into roles in the plot, rather than shaping the direction of the story. This is particularly noticeable with Tarrant, whose part was clearly intended to be taken by Blake (can you think of another episode where he's so actively anti-Federation?).

On the other hand ... Avon's on good form, and Servalan has a few nice lines ... Also, the model shots are superb. Particularly impressive is the view of Liberator with the Federation fleet approaching, and the brief glimpse of the ship spiralling in flight.

And there's the ending of course. Now, in Star Trek, Spock would've found a way to cure the radiation sickness and everyone would've lived happily ever after. Here, while the Seven escape unharmed, and Servalan is heard to comment that *'it is only one planet'*, the bystanders get rather badly hurt (*'If that's winning, I'd sooner lose,'* says Vila). Very Blake's 7. Perhaps *Volcano* isn't so bad after all, despite that silly robot. It's just ... what was the word ...? Oh yes, *forgettable*.

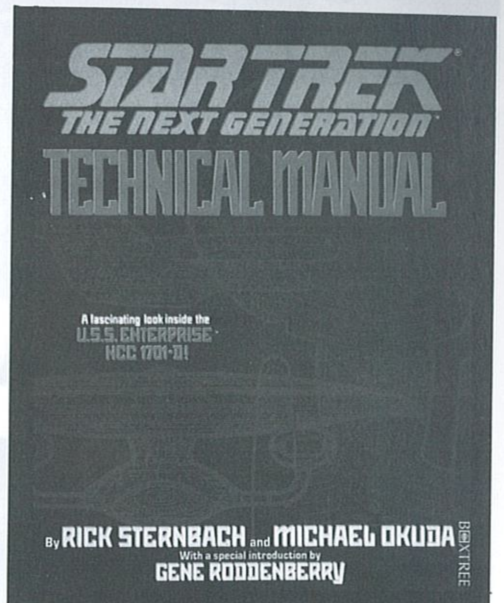
Would that the same could be said of *Dawn of the Gods*. After watching this, you'll find yourself waking at night, sweating, trying to convince yourself it was all a bad dream, that there never was such an episode. It's the sort of episode that gets shown when you finally persuade a sceptical friend to give the series a try. It's the episode which, ten years ago, led my mother to dub Blake's 7 the funniest show on television. What did they think they were playing at?

I can only assume that James Follett, who's a pretty good author of 'serious' science-fiction, and an increasingly popular thriller writer, suffers from 'Lorenzo Semple Jnr Syndrome'. This is the belief that media SF has to be done as a spoof. That would at least explain the inclusion of pseudo-Dickensian absurdities like the Caliph and Groff. Of course, it could be that the director and costume designer were responsible for criminally misinterpreting the characters, in which case I owe Mr Follett an apology. But even if that's so, it doesn't excuse his treatment of the regulars. Anyone who expects us to believe that Avon would try to put on a spacesuit as protection against a black hole, or that Orac -- always very good at self-preservation (remember *Redemption*?) -- would drop Liberator into a black hole out of curiosity clearly hasn't a clue about how to write Blake's 7. Add to this scientific idiocies such as a faster-than-light vessel being sucked into a black hole in the first place, or Vila failing to notice that he's not weightless while space-walking, and it's difficult to think of anything good to say about this episode even *before* the slave chaser machine turns up ...

Hold on, I've managed it. The mention that Liberator's near Auron at the start is a nice subtle hint as to the origins of the villain, while Avon's world-weary *'Just what we needed -- another enemy'* at the end demonstrates that James Follett can write when he puts his mind to it. But if you want my advice, give *Dawn of the Gods* a miss and get a copy of Follett's radio serial *Earthsearch* instead. You'll even get the same plot, rather better done, halfway through the second season ...

ANTHONY BROWN

Blake's 7 tape 15 is released by BBC Video in February 1992, priced £10.99.



AFTER A WAIT of several months, the *Star Trek: Next Generation Technical Manual* is now available in the UK in specialist shops. Written by Rick Sternbach and Michael Okuda, the show's Senior Illustrator and Scenic Art Supervisor, the book is a unique insight into the workings of the USS Enterprise (NCC 1701-D). Unlike other technical manuals this is the last word on the technical details of the ship, the officially recognised technical manual.

The manual is based on the *ST:TNG Writer's Technical Manual* which was put together by Sternbach and Okuda during the series' third season as a guide for writers, a very interesting and amusing 37 page booklet subtitled *'Yes, but which button do I push to fire the phasers?'* Unlike the original manual the new one is, in many ways, exhaustive in its attention to detail, though the authors admit that they have left gaps to be filled in by writers of future episodes.

The manual opens with a look at the Galaxy Class project from the beginning with a detailed breakdown of the building of the first three Galaxy Class starships: the Galaxy, the Yamato and the Enterprise. The second section of the book concerns the structure of the Enterprise, including details of how the external and internal coordinate systems work so that the reader can obsessively look at door numbers and work out where exactly on the ship that room is.

The following chapters take the reader on a tour around the ship's systems, from command systems on the main and battle bridges to the ship's auxilliary spacecraft systems. Each chapter is divided into headings which comprehensively cover just about everything you could ever want to know about the NCC 1701-D. There are detailed explanations of how the transporters, phasers, holodecks and warp engines work, with each of the 183 pages crammed with information and diagrams. In addition to this wealth of technical detail, and the book is very technically based, at the bottom of many pages there are anecdotes concerning such things as the building of the models used for filming to the ST:TNG studio's environmental policy. There is also a wealth of Star Trek trivia and a list of dates that at last put classic Star Trek and Next Generation into a precise chronological framework, unlike the inaccurate *Mr Scott's Guide to the Enterprise* (about eighty years out) and *The Ships of Star Fleet*. Other nice touches are illustrations of all the starships to bear the name Enterprise, and a projection of what the NCC 1701-E may look like, the new Nova class.

This book is a must for all interested fans, but be warned: the authors are very concerned that there should be a scientific rationale behind everything, so it's not just a case of 'this is a phaser' but 'this is a phaser and here's how it (probably) works'. Accept no substitute, for there are bound to be many : this book is definitive. Besides, what other book could give you a chance to find the ship's duck, mouse, porsche and plane ...?

S R BIGGAM

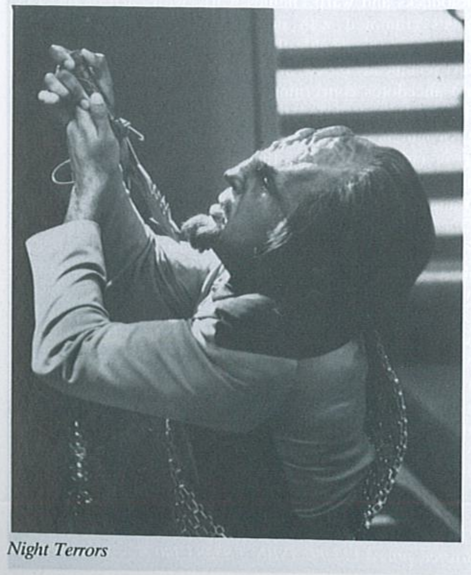
The Next Generation Technical Manual is published by Boxtree, priced £11.99. ISBN 1 85283 340 8

STAR TREK *THE NEXT GENERATION* SEASON 4 – SURPRISINGLY INCONSISTENT

Star ratings by Kathleen Toth
(out of five)

Best of Both Worlds II	**½
Family	*****
Brothers	**
Suddenly Human	***
Remember Me	****
Legacy	***
Renunion	*****
Future Imperfect	**½
Final Mission	***½
The Loss	**
Data's Day	****
The Wounded	**½
Devil's Due	***
Clues	**
First Contact	**
Galaxy's Child	***
Night Terrors	*½
Identity Crisis	***½
The Nth Degree	***
Q-pid	***
The Drumhead	****
Half a Life	**½
The Host	***
The Mind's Eye	****½
In Theory	***
Redemption	***½

Galaxy's Child



Night Terrors

WITH ITS fourth season, The Next Generation blazed ahead of its ancestor, surpassing the original series in number of episodes and establishing higher than ever ratings for itself in major markets. Yet the quality of the scripts was surprisingly uneven, especially coming on the heels of the high standard set by the third year of the series.

Although some episodes were outstanding and broke new ground for Star Trek -- *Family* is the prime example -- many seemed to be rushed into production without sufficient polishing. The whole season was a bit of a surprise as the threat from the Borg, which had been used to fashion a tremendously exciting cliffhanger to the third season, was disposed of much too easily and they were not seen again during the fourth season. The possibility that they may yet figure in some future storyline remains, but the producers seem reluctant to bring back such a powerful adversary. They may be kept waiting in the wings until the advent of a Next Generation film. Instead, the Klingon saga continued to very dramatic effect as Worf found he had a son and lost his mate. The Romulans were little seen but eventually were revealed to have penetrated the highest levels of both Klingon and Federation government, building to the discovery in the cliffhanger that one of the shadowy Romulans who has been manipulating events behind the scenes looks like Tasha Yar, the Enterprise's *twice* deceased security chief. The Romulan threat presumably will have reached some sort of crisis in the episodes involving the return of Leonard Nimoy as Spock early in the fifth season, although a major purpose of *The Unification* will be to publicise Star Trek VI and also establish links between the old and the new in case the cinematic baton is indeed passed after this film to the current television incarnation of Trek.

The Klingon and Romulan adventures were only a portion of the season, to the extent that if there was a theme it seemed to be that of family, exploring something of the background of the major characters or dealing with life on board the ship itself as a kind of family. However, these stories focussed attention on the limits within which writers for the series are required to work. Major conflicts or disagreements between crew members are not permitted, nor are overtly romantic relationships between the regular cast, despite all the hints or suggestions that have been given for years now that such connections might exist. These boundaries make writing good scripts for the series difficult, a task left unfinished too often during the fourth season. Instead of consistent character development, the writing staff seemed to settle into a pattern of spotlighting each character at some point during the year to allow them to do something unexpected, sandwiched between crisis-in-space stories that too often ended with a hasty and unconvincing last minute resolution of some complex problem.

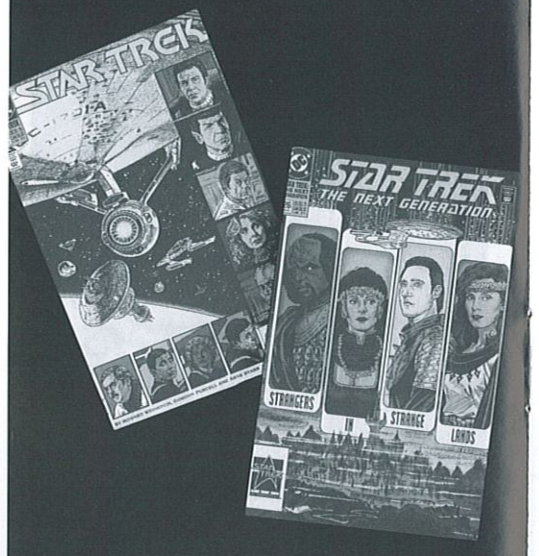
The technical mastery seen throughout The Next Generation continued unabated, as did the general excellence of the actors, both of which guaranteed that the series continued to be more interesting than nearly any other dramatic series on American television despite weaknesses in scripting. There is hope that as speculation mounts that The Next Generation is heading to a future in feature films, there may be a willingness to open up the storylines. On the other hand, that prospect might actually produce greater caution, at least in character development, so as to leave as much open as possible for future screen writers.

The most perplexing issue for those who have followed the series from the start is that of Data's emotions, or the lack of them. Although the android was the first character in the series to achieve widespread popularity, he has suffered in the last two seasons from generally poor scripts or, at least, from an indecision as to how to deal with his emotional development. Most fans feel that the recent emphasis on Data as not being capable of emotions conflicts with what was established earlier in the series and, in any case, would make him a less interesting being than he was originally. What will become of the android remains a mystery, but it should be interesting if he ever comes face to face with a certain blonde Romulan.

All that can be said for certain is that the fifth season will already be mostly set and filmed before anyone knows the fate of Star Trek VI at the box office.

KATHLEEN TOTH

TO BOLDLY DRAW . . .



Tim Baron journeys through the history of Star Trek and the Next Generation in comic book form.

UNLESS YOU'VE been shipwrecked, buried alive, or in a constant state of shock since you realised that your elder brothers were right all along -- Lost in Space really *is* complete garbage -- you've probably noticed that 1991 is the 25th anniversary of Star Trek. You've seen plenty of articles about the tv series, the films, the Next Generation, and not seen as much as you'd like about the merchandise, I'll bet. I mean, how many articles discuss such treasures as the heat-sensitive mug with a Romulan ship on it, which 'de-cloaks' when you put the tea in? Not enough, right? And, to be honest, it's not going to happen now, either. Because today we're going to discuss the Star Trek ... *comic*.

If you are only familiar with those produced by Gold Key, you may well be wondering what there is to discuss. The art was bad, the stories were bad. But remember, gentle reader, without them the Star Trek annuals would have been pretty thin. And Gold Key churned them out from 1967 to 1979, so maybe they had something to them after all.

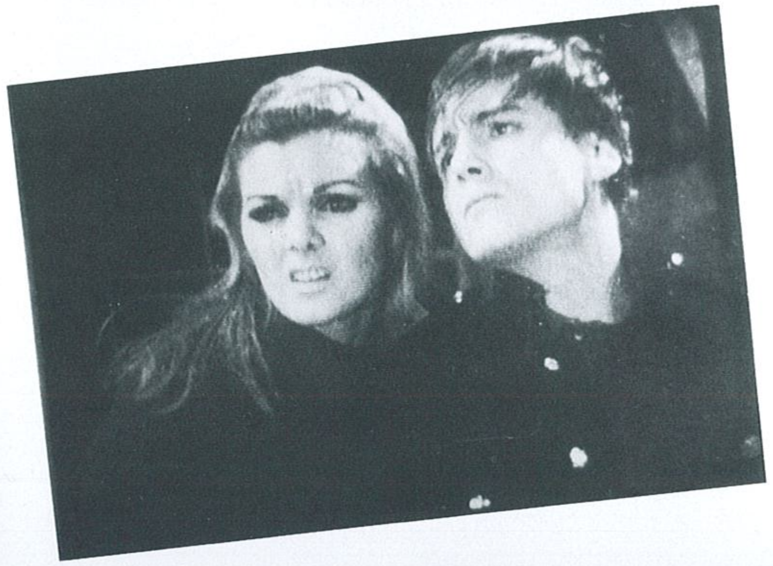
But probably not.

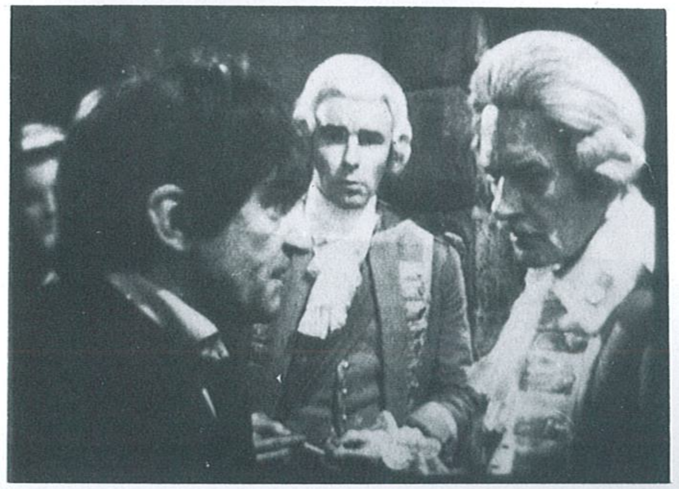
The story does not end there, however. In 1982 Marvel comics began to publish a Star Trek comic. It featured revolutionary artwork, in that characters actually *looked* like they did in the tv series. Unfortunately their contract with Paramount meant that Marvel could only use in their stories characters and situations that had been established in *Star Trek : The Motion Picture*. This did not give them a whole lot to work with, and the result was predicatably poor, with little or no reference to that rich vein of Trek history which is so close to all our hearts.

In 1984 Marvel's chief rivals, DC Comics, took over the Star Trek comic chores. A new kind of deal had obviously been struck -- either DC were better negotiators or Paramount had at last realised that their previous arrangement had resulted in comics that just wouldn't sell. Whatever the answer, that aforementioned rich vein of history was duly tapped. Writers made use of characters and situations from the tv series, the films (*The Wrath of Khan* and *The Search for Spock* were both out by now), and even the animated series. In addition they could create their own, on-going characters. And the art wasn't half bad either.

This was more like it.

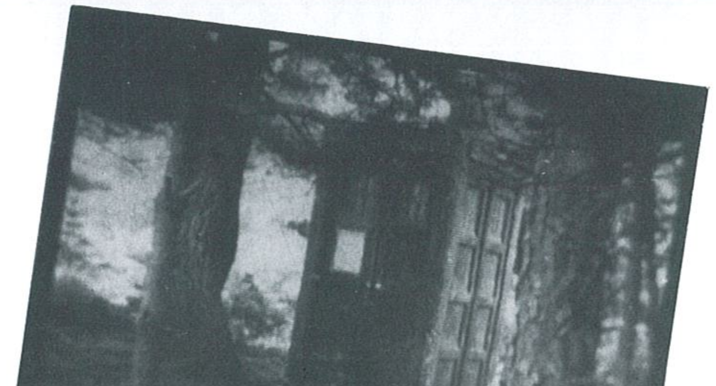
Over the next four years some highly enjoyable tales were told. There was the 'Mirror Universe Saga' (the Enterprise from *Mirror, Mirror* invades our universe) and, for the 20th anniversary, a story where the crew from the original series meet the crew of the films -- you see, the Enterprise is trying to get back to the 23rd century at the end of *Tomorrow is Yesterday* and it goes too far into the future, bringing the crew face to face with themselves, >

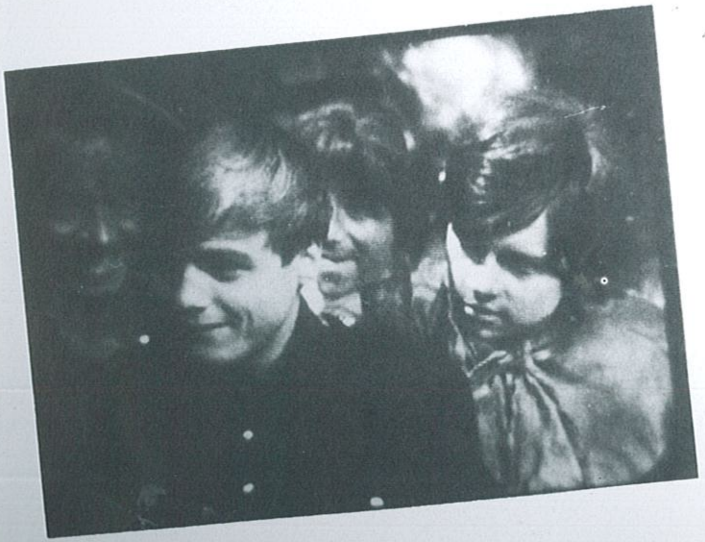




PATRICK TROUGHTON 25th ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATIVE POSTER

THE HIGHLANDERS
HIGHLIGHTS





twenty years older, and *then* ... well, it's a great story. But the best was yet to come, as they say, in the form of Peter David.

Mr David is the author of some of the more interesting Next Generation novels -- *Strike Zone*, *A Rock and a Hard Place*, *Vendetta* (which features the Borg) and *Q-in-Law*. He began to write the Star Trek comic in 1988, and immediately launched an eight-issue epic combining spot-on dialogue and characterisation with an enviable knowledge of Trek lore. We had 'Bernie the Klingon', the return of Finnegan, Kirk at death's door, a journey through Dante's Inferno (okay, okay, not in itself a *wholly* original concept), and a surprise villain at the heart of it all, namely Garth of Izar. *(Oops!)*

An annoying silence followed while DC renegotiated their contract with Paramount. Publishing resumed about a year later with Peter David still scripting, and the art taking a nose-dive into mediocrity. The new storyline picked up the obvious plot thread from Star Trek IV -- the 'There shall be no peace while Kirk lives' of the Klingon Ambassador. A price is put on Kirk's head. Enter Bounty Hunters, especially the dreaded Sweeny ('Not ... Sweeny!'), some rather intense individuals called the Nasgul, and then there's Ms R.J. Blaise, a protocol officer assigned to Kirk to make sure he doesn't do anything that's too ... embarrassing for Starfleet.

The whole thing comes to a head in 'The Trial of James T Kirk', which features many familiar faces, and this assessment of the good Captain from Ms Blaise : 'When you're dealing with someone like Kirk, you're dealing with extremes. That's why he's the best damned officer in the Fleet, and simultaneously, the biggest horse's ass I have ever been privileged to work with!' It's magical stuff.

Alas and alack, Peter David left soon after this, a move which seemed to coincide with the return of story restrictions. No original, regular characters, no story with any lasting effect on any character -- getting dull guys. So, the comic and I parted company.

I was drawn back this year by two mini-series (a separate four part story printed on better paper), one featuring the original crew on the first five-year mission, and the other has the Next Generation crowd. Both are called 'The Modala Imperative' and take place on the same planet (Modala) but a hundred years apart.

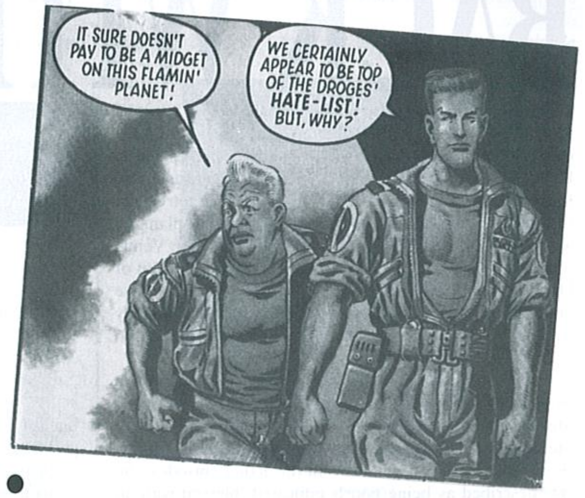
Firstly, Kirk and a newly graduated ensign called Chekov beam down to Modala to see if it's ready to be offered membership in the Federation. Gee whiz, but things go badly as they are captured by the fascist rulers, who have wrested power and enslaved the planet with the help of super-advanced weapons. Where did they get them? What will happen to Kirk and Chekov? Well, they inspire a revolution, escape from their cell and then have to rescue Spock and McCoy, who came to help. As you can see, this story covers plenty of old ground and is pretty uninspiring, although writer Michael Jan Friedman tries hard. The only really novel (and slightly incongruous) thing is how everyone goes round saying 'We must respect the Prime Directive'. In the original Star Trek series? I think not, m'Lud.

The Next Generation sequence, however, is definitely the business. Peter David returns to script as the NCC 1701-D carries some very special guests to Modala. Not only Admiral McCoy, but also ... Ambassador Spock. There are some wonderful moments; McCoy with Riker ('does the T stand for Tiberius?'); McCoy with Data ('Spock-in-training'); Spock and Data play a duet and then play chess (in their heads) and Spock and McCoy compare the two captains (well, McCoy talks and Spock listens). Although the fifth season story *The Unification* may make this tale seem redundant, I think it could keep British fans happy until the next Trek conference or, may we all live that long, until the episodes are shown on the Beeb. Oh yes, we get to find out who supplied those troublesome super-advanced weapons as well (and no, I'm not telling).

And that's about it. The Modala stories are still in the shops and, around about now, DC are publishing a 'Best of Trek' collection which will feature much of what has been mentioned here -- the 'Mirror Universe Saga' is already in book form, but be warned, it's pricey. Even if you're not keen on comics, try these stories -- you might be in for a pleasant surprise.

TIM BARON

DAN DARE: the story so far . . .


IT SURE DOESN'T PAY TO BE A MIDGET ON THIS FLAMIN' PLANET!
WE CERTAINLY APPEAR TO BE TOP OF THE DROGES' HATE-LIST! BUT, WHY?

THE NEWS that 1950s comic hero Dan Dare may soon be appearing on our television screens will no doubt have been welcomed by the many fans of *Eagle*'s Pilot of the Future, the space adventurer whose popularity is probably second only to that of the good Doctor himself. With information on the new series still very scarce, there is more than enough time to examine the character's origins and speculate on the many possibilities open to the producers of the eventual tv version.

Dan Dare was the creation of artist and writer, Frank Hampson. Born in 1918, Hampson spent six and a half years in the British Army before taking a full-time course in illustration at the Southport School of Art. Together with the Rev. Marcus Morris, he went on to create the original *Eagle* comic in 1950. Launched by Hulton Press on 14th April, the new publication proved to be hugely successful and many of its characters, including of course Dan Dare, became national institutions.

The reasons for Dan Dare's initial success are not hard to see. Frank Hampson's artwork was superb and still looks as good today as it did then. Working from reference diagrams and models of the characters and spacecraft, he was able to ensure perfect continuity and accuracy. Every line and frame seemed near to perfection. In addition, readers were treated to exciting storylines and convincing characters. As well as likeable supporting characters, of which Digby is of course the best example, there were chilling enemies. Needless to say, the Mekon is the most notable and needs little introduction.

Although Frank Hampson continued to work on Dan Dare throughout the fifties, he was by no means the strip's only artist and was followed by a number of talented successors. Among them was Frank Bellamy who had previously worked on publications such as *Swift* and had never had any formal art school training. During his single year on Dan Dare, Bellamy gave the strip a style of his own, radically modifying many of the previous designs. He went on to be successful in other areas including, of most interest to readers of this publication, his Doctor Who illustrations for the *Radio Times*. Other artists to work on Dan Dare included Don Harley and Keith Watson, both of whom were also very successful.

The original *Eagle* ceased to exist in 1969 when it was merged with *Lion*. In 1977, Dan Dare appeared in the new *2000AD* but was a drastically different version which, in the minds of many DD fans, has no real place in the official history of the character. Readers had to wait until the 80s for a more satisfactory version of the character to emerge.

In 1982, IPC Magazines launched a new *Eagle* comic, featuring a combination of features, comic strip and photo stories. Although very different in style to the original, the new publication proved to be very popular and certainly stands head and shoulders above anything to be found on the comic stands today. In addition to memorable characters such as the legendary Doomlord, Dan Dare was also present; the only surviving creation from the 50s and 60s.

The new Dan Dare was at first illustrated by the excellent Gerry Embleton who produced some highly atmospheric work and gave us perhaps the most sinister Mekon of all. He was followed by Ian Kennedy who went on to become probably the most popular of the new generation of Dan Dare artists. Other artists followed, but it is probably fair to say that Embleton and Kennedy were never bettered.

The new *Eagle* suffered something of a decline as the years went on. For the first few years some excellent issues were produced, including a successful run following the publication's merger with *Tiger*, but by the late 80s, *Eagle* had become a shadow of its former self.

Something was wrong. The new Dan Dare, descendent of the original space hero, had degenerated beyond recognition and a return to basics was in order. The *Eagle* team, in a brave move, decided to bring back his predecessor. Keith Watson was commissioned to draw a new six part strip, identical in style to the 50s version, featuring the original Dan Dare and Digby. For a few weeks at least, Dan Dare reclaimed much of his former glory.

Eagle entered the 90s with a new format and yet another version of Dan Dare. The comic survives but is now published on a monthly basis, the best days of its history probably far behind it.

Now it would seem that we can look forward to seeing Dan Dare on our television screens. Zenith's new production sounds promising and the project will hopefully get further than the previous aborted attempt some ten years ago. Dan Dare has worked on radio and I see little reason why a television version should fail, providing the whole thing is approached in the correct way.

One of the main factors which makes Dan Dare ideal for television is that it actually has a lot in common with Doctor Who : a strong central character who will always win through in the end, a reliance on good storylines, and thoroughly evil villains who will stop at nothing to achieve their aims and aspirations. The Mekon and his Treens have particular potential and could well achieve a popularity equal to many of the Who monsters, although one hopes that totally original creatures will make an appearance as well. Dan Dare will need to feature a variety of evil creations if it is to last beyond a couple of seasons.

The question of casting will be of concern to many and I cannot pretend that I have been delighted at any of the suggestions put forward as possible candidates for the title role. If the series is to work, the casting must be right.

Until production of the new series gets underway and more information about its format is released, it is too early to make any real judgements concerning the project. One thing is for sure : the character of Dan Dare is one of the most popular to emerge from 20th century science fiction and any producer wishing to transfer the concept to the small screen has got a lot to live up to. Nevertheless, it is an event which many, myself included, are very much looking forward to.

IAN WHEELER

BACK WITH AVENGEANCE

With selected episodes of the Honor Blackman period of The Avengers about to be shown on Channel 4, ANTHONY BROWN looks at seasons two and three of this endearingly popular series.

THE AVENGERS was to remain off the air for most of 1962 after an actors' strike aborted the intended extension of the first season to thirty-nine episodes. During the hiatus the series underwent major surgery following Ian Hendry's decision to leave. In retrospect this was probably fortunate. Had it continued as planned, an heir apparent, in the form of nightclub singer Venus Smith, would already have been introduced by the time of Hendry's departure, and the series would probably have ended soon after. Instead, with several scripts already written for Dr David Keel, the producers were forced into a stroke of genius.

Venus Smith was to have made her debut in the twenty-seventh episode, going on to alternate with Keel as Steed's partner. Known to her friends as Vee, and to Steed as Smith (at least according to the writers' guide, though there's little sign of this in the actual episode), she was described as being poorly educated, blessed with an innate common sense, unwilling to think ill of people, and with a tendency to need Steed's help to get her out of the trouble into which her own impetuosity would lead her. She would, in fact, have been at home aboard the TARDIS or in any fifties film, and it seems unlikely that such an uninspired character would have been able to sustain the series had she already been established at the time of Hendry's departure.

Fate, however, in the unlikely form of Equity, intervened, and her debut was put on hold while Keel's direct replacement was introduced. Rather than merely cloning the good doctor (though we'll return to this later) producer Leonard White created the first true heroine -- a woman who could get herself out of trouble, who had talents byeond 'feminine intuition' (that mysterious quality so useful for excusing plot cop-outs), a woman who was the equal of any man -- if only because her part had originally been written for one ...

Mrs Catherine Gale was the widow of Robert Stephen Gale, who was killed in Juba, Sudan, in 1951. An anthropologist by profession, she'd become a crack shot in Africa before going on to fight with Castro in the Cuban revolution -- only to find herself thrown out of the country when she complained in turn about his regime. As this might indicate, her skill in a fight was balanced by a fierce idealism and distaste for dirty pragmatism that made her an ideal replacement for Keel in the role of Steed's conscience. Unlike Venus, who'd come along for the travel and the fun of adventure (not to mention the bookings Steed would put her way ...), Cathy would need to be cajoled, persuaded and conned into assisting Steed.

Although created second, Cathy was the first of the new girls to be cast, and this was not achieved without some controversy. Following auditions in May 1962, series creator Sydney Newman went on holiday, indicating his preference for Nyree Dawn Porter (who'd had a small role in the first season and was eventually to prove unavailable), and giving express orders that Honor Blackman, whom he saw as a sickeningly manufactured product of the Rank Charm School, was to be kept out at all costs. On his return he found Blackman already signed, with no time left to reverse the decision before her studio debut on the twenty-third. Though it seems astonishing that she was cast that late in the day, this seems to have been standard procedure, as Julie Stevens was cast as Venus only days before she was needed on set on August 12th -- an indication of quite how tight the series' production margins were.

But to return to the cloning mentioned earlier. By the time Honor Blackman made her contentious debut, three episodes were already in the can, teaming Steed with Jon Rollason's portrayal of Dr Martin King, as close a copy of Keel as one can imagine. Quite why this character appeared remains a matter of conjecture to this day, though Rollason's performance is good, and it's a pity he was abandoned so quickly. Some have suggested that he was created to fill in for Honor Blackman while the producers waited for her to become available, but this seems unlikely as Sydney Newman would surely have used this as an excuse to drop her. Besides which, if the dates given in Dave Rogers' generally excellent *The Complete Avengers* are correct, King's episodes were all complete before Mrs Gale was cast. The most likely explanation is that each of these episodes makes use of King's profession (inherited from Keel) of doctor; while it is unlikely enough that a humble GP such as King could successfully masquerade as a pathologist (*Dead on Course*), for an anthropologist such as Mrs Gale, who had yet to develop into the all round expert she and Mrs Peel would later become, it would be impossible. King has few distinguishing features: he's young, boyishly handsome, argumentative (particularly when dragged across to Ireland before breakfast by Steed) and, of course, brave. Standard hero material, in fact, and just the sort of nice young man the cynically manipulative Steed, still given to describing crash victims as just another form of wreckage, would make use of. That little rewriting took place in the change from Keel to King is obvious from *The Sell Out*, King's second episode, in which he is centre stage for the first five minutes and has a bitter argument with Steed in which, disgusted by Steed's callousness, he decides that he no longer wants to be involved with Steed's world -- a curious (though superb) scene in the circumstances which was clearly intended for a more established character.

Originally signed for only six episodes, Honor Blackman was a swift success and went on to appear in seventeen of the twenty-six second season episodes. She was scripted to appear in an eighteenth, *Box of Tricks*, teamed with both Steed and Venus, but was removed for unknown reasons. Venus, on the other hand, was less successful, despite moves to boost her character with an infusion of cynicism as early as *The Removal Men*, and disappeared after only two episodes, though she returned for a further four (completing a contract of six?) towards the end of the season. As this return coincided with a switch from fortnightly to weekly recordings, it is tempting to speculate that she reappeared only so that Honor Blackman could continue to have every other week off ...

After this Venus was quietly forgotten, sparing viewers the spectacle of her singing, which is unfortunately not confined to the nightclub, as characters have a distressing tendency to strum guitars in her presence (*School for Traitors*), and, even worse, her distinctly 'northern' cockney accent.

For the record, the series was run in production order, apart from the first six episodes which were slotted into the run at irregular intervals. These included of course the three Rollason episodes and *Warlock*, which was intended as Cathy's debut (though it was actually her second episode recorded). Instead it was held back to become the eighteenth episode shown! That is was delayed so long was probably due to the technological difficulties in re-editing it to remove Mrs Gale's debut scene (whose absence causes a distinct hole in the plot), but why it was pulled in the first place remains a mystery to this day. Perhaps the supernatural plot, involving a black magician hypnotically controlling government scientists, caused cold feet, which would certainly explain why Cathy was first seen in *Mr Teddy Bear*, a conventionally 'Bondian' tale of a gimmicky assassin.

Johnny Dankworth's theme music, which all who have seen the series know and hate, was retained for the new season (though A&E saw fit to replace it with Laurie Johnson's version for the ad-breaks on the recent American screenings), along with the silhouettes of Steed and Keel (!) on the end titles. The opening titles existed in several versions; following the series logo (not yet the one familiar from the Rigg episodes) came either a portrait of Honor Blackman (looking very much the English rose she'd played until then), Julie Stevens (with or without wig), or ... an abrupt cut to the episode, as Jon Rollason never merited a credit. Fortunately Dankworth's contribution to the incidental music was reduced in favour of stock tracks to later achieve prominence in Doctor Who and Australian soaps.

Production remained for the most part primitive. Although retakes were possible, as was most famously necessary when Honor Blackman's trousers split on camera (an incident which, aside from forcing the switch to leather outfits which was to establish the show's fashion style, was rather embarrassing, according to Sydney Newman's account, than is normally related), more minor slips were often let through. In *Dead on Course*, for instance, act one ends when the body Dr King is examining blinks (in close-up) -- clearly the corpse was shocked by King's revelation that this air-crash victim was in fact strangled. Similarly Steed and Venus are heard to refer to one character as both Roberts and Rogers within a minute of each other in *School for Traitors*. The direction is nonetheless ambitious, being praised on Critics' Forum (though the same critic felt the programme as a whole to be as 'empty as a dry skull'), but this ambition falls flat on occasion -- in *The Mauritius Penny* (parts of which co-author Terrance Dicks was later to re-work into part three of the Doctor Who story *Robot*), the director had planned a dramatic pullback from the eponymous fascist leader addressing his troops, informing them of an unavoidable delay in the new order, to Steed and Mrs Gale holding the assembly at machine gun-point. Unfortunately the camera rocks alarmingly as it rolls back, before coming to rest on two underlit and unrecognisable figures.

Location filming remained a rare luxury throughout the second season, giving a distinctly claustrophobic feel to the episodes. Whereas Doctor Who was able to construct alien streets and Aztec pyramids relatively convincingly in the studio, a London park is more difficult to fake with the real thing just the other side of the viewers' front doors. As a result The Avengers restricted itself to interiors with a large number of small sets (whereas Who's were scripted to be centred around one relatively large set). Unfortunately, it's not uncommon for one to find oneself needing a long shot like an addict's dose by the end of the episode.

But enough of the production -- what about the plots? Well, at the risk of getting this piece thrown out of what is a telefantasy magazine, it must be said that they are not telefantasy. In the whole second season there is only only vaguely supernatural episode, *Warlock*, in which a video effect is seen superimposed over Gallion's victims, though their deaths are later dismissed as self-induced fright. This makes the early Avengers rather less fantastic than Bergerac, who's encountered at least one One Hundred Per Cent genuine ghost in his time (*The Dig*, 1989 season -- interestingly never repeated). Where the fantasy enters into it is in the settings and the characters, in a similar way to the more recent Bulman -- in many ways a close successor to the Blackman Avengers.

One distinct parallel to Bulman is to be found in Steed's donnish superiors, One Ten and co. One Ten himself, played by Douglas Muir since the Hendry days, is a rather dull type, though blessed with an eye for the ladies, but some of his colleagues -- none of whom appeared more than once -- provide more colour. They range from One Seven, disdainful of Steed's use of amateur help (but then, he *was* referring to Venus ...) to One Twelve, a very impressive figure who genuinely seems to have the force necessary to manage Britain's security through little more than a web of clandestine meetings in museums and barbershops.

When watched now the second season holds up remarkably well (following a shaky start), and it's easy to see why it took the ratings by storm in 1963 -- almost all the episodes are superior to more recent stuff such as Saracen and The Saint. Of course there is some rubbish -- *The Decapod*, for instance, is ludicrously scripted, appallingly acted and features a Philip Madoc so poorly made up that he appears to have two black eyes, but it's balanced by the marvellous *School for Traitors*. When compared to the similar Rigg episode *A Sense of History*, this Callan-like tale of students forced into treason through an utterly convincing blackmail trap wins hands down. In *The Mauritius Penny* there's a strong example of a very traditional Avengers story -- a society of enthusiasts, in this case stamp collectors, behind which lurks a sinister society out to take over the world. (Next week: Steed gets a long scarf, and Cathy joins the DWAS ...)

The third season saw consolidation of the series' success, but not until after a few dangerous moments. Only two of the previous year's episodes had come in under budget, prompting some to suggest that one of the established cast (Venus and Dr King being long gone) should be dropped in favour of a cheap newcomer. This possibility presumably gladdened the heart of one ABC executive who, fearing the show had become hag-ridden, wanted rid of Mrs Gale in favour of a man. One suggested candidate had played an excellent 'junior Steed' in *School for Traitors*, and would indeed have made an excellent addition to the team -- but not at the expense of Mrs Gale.

With an increased budget the third season became rather more expansive than its predecessors. The fight sequences, for instance, finally became worthy of that name, instead of the previous four punch scuffles. A decent title sequence also arrived: a starkly monochrome image in which the screen cracks open to reveal the series' new logo, along which runs a silhouetted figure who then falls towards the camera. It's simple but effective, if slightly comical. By now Steed had become the definite foucs of the series rather than the outsider, always seen through his partner's eyes, and as a result he became more closely involved with the establishment, regularly visiting the Ministry superiors who'd replaced the more enigmatic Ones. Despite this, Steed became a less trustworthy figure. Whereas in the not-dissimilar New Avengers Steed is regularly suspected of treachery when in fact framed by the opposition, in the third season he is frequently guilty, but playing a dangerous double game in order to expose another 'traitor' or bring an apparently retired crime lord to justice. Otherwise the series continued much as before, complete with the occasional dud episode such as *Second Sight*, in which a relatively simple diamond smuggling plot is over-complicated to the point of insanity by eye transplants involving live donors and transvestite impersonations in order to give it a little colour. There are also moments of plain stupidity. In *The Little Wonders*, a poor episode which unfortunately tends to be chosen for film club screenings rather too frequently, a nurse (played by Lois 'Miss Moneypenny' Maxwell) sprays a crowded room with machine-gun bullets at the end of act two, but somehow fails to kill anyone!

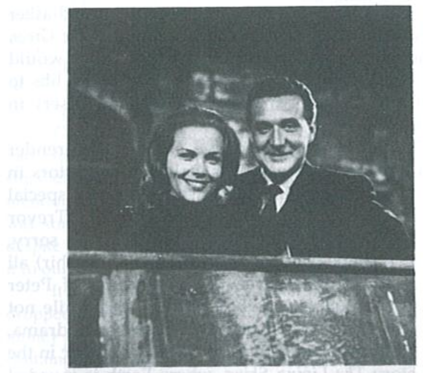
Mixed in with such as these are some excellent pieces. *The Nutshell* is a superb tale of cross and double-cross, while *Dressed to Kill* is one of the best Avengers episodes ever made. This is one of the first episodes from the pen of Brian Clemens who, along with Philip Levene, was later to almost monopolise the series' writing, and sees it taking on a form almost identical to that of the Rigg years. Lured to a New Year's Eve party, Steed and his fellow guests find themselves stranded and killed one by one as part of a plot to prevent them buying land next to early warning stations needed by a foreign power if they are to set up radar jamming units. An ever closer match is *Build a Better Mousetrap*, concerning an eccentric scientist who's invented a way of jamming radar (yes, again) in his search for a better mousetrap (another Clemens script).

Other authors to work on these early episodes included Callan creator James Mitchell, Malcolm Hulke and John Lucarotti, while one episode was written by an actor, Reed de Rouen, who'd appeared in the earlier *Removal Men*. Unfortunately some writers contributed consistently dull scripts, including Martin Woodhouse who survived to provide the incredibly boring *A Sense of History* for the Rigg era, and Eric Paice, who was responsible for many of the weakest episodes of this time. However, most authors saw their scripts radically altered anyway by a cast too rushed to avoid paraphrase, and as a result the synopses given in works such as *The Complete Avengers* can differ from the transmitted episode. For instance, over the course of the week leading up to recording several character names in *Second Sight* changed, and scarcely one line in ten made it to the screen intact.

By the end of the third season the Avengers was an established hit, selling well overseas. Plans were laid for a film -- the synopsis for which makes for ironic reading now, with its references to Lebanon as a centre of trade and commerce -- and to transfer production to film in the hope of gaining American sales. Then Honor Blackman decided to leave. Her farewell episode is a dull affair, enlivened only by a final cliffhanger designed to leave the audience wondering if she's been burnt alive, and a gently teasing closing scene. As Cathy at last turns down an assignment from Steed, he refers to her pussy-footing along the beaches on her holiday (hinting at Honor Blackman's imminent appearance as Pussy Galore in Goldfinger) before picking up the phone to call another of his assistants. But her name was to remain a mystery for a few months more, as the producers took stock of the situation ...

ANTHONY BROWN

The Avengers episodes to be shown on Channel 4 in the new year are provisionally as follows :



November Five

	title	season/episode
1	*The Frighteners* (ref: DWB#88)	1/15
2	*Immortal Clay*	2/16
3	*The Undertakers*	3/2
4	*The Nutshell*	3/4
5	*Death of a Batman*	3/5
6	*November Five*	3/6
7	*The Gilded Cage*	3/7
8	*Second Sight*	3/8
9	*The Medicine Men*	3/9
10	*Don't Look Behind You*	3/12
11	*The Little Wonders*	3/16
12	*The Wringer*	3/17
13	*The Charmers*	3/23

WE CONTINUE this series of revealing 'Avengers' articles with an indepth look at the Diana Rigg years compiled by Andrew Pixley, coming soon...

SCHLOCK WATCH: *THE TOMORROW PEOPLE*

IN CERTAIN social situations, what could be termed 'coming out of the TARDIS' can be a traumatic experience. The smirks. The sneers. The joke about scarfs and jelly babies. It would appear that everyone remembers a Doctor Who fan from their class at school: the soiled copy of TV Comic protruding from the anorak pocket; Monday morning's debate on Saturday's episode; the art classes that always ended with a landscape of Exxilon or a portrait of the Wirrn Queen. "So," you can see them thinking, "you're one of *those*, are you?"

So imagine how it feels when the object of your desire is a series held in such ignominiously low regard that even Doctor Who fans titter and jeer at the mention of its name. Picture the reaction as you proclaim, "Yes, my favourite television programme of all time is The Tomorrow People!"

Unlike Tim Munro *[DWB #93]*, I don't find this series to be particularly disappointing when viewed in the cold light of 1991. If a television series stands the test of time then so much the better. If it doesn't look as if it was made yesterday, why not enjoy it by viewing it on its own terms? The Tomorrow People was made to entertain children; both Tim and I were entertained. Anything we get from the series now is a residual, although I am convinced that a newcomer of any age could be pleasantly surprised by several stories, particularly *The Vanishing Earth* or *Secret Weapon*, both of which are well written and executed skilfully.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, The Tomorrow People was the creation of Roger Price, who wrote all but four of its sixty-eight episodes and directed and produced about half of them. It ran for eight seasons of varying length and quality, scheduled sporadically on ITV between 1973 and 1979, generally around 4.45pm weekdays, and told the story of the emergent genus *homo superior*. As the next stage in human evolution, the Tomorrow People possessed the powers of telepathy, telekinesis and, most importantly, teleportation, or 'jaunting'. From their secret underground base, the Lab — presided over by their talking computer Tim — they watched constantly for new recruits to 'break out' and join them and strove to protect Earth from alien attack or internal conflict. The line-up of regulars changed every year, but Nicholas Young as the TP's endearingly straight and rather nasal leader John and Philip Gilbert as the maternal voice of Tim remained throughout. Other regulars included Peter Vaughn-Clarke as the dopey but redoubtable Stephen, Elizabeth Adare as idealistic student teacher Elizabeth and Mike 'Flintlock' Holoway as tearaway Mike Bell.

I'm not blind to the series' many faults, but most of them are fascinatingly tacky and forgivable in a manner which I suspect this series of articles was designed to convey. In the first story, Francis de

Wolff gives a hilarious performance as Jedikiah, a sort of celestial Abanazer with a neat line in panto dialogue (lots of 'Fools!', 'Idiots!' and 'Seize them!'s in his script) who finally transforms himself into a rotund robot aptly nicknamed Tin Can Tommy. Likewise, Nigel Pegram's appearance as the grandfather of a sinister alien teenager in *The Blue and the Green* is marred by mannerisms that Clive Dunn would have been ashamed of (particularly as he ad libs to cover up the late arrival of a telecine insert in episode four!).

The perils of retrospective viewing also render the appearance of several latterly famous actors in key roles as laughable as the series' wonky special effects. Keith Chegwin, Peter Duncan, Trevor Bannister and Michael Sheard (as Hitler — sorry, Nebor, a shape-changer from the planet Vashir) all appear in straight parts, to say nothing of Peter Davison in a silver cowboy outfit. And while not designed as a thought-provoking ecological drama, The Tomorrow People was strangely prophetic in the 1978 story *The Living Skins*, where Earth is invaded by the Bubbleskins — fashionable but fatal one-piece shellsuits. Who could know that the conversion of David Icke was only thirteen years away?

Despite all this, the series really doesn't deserve its reputation. It is nearly always pitched at an intelligent level which puts many of its present-day counterparts to shame. The design of the episodes is often startling. The Lab, the AE suits and the stun guns are all weirdly impressive and the title sequence — a montage of crash-zooming subliminal monochrome images — shows just what can be achieved when a good imagination meets next to no money. The concepts behind Price's scripts are original and exciting and the dialogue can be witty and clever. "Never darken our jaunting pad again," warns the Chair Creature in *War of the Empires*. Oddly enough, much of the supposedly juvenile comedy was rather adult and included satirical swipes at Idi Amin and American foreign policy.

Another of the series' strengths is its attention to internal continuity. The extinct colonist race known as the Kulthan provided the inspiration for several stories and the internal politics of the Galactic Federation proved frustrating on more than one occasion.

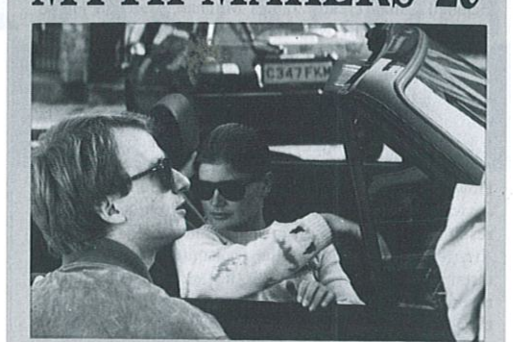
Received wisdom has it that the series declined after a slight change in format from the sixth season onward. Undeniably, some of the series' mystery evaporated when the original Lab, all swirling lava lamps and twisting tubes, was replaced by a bright yellow executive suite, complete with potted plants. Likewise, the much emulated jaunting belts were replaced by less impressive bands, a close contemporary of the Blake's 7 teleport bracelet. In fact, the later stories are tighter paced and more palatable for the modern viewer. It may not be poetic or surreal, but *Achilles Heel* is a camp classic, starring Stanley 'Bungle' Bates as a rather effeminate Chewbacca clone. The efforts of Hilary Minster and Christian Rodska as aliens trying to blend into the background are truly hilarious. "Ah, set menu, my favourite dish ..."

The Tomorrow People are unlikely heroes; frail and silent children unable to offer any defence bar running — or rather jaunting — away. It is their intelligence that marks them out as superior. They always examine the long term problem, are willing to forgive, and are fiercely opposed to any system of hierarchy or nationalism. This is made explicit in Price's novels based on the series. In fact, *Three in Three* is perhaps the best manifestation of the characters in any medium, and shows just how far Price's politics were reigned in by the constraints of children's television.

I can't see a series like The Tomorrow People being made for children of today, who, it would seem, prefer the domestic interlude of Neighbours or the pubescent romance of the Press Gang to thought provoking, if tacky, interplanetary adventures. Okay, so the Tomorrow People never made a very realistic bunch of teenagers, but we never saw them popping round to the Bishops for a cup of sugar either. They had more important things on (and of course in) their minds.

GARETH ROBERTS

MYTH MAKERS 23



YES, KEITH BARNFATHER and co. are back making myths and generally being do-gooders of the Who world. How do the team follow the excellent Tom Baker special? With the ultra-Ace Sophie Aldred, of course! This release takes the form of a cross between Challenge Anneka and The ITV Chart Show, and as ever the dependable Nick Briggs presides over the whole tape with his usual good humoured authoritative presence.

The footage is divided between a trek around London town tracing all the abodes that the young Sophie lived at with her family (including knocking on doors to confront the present day owners of the houses with 'Hello, I'm Sophie Aldred and I make children's television programmes ...'), and an interview at Sophie's north London home talking about all aspects of Doctor Who. Call me old-fashioned if you like, but I always thought that Sophie Aldred's performances as Ace completely upstaged the rambling silliness of Sylvester McCoy's weak 'Professor'. From *Dragonfire* to *Survival* Sophie established herself as one of the most popular companions in the series' history (a fact reflected in last issue's Doctor Who Series Survey results), and this charismatic bundle of energy will continue to win over the fans with this Myth Makers release.

One of the highlights for me is when Sophie opens her photo album to reveal the extensive collection of on-set stills that were taken during the recording of the series. Similarly some BBC props have materialised themselves in the Aldred home, notably a can of spray cream (cunningly disguised as a canister of Nitro 9) and the period painting of Ace which was cut from *Silver Nemesis* -- along with the contact sheet of the photo session for which Sophie posed in order for the artist to begin work on the painting.

My one encounter with Sophie, at Panopticon X, convinced me that she was one of *the* saving graces of Doctor Who's twilight years, a superb actress and a fine ambassador for the series. This video cassette doesn't contain any surprises Who-wise, but allows the viewer to sample the life of Sophie Aldred and perhaps get to know the person behind her many appearances on tv.

It is hard to say where Reeltime Pictures will head in the future: with the exception of one or two prominent Who performers yet to be taped who could enthrall the viewer, this on-going interview series is, I feel, in danger of running out of subject matter. There are only so many ways that you can interview someone about Doctor Who and I think Reeltime should now begin to look at ways in which their professional expertise could be used in a different direction. One area that springs to mind is Who-inspired comedy which was sampled in a brief but excellent form on the trailer for JNT's interview tape. Still, for the moment Sophie Aldred will do nicely, and as usual the tape cannot really be faulted for entertainment and production values. John Fitton is the man to contact to get hold of this and all Reeltime releases, and no doubt more than a few of you will be glad to find Sophie in your Christmas stockings this year!

ROBERT COPE

Myth Makers 23 can be ordered from John Fitton Books & Magazines, 1 Orchard Way, Hensall, Goole, North Humberside DN14 0RT; telephone orders : 0977 661048. See their advert last month (DWB 96) for details of the full Myth Makers range of videos.

GERRY DAVIS was a veritable mine of anecdotes and stories about BBC television during his time on its payroll. These extended beyond the programmes on which he worked, and often shed light on the organisation and its operations in ways that 'official histories' fail to do. His ability to mimic, a product of his actor's training , further added to the enjoyment of his listeners, who were often made privy to things that he would never have committed to record or made known in public. What follows is a small selection of some of his more printable memories.

During his time on United, a soap opera about a football team that once featured JNT as an extra, he was provided with a sports advisor in the person of Jimmy Hill. Gerry considered him to be at best a nuisance and at worst a handicap, as he made a regular habit of complaining and getting in the way. On one occasion, Hill ordered recording to be stopped and stormed into Gerry's office, demanding that he went down to the studio at once. *'I thought there'd been some sort of disaster so I rushed down to see what had gone wrong.'* On entering the studio, Hill pointed excitedly to one of the main cast and exclaimed that 'no footballer would wear a hat like that!' History does not recall the exact wording of Gerry's response, but his paraphrasing many years later made it quite clear that he was not well pleased.

The demands of writing a twice-weekly soap, or, in some instances, totally rewriting it, especially in the case of John Lucarotti's submission for United, helped develop his skill at turning out a script in a day. Although he was in the studio for *The Ark*, his first actual job as script editor for Doctor Who was one such rewrite. He claimed that *The Celestial Toymaker* scripts were completed in one day sessions, so tight were the deadlines for rehearsals. Time, however, did not allow for so major a change in the following adventure, *The Gunfighters*, a script he inherited from his predecessor, and one that he hated. *'That bloody song.'* It was not until The War Machines that Gerry got to try out some of his own ideas for the series.

The Post Office Tower had been open for less than a year when *The War Machines* was written and the structure had received a massive amount of publicity, including John Noakes explaining on Blue Peter how its revolving restaurant went round. The idea of using popular images set in the present day appealed to Gerry for dramatic as well as cost reasons, so *The War Machines* became the testing ground for some of his theories about possible futures for Doctor Who. In fact, the story contained elements that were to become mainstays in the show's future, including power-crazed computers, the military, contemporary settings and links in with popular culture and its icons. These ideas for settings in the here-and-now were further extended with *The Faceless Ones*, a story set around an airport at a time when package holidays were starting to become common place. The idea of 'flying for everyone' was novel enough in itself, but the concept was made that much more exciting by the prospect of aliens waiting to pilot your plane. *'That was another one that I set up. Mac Hulke was a great ideas man and it may have been me who introduced him to Terrance Dicks.'*

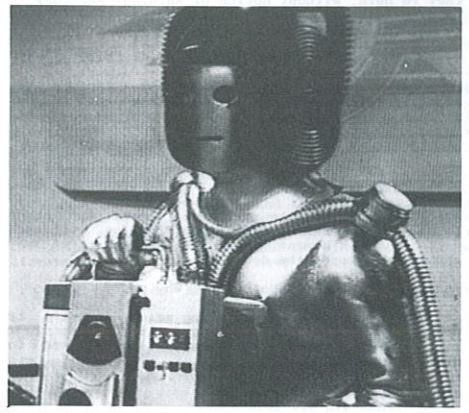
I helped BSB set up some of the interviews for their Doctor Who weekend, including the one with Gerry. I suggested to him that he might like to be interviewed alongside his old producer, Innes Lloyd, but he hinted that it would not be a good idea. After a little nudging he explained that the relationship between him and Lloyd had been rather frosty and the two had never really seen eye to eye. The root cause, according to Gerry, was that Innes Lloyd was a frustrated writer who persistently wanted to get involved in the scripts for Doctor Who. *'In the end I said yes to him writing some story ideas, but when he brought them in they weren't very good. I kept asking him 'do you mean this?' and 'what about that?' and I think he took my point in the end. After that he let me get on with the writing side of things.'* It is a credit to the professionalism of both men that they never let this interfere with their jobs, or for that matter made it publicly known, as others might have done.

This was not the last time that Gerry would fall out with his producer, but in the case of Terence Dudley it was a full-blooded hatred rather than a slightly cool relationship. Gerry regretted not becoming his own producer on Doomwatch and also not getting a better deal set up by his agent with the BBC over the series. His dislike of Dudley's paranoid attitudes

was echoed by Terry Nation's feelings about what Dudley had done to Survivors. This surfaced on one occasion when Nation and Davis were at an American convention soon after Dudley's death. The two men were asked for their opinions about their ex-producer and Gerry, ever the diplomat, said it was not right to talk ill of the dead. However, Terry Nation was more blunt about his feelings and could see no reason why not.

Gerry's decision to leave Doctor Who started a search for a successor. Peter Bryant shadowed Gerry for a few weeks but it soon became clear to the out-going script editor that his proposed replacement was not up to the demands of the job. *'He really couldn't write.'* Instead, Gerry suggested him for the role of producer which he duly took up for *Tomb of the Cybermen*. At the time of writing the story, both Kit Pedler and Gerry's wives were seriously ill in hospital, so he didn't take very kindly to being phoned up by Bryant and being asked to undertake a series of very minor, last minute amendments. *'I told him that because both Kit's and my wife were ill, I really didn't have the time, and that as producer he should be able to sort them out himself. He got quite short-tempered with me but as far as I was concerned my work was done. Just recently I read an interview with him where he talks about the Cybermen and Kit but never mentions me -- and I got him the bloody job!'*

At the time of Gerry's untimely death he was working on a tv series about the real-life turn of the century Canadian conservationist, Grey Owl. The series promised to combine many of the elements that had fired his imagination and writing over the years, including environmental concerns, secret identities, history and romantic settings. It was a project on which we were to have collaborated, but in the end my only work with Gerry was done posthumously.



MY VISITS to Gerry's flat in North London rarely left me empty handed. My host was only too willing to dig through old papers and filing cabinets to turn out things of interest. I discovered the Moonbase tele-pics and Kit Pedler's photos of a Cyberman in Clapham *(ref. DWB #85)*, the existence of a long forgotten black and white show reel, and the original script for *Return of the Cybermen* amongst other things. On every occasion where something came to light Gerry allowed me to take the original in return for a copy.

The Return of the Cybermen was not quite what I had expected. I felt sure that the script would contain a story set in an empty casino, so I was surprised to find no mention of this plot element at all. What I did discover was something far closer to the transmitted adventure, despite the fact that not one word of Gerry's script made it to our screens.

It transpired that the casino element had been dropped fairly early on in the proceedings when more money had been made available. The resulting rewrite contained location settings and a larger variety of studio sets, although the number of Cybermen remained at only four. However, the biggest puzzle thrown up by the rediscovered script was why Robert Holmes carried out such a total redrafting.

In theory, a combination of Gerry Davis, Cybermen, Robert Holmes, Philip Hinchcliffe, Michael Briant and Tom Baker should have been a winning team. In the end, their combination -- as it reached the viewers -- was less than the success the component elements might have suggested. Why then was the final version so short of the mark? No small amount of blame can be laid at the feet of Robert Holmes. His revised version of *Return of the Cybermen* introduced many of the weakest elements of the plot including the Vogans and an excess of poor verbiage. Gerry's original idea of a colony of forgotten miners makes far more sense than a race that has supposedly evolved on a small, barren asteroid without a biosphere. And the Cyber-bombs, another glaring weakness in the story, were an invention of the script editor.

It is interesting to note that the CMS release for *Revenge of the Cybermen* illustrates a supposed weakness in Gerry's character writing with pages written by Robert Holmes. In fact, the characterisation of Harry Sullivan is one of the great joys of *Return*, along with a strong role for Sarah. Rather less satisfactory in places is the portrayal of the Doctor. He is never a weak or vague character, but he does have a more than passing resemblance to Troughton at times. In fairness, it would have been very difficult for Gerry to have written for Tom Baker because at the time of writing none of his stories had been broadcast, which would have left everyone writing blind for the part. This is surely an area where a script editor's contributions would have been vital. In the event, Robert Holmes started with a blank page and reworked everything.

In private, Gerry was not well pleased with the end result. He felt, and I think quite rightly, that his version was more dramatic and truer to the image of the Cybermen than the transmitted story. The internal logic that drives his script is all but lost by Holmes, who substituted action for drama, at the expense of characterisation and atmosphere. That's not to say that Gerry had penned a masterpiece without the need of editing, but the total dissection it got destroyed much of its drive and structure.

What follows is not an exact transcription of *Return of the Cybermen*, as Gerry's writing style was very close to a camera script in places, and I felt that this approach would make for stilted reading. In drafting this version I tried to retain as much of Gerry's original wording as possible, while at the same time trying to make the text flow. I hope I have succeeded in doing this without detriment to the content, while at the same time conveying the intended atmosphere.

Perhaps, after so many years and so many criticisms, the publication of what Gerry Davis had originally intended will go some way to rehabilitating the Cybermen's first foray into colour. I hope he would have approved of my presentation of *Return of the Cybermen* for DWB; he was certainly all in favour of the project when I first approached him about the idea. *'That's terrific, Ant!'* I hope I've done him justice.

ANTHONY CLARK

DWB has donated Gerry's fee for the use of his script to Cancer Research.

RETURN OF THE CYBERMEN by Gerry Davis

EPISODE ONE

The Beacon in Space

The Nerva had been built as a mineral processing station but in more recent times it had been forced into service as a beacon and relay point for a large and ever shifting body of asteroids. This navigational hazard needed constant watch, and it was Nerva's job to issue regular bulletins to passing freighters on any major changes that could affect flight paths, or endanger the space ways beyond the beacon that were the life line to the newly opened up galaxy rim. Its central core ran vertically through a ring of cargo holds and docking ports that had once been busy with ore ships and mining vessels, but the Cyber-Wars had decimated most of the resources used in the Nerva operation and anyway, it was now believed that all but the smallest veins had been tapped in the once rich mineral deposits in the asteroids.

The main control room of the beacon sat on top of the central core. It was from here that the computers monitored the endless changes in the huge sea of space-bound rock. Some of the asteroids were little more than boulders, while others were large planetoids like the one around which Nerva orbited. But they all had one thing in common; they were constantly moving.

Captain Warner sat slumped over a small desk in the main control room. She was reading off data on asteroid movements in an attempt to compile the next bulletin, but the fatigue of taking three consecutive watches had taken its toll and she was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate on the raw data provided by the computers. The steady flow of coffee did little to help, and the benefits it did bestow were probably more psychological than physical, but there was little else to help break up the tedium of the endless number work. Under normal circumstances Nerva would have been an unpopular posting, but the current emergency had turned things into a seemingly never-ending nightmare.

The slight noise made as the grill over the ventilation duct was removed failed to register on Warner, who had all her attention focused on her overdue report. A shadowy figure inside the ventilation shaft drew the grill into the darkness, leaving an opening about a foot square in the wall directly behind where the Captain was sitting. A slight whirring started to emanate from within the open duct which pierced the dulled senses of the duty officer. Yawning, Warner turned an inquisitive eye towards the source of the strange noise, but before she could ease her tired body out of the chair something hit her on the back of the neck. She tried to scream but a paralysis was spreading so rapidly through her body that little more than a gasp escaped from her lips. Her consciousness ebbed away and as she slumped towards the floor the large segmented body of a Cybermat dropped from her neck and made its way back towards the open ventilation shaft. The silverfish-shaped creature disappeared into the darkness and someone replaced the grill after it, if nothing had been moved. The unconscious figure of Warner laid sprawled on the floor where she fell; large black veins started to spread up her neck...

The Nerva's mess room exhibits the same cold grey utility as the rest of the beacon. Its walls are lined with a honeycomb of glass fronted lockers, each one labelled up with the name of the food it contains. Running down the middle of the room stands a table, indented to take the trays from the food dispensers and lined with small water nozzles that stand proud over a series of round recesses designed to receive a glass or beaker. One of the overhead lighting panels flickers intermittently. Slowly, the Doctor, Sarah and Harry fade into view. They look round for a moment before Sarah spots the table, lined with recently forgotten meals. She walks over to the table and looks down at the appetising plates of steaming food.

Sarah: Oh Doctor, we can't can we? I'm starving.

(Harry has followed her over. He catches her arm as she sits down at the first of the piled up plates.)

Harry: Hold on. We'd better wait until asked - don't you think?

Sarah: (Leans back, arms crossed) If I wait "until asked" I'll die of hunger...

(Harry strides over to a small bank of press-buttons on a mounted internal communications receiver. He studies it for a moment and presses a button marked "control room".)

Harry: Hello. Hello. Anyone there? (with a touch of Naval correctness) Lieut. Sullivan here. Hello.

(Above his head the lens of a TV scanner. stares blankly down - there is no reply. Through all this the Doctor has been examining the food dispenser. He touches one of the glass fronted ovens and exclaims, snatches backs his hand and sucks his fingers.)

Harry: Hello. Hello.

(Harry presses button after button without any result. Sarah, tired of waiting, sneaks a glance at him. She picks up a fork and takes a mouthful from the nearest plate. Harry turns and notices.)

Harry: Pig. Can't you ever wait? (To the Doctor) Doctor, don't you think we'd better test this food first?

Doctor: Eh? (Turning to Sarah) Oh yes.

(He picks up another fork and samples from Sarah's plate)

Doctor: Consider it tested.

(Harry, the careful medico, rolls his eyes and gives one final stab at the communications buttons.)

Harry: Anyone there? (He turns back to the others) Obviously not!

Sarah: Sure it's working?

Harry: It's working. Doesn't seem to be a soul aboard though. (To the Doctor) Sure this is the Nerva?

Doctor: (Looking around - his mouth full of food) It's the Nerva alright.

Sarah: Where's everyone gone then?

(The Doctor shrugs and takes another mouthful from one of the plates. Harry sits down primly, trying to resist the food.)

Harry: I don't like it. Deserting the ship like this - and right in the middle of lunch. It's not human!

Doctor: (Looking up at him) Only one way to find out.

Harry: What?

Doctor: Eat up all their food. If they're human they'll soon show themselves.

(He puts down the first plate and moves over to the second, raises it up, and gives it a sniff.)

Doctor: Hm, smells good. (To Harry) Try some?

(Harry tries to resist, but finally gives in and starts on the food. As they eat the TV monitor lens slowly swivels round to focus on the three time travellers.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(Around the internal monitors are grouped four people, the surviving crew of the Nerva. They are all dressed in simple overalls similar to those used by NASA astronauts.

The four are respectively Commander Stevenson - a white haired man of about fifty but looking somewhat older; Richard Kellman - a tall, dark scientist of about thirty-five; Anitra Berglund - a twenty-nine year old doctor; Bill Lester - the youngest, but physically the most powerful of the group, at twenty-four.

All four look grim and menacing in the reflected light from the console.)

Commander: What the devil do they want?

Kellman: That's academic, surely? The point is they're here, without notice or warning. And they've totally ignored the quarantine signals. They'll have to pay the penalty.

Lester: Without even trying to contact them?

Kellman: How can we - you know the plague regulations. Or perhaps Doctor Berglund had better explain them again.

(Lester looks at Anitra, who nods tiredly.)

Anitra: We can't take any chances. Not now, not after Warner.

(She looks over at the row of empty sets. The other three look at the Commander. He wrestles with the decision for a moment, then nods. Kellman turns away and walks towards the door.)

Lester: (To Kellman) Hold on... Why you?

Kellman: As the last surviving scientist it's my responsibility. (He looks round at the messroom screen for a moment) They must not be allowed to leave the Nerva... alive.

INT. MESSROOM

(The Doctor and his companions have finished their meals. Harry is squirting a jet of water into his mouth.)

Sarah: (To Harry) Nothing wrong with that, was there?

Harry: Don't know... yet.

(The Doctor rises, followed by Harry. Sarah, full and a little sleepy, remains seated.)

Doctor: We'd better try and locate this elusive crew.

Harry: Like the Marie Celeste, eh?

Sarah: (Sleepily) Can you go without me?

(She curls up in her chair. The Doctor nods and turns to Harry.)

Doctor: Not at all like the Marie Celeste. That had a ridiculously simple explanation.

Harry: Which you know?

Doctor: (Leading the way to the door) Of Course. I was the first person aboard the derelict. The key to the riddle was quite simple... fleas... no, wait a minute, that's not right...

(Sarah exclaims, leaps up from her chair and backs away. The others hurry over to her.)

Doctor: What was it?

(Sarah points to the corner of the messroom in the shadow of the table. Harry walks over cautiously and looks around.)

Harry: Nothing here old girl. (He looks down at the floor) Just a scratch of some kind.

Doctor: (Calming her down) What did you see?

Sarah: A horrible looking thing - like a giant caterpillar. It moved... (She points) It seemed to be looking at me.

Harry: (Laughs) I told you not to scoff your food.

(The Doctor looks intently at Sarah, feels her pulse and then joins Harry to examine the scratch on the floor. He takes out his diary and considers it for a moment. Then, seeing their apprehension, he smiles.)

Doctor: This place is beginning to look interesting. (He rubs his hands) Very interesting.

Harry: More so than the Marie Celeste?

Doctor: Much more. This is really a mystery. Let's explore.

(He moves towards one of the end doors. Harry turns back to Sarah.)

Harry: Still want to stay?

(Sarah pushes him aside and hurries over to join the Doctor. Harry smiles and follows them out into the corridor.)

INT. CORRIDOR

(The Doctor, Sarah and Harry enter a short stretch of corridor. At the far end is an open door and beside it Kellman. He watches them for a moment before Harry spots him.)

Harry: Look Doctor. (Calling) Ahoy there!

(Kellman turns and walks through the open door.)

Sarah: Please... wait!

(Kellman fails to respond and walks into the far room, closing the door behind him. Sarah turns to Harry.)

Sarah: Marie Celeste! They're just unsociable, that's all!

(She walks down the corridor to the door and bangs on it with her fist.)

Doctor: No use.

(He looks around for the door push button but Harry finds it first on the opposite wall and presses it. The door slides up.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The three time travellers look cautiously through into the room beyond. It is empty; a square box of a room with a segmented ceiling - like a waffle press - and smooth walls. The floor and ceiling sparkle slightly in the light from the inset wall lights.)

Harry: (Looking around) Brilliant! Disappeared into thin air. And for my next trick...

(He starts to go in but the Doctor stops him.)

Doctor: I saw a fire axe in the corridor. Would you fetch it?

(Harry nods and exits. The Doctor remains looking through the doorway with Sarah.)

Sarah: (Sotto voce) You've noticed Doctor? More of those scratches...

(The Doctor nods abstractedly, his attention caught by the glittering dust on the floor. As Harry comes up with the fire axe he enters, walks over to the far corner, kneels and picks up some of the dust for examination.

After a short pause Harry and Sarah follow him in, their attention also caught by the glittering dust.)

Harry: You know what this looks like...

Sarah: (Excited) It couldn't be - could it?

(The Doctor takes out a small pocket lens and brings the grains on his hand into focus. Behind them, unnoticed, the door quietly slides down.)

Doctor: No doubt about it. Gold dust!

(Sarah and Harry both react to this by scooping up a little of the fine powder.)

Harry: You think there'll be more of this Doctor?

(The Doctor shrugs, his mind still elsewhere.)

Doctor: I doubt it. (Thinks) By this time inflation and scarcity will have pushed the price of gold up to unimaginable heights.

(The others react - their eyes beginning to gleam with gold fever and Harry begins to dust off some of the gold into his hands. There is a gasp from Sarah who has just noticed the closed door. The men turn and react. Harry goes over and examines the wall but there is no sign of a door handle or activating button.)

Harry: We're locked in...

(The Doctor hands him the axe.)

Doctor: Think you can handle it?

Harry: (Admiringly) Always think of everything, don't you Doctor? (To Sarah) Stand aside.

(Sarah gives a sniff and moves back. He takes the axe and swings it hard against the door. There is a flash and Harry and the axe are flung over backwards. Sarah runs to him but he is unhurt and pushes her away.

The Doctor goes quickly to the door, extracts a small square dial like a potentiometer and places it against the door. The needle swings over.)

Doctor: As I thought, some sort of energy field.

(Harry clambers to his feet)

Harry: Now he tells me!

(Sarah looks upwards fascinated by something.)

Sarah: Doctor, either you've shrunk or... isn't the ceiling a little lower down?

(Harry and the Doctor look up. Could the ceiling have moved slightly? They notice the glint of gold on the waffle-like square.)

Harry: More gold!

Sarah: Doctor... how did it get up there?

(The Doctor takes a pen from his pocket and makes a mark on the wall where it meets the ceiling.)

Harry: (Realising) You don't think?

(The Doctor nods grimly. As they watch, the mark begins to disappear. They look at each other and react.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Kellman is studying a set of dials, one of which reads "Crusher Room". One of the indicator shows the level of the Crusher Room ceiling which is slowly but surely moving down to zero.)

Anitra: (Enters) What are you doing?

Kellman: (His face is deadpan) Destroying the intruders. By the time the crusher has done its work, they will be three easily disposable pieces of garbage.

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The ceiling has moved down a further foot until it is almost touching the Doctor's head. The Doctor sits down on the floor, picks up the axe and holds it with the end of the metal handle upright.)

Sarah: (Nervously) How long do you think that (indicating the handle) will hold, Doctor?

Doctor: It won't. Should register on the controls though - tell the operator there is something in here.

Harry: (Relieved) Give them a chance to open the door and find us.

Sarah: If they don't already know. I'm sure that man meant us to follow him in here.

(The Doctor looks up at the ceiling and crouches slightly. The roof squares have almost reached the top of the handle.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Kellman is looking at his watch. He turns to Anitra.)

Kellman: I've an experiment to see to. Keep an eye on this will you? When it's finished, remove the debris. You'll be able to hear them through this.

(He flips up a switch and the voices of the Doctor, Harry and Sarah can be heard.)

Sarah: (Out of View - O.O.V.) I'm frightened, Surely there must be some way out of here?

Kellman: Let me know when the indicator is down to zero.

(He exits, leaving a very disturbed Anitra staring at the slowly moving indicator.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The metal-haved axe, wedged between the ceiling and floor is cracking, watched in horrified fascination by the time travellers.

Abruptly the axe shatters. Sarah screams and clings to the Doctor. All three are now on their knees. They look up as the ceiling continues its slow decent and Harry wedges his shoulder against it.)

Harry: Perhaps, if I use all my strength Doctor...

(The Doctor puts out a restraining hand.)

Doctor: Don't try. You'll crack like that axe. Only one hope now.

(He looks around the smooth walls of the room, reduced to some two feet in height. They are now lying down to avoid the remorselessly descending crusher ceiling.)

Doctor: (Calling) Listen to me, whoever you are...

INT. SICK BAY

Doctor: (O.O.V.) I know you can hear me.

(Anitra looks wildly round for Kellman or another of the team, but there is no-one else in the sick bay, except for the unconscious form of a patient at the far end. The response is hers alone.)

Doctor: (O.O.V.) We're human beings - like you. We didn't mean to intrude on your craft...

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The ceiling is now only fifteen inches from the floor. The Doctor, Harry and Sarah are lying down, their heads turned sideways.)

Doctor: (Desperately) Can you hear me? We have come to reclaim something left here many years ago.

INT. SICK BAY

Doctor: (O.O.V.) I'm the Doctor. (Anitra reacts to the word "Doctor") We do not wish to harm you, so why do you want to kill us?

(Anitra is wringing her hands now in an agony of doubt. She looks at the dial - it reads a little more than a foot above the floor.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The three companions are now pressed against the floor.)

Sarah: Please, please, help us!

INT. SICK BAY

Sarah: (O.O.V.) Help us! Help us!

(Anitra makes a sudden decision. Her finger stabs down on the stop button - the indicator flickers and halts. She presses the reverse button and the indicator starts to move back up.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

Harry: Doctor, I can move my arm.

Sarah: So can I.

(The three time travellers twist their heads to look up at the ceiling.)

Sarah: It's moving... upwards. Someone must have heard...

(The three stretch their cramped limbs.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Anitra is watching the dial. It is still moving upwards - more rapidly than its downwards movement. She presses the stop button and then pulls a small lever beside it. At once the disposal hatch swings open. She bends down, calling.)

Anitra: Come out... hurry!

(Sarah, followed by Harry and the Doctor crawl out and stand by Anitra. She swings the hatch shut and turns to speak to them but they are staring over her shoulder. Kellman, Lester and the Commander stand facing them. The first two have weapons levelled.)

Kellman: (Livid) Anitra! I thought I told you to dispose of them...

(The Commander grabs his arm and pulls him back.)

Commander: Silence. I command here. (To the Doctor) Who are you? And where do you come from?

Doctor: (Smiling and holding out his hand) I'm a doctor - these are my assistants - we've returned to the Nerva to collect some... medical specimens.

Commander: Doctor? That doesn't explain why you ignored our quarantine signals - risked catching the plague.

Doctor: (At his most affable and charming) Signals - we must have missed them - what plague?

Commander: Come over here. It's too late to prevent you catching it, now you're in the infected area.

(He leads them over to the cot at the far end of the sick bay. In the bed is a woman, Warner. She is taped up to an electronic console at the head of the bed. Dials monitor her heart, blood pressure, sugar level etc. The console administers, intravenously, drugs and a saline drip. The Commander nods to Anitra. She gently turns over the patient to reveal a tree-like network of black and swollen nerves, reaching almost up to Warner's temples. The Doctor's companions step back in horror but the Doctor comes closer.)

Doctor: (Almost to himself) I've seen this before... I know I have. (He racks his brain) But where?

(He reaches into one of his capacious pockets but Lester stops him with a thrust from his gun. The Doctor smiles then slowly draws out his diary. Kellman snatches it from his hand and looks at it.)

Doctor: Won't mean much to you, I'm afraid. Doesn't to me - and I wrote it!

(Harry has been examining the sick women, assisted by Anitra)

Harry: (To Anitra) When did this first appear on the Nerva?

Anitra: Nearly a year ago. We've lost most of the crew from it. We're all that's left now.

Harry: Have you had medical help from Earth?

Anitra: (Nods) Several medical units have been out. They've all had to give up. We've been unable to find out how it's caught or spread. Finally we were isolated and left in quarantine until the plague has burnt itself out or...

Harry: Or... there's nobody left alive?

(Anitra looks away and nods. The others are silent.)

Sarah: Couldn't you get away? Leave the Nerva?

(Anitra shakes her head and turns away.)

Commander: No. That I would not permit. (Almost appealing to them) How could I? We serve a vital function here - a warning beacon for the asteroid belt. Countless lives were lost until we were sent here. We have to remain... whatever the cost.

(He turns away from them stiffly. A hero, but a trifle self-conscious about it.)

Sarah: (A little cynically) Until you die at your post?

Kellman: (Grimly) A fate you will now share. (To the Commander) Commander, I suggest we take these intruders to the control room for further interrogation.

(The Commander nods and Kellman leads the way out.)

Anitra: One moment! (They look back at her) I urgently need some trained help. Can't the woman stay here?

(The Commander hesitates for a moment then nods. The others exit and Sarah turns to Anitra.)

Sarah: Thank you. We owe you our lives. (Hesitates) But I'm not really a trained nurse.

Anitra: (Smiles) You don't have to be, I just want you to keep an eye on the medical console while I write up the medical log. What's your name?

Sarah: Sarah. And you're Anitra - I heard that tall, dark man say it. (She shivers) I don't like him. He scares me. He tried to kill us.

Anitra: He's very efficient at his job. He's a chemist, the last surviving scientist aboard. We'd be lost without him.

Sarah: And doesn't he know it!

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander is sitting at one of the consoles with the seat swivelled around to face the Doctor and Harry, who are standing before him in the manner of a court martial, flanked by Lester and Kellman. The Commander is making notes on a pad.)

Commander: Is this all you can tell us about yourselves?

Harry: (Brightly) Well, I could go into my school days, cricket eleven, and all that. Also rugger for Dartmouth...

Doctor: I'd have thought you'd have been grateful for any help... in your present situation!

Commander: (Suspiciously) What do you know of our situation here?

Doctor: Only what you've told me, and what I've noticed since returning to the Nerva.

Commander: Well?

Doctor: (Pointing to the console top) These scratches for instance, they're everywhere. Do you know what makes them?

(The Commander shakes his head and looks at Kellman.

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The Doctor leans over to pick up his diary from the desk.)

Lester: (Gun at the Doctor's ribs.) Careful!

Doctor: (Picking up his diary) I'm always careful, (nervously) especially with those things - do you mind not (he gently pushes Lester's arm away) resting it on my third rib... I'm ticklish.

(He opens his diary and finds a page that contains a drawing very similar to the scratch marks on the console. Underneath is written: C on T. 24/10 2248AD. Kellman snatches the diary from the Doctor and places it before the Commander.)

Kellman: What does that mean? C on T?

Doctor: Mean? Well, it's a little difficult to explain. "C" must stand for... er... whatever made the scratchmark.

Kellman: (Impatiently) Obviously.

Doctor: And the "T". That's probably a location of some kind - followed by (triumphantly) a date! 24th October, year twenty-two hundred AD.

Commander: These drawings are identical. This is extremely important Doctor, think carefully. What does "C" stand for?

Doctor: Yes... "C". Now what does it stand for...

Harry: And "T" Doctor? If that's any easier?

Doctor: Yes, of course, "T".

Kellman: Hurry up...

Doctor: I'm trying to concentrate - it all happened a long time ago... almost to a different person...

Commander: (To Kellman) Let him take his time.

(The others watch as the Doctor closes his eyes, hand to temple, muttering to himself.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Anitra sits with her eyes closed while Sarah refills the saline drip attached to the dying woman.)

Sarah: There, will that do? (she speaks over her shoulder) Anitra? (she turns) Anitra?

(She turns round, puts down the empty bottle and comes over to Anitra who has fallen asleep through exhaustion. Sarah smiles and takes a thin plastic blanket off one of the beds. She covers up Anitra and switches the sick bay lighting to dim.

She walks over to a small bookshelf, takes down a couple off books and sits back in a chair facing the sick patient and the sleeping Anitra. She settles the chair in a small pool of light and looks at the title of the first book. "Operative Surgery for Nurses". She opens it momentarily and snaps it shut again in horror at what she sees on its pages.

A faint whirring noise from the far end of the sick bay makes her look up from her reading. Thinking that it might be the electronic "nurse", Sarah goes over to Warner's bed but nothing appears to have changed on her chart. The noise stops. Sarah shrugs, goes back to her chair and picks up the second volume, "Social History - 2000-2200". She opens it and starts to read. Unnoticed, a Cybermat slips into the shadows at the far end of the sick bay.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Doctor is now sitting, eyes on the ceiling, his face writhing in concentration as he tries to remember. The Commander is impatiently pacing the floor while Lester sits beside Harry on the console looking bored. Kellman is checking the ship's attitude at the forward end of the cabin.)

Doctor: (A moment of inspiration) Ah, ha!

(The others react and turn to face him as he frantically leafs through his diary.)

Commander: Yes Doctor? (he comes up beside him and looks over his shoulder.)

Doctor: Page 345, 344, 343... that's it! (He looks down excitedly at a scrawl of notes and figures) "C" for... (His face falls.)

Commander: Well what?

Doctor: Celery - a recipe for some kind of Earth soup.

Commander: Recipe?

Doctor: I was quite a gourmet at one time, when I was a little... older!

Commander: (Furious) That's enough. (To Lester) That man's completely cracked. Take him out of here.

(Lester stands, his gun at the ready.)

Lester: Where to skipper?

Commander: Anywhere but here! The messroom. Get them out of my sight.

(Lester motions the Doctor and Harry to precede him to the door.)

Doctor: (Turning at the door) I'm sure I could find the source of the plague - if I was given a free hand.

Commander: (Shouting) Out!

(The door closes behind them as the Commander turns away shaking with rage. Kellman, who is still by the controls, permits himself a tight-lipped smile.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Sarah is almost asleep over her book which slips from her tired grasp onto the floor. Her head lolls against the back of the chair as she finally looses consciousness. A Cybermat climbs unnoticed up the back of her chair leaving a trail of familiar scratches and arches itself ready to strike at Sarah's neck.

Anitra stirs in her sleep, her eyes half opening. She catches sight of the raised form of the Cybermat but her screamed warning comes too late. The creature strikes at Sarah and drops back to the floor before its victim can react. Clutching her neck, Sarah staggers over to Anitra who presses the alarm which rings loudly throughout the beacon.)

INT. MESSROOM

(The Doctor and Harry are being watched over by Lester who leaps to his feet the moment the alarm bells start to ring. He moves over and checks on a small row of lights - the one marked "Sick Bay" is flashing. Lester starts for the door followed by the Doctor and Harry.)

Lester: (Waving his gun) You two get back.

Doctor: No. Sarah's down in that sick bay.

Harry: Don't try and stop us.

(Lester looks undecidedly from one to the other for a brief moment - the alarm continues. He turns and runs out into the corridor followed by the Doctor and Harry.)

INT SICK BAY

(The Cybermat has cornered the two women on the far side of the sick bay, past Warner's bed, where there is a small laboratory bench. Sarah screams as she almost puts her foot on a second Cybermat which moves to cut off their line of retreat. Sarah, almost fainting, holds on to Anitra.)

Sarah: What can we do?

Anitra: I've rung the alarm. They'll be here any minute. If we can just keep them off until they arrive.

(Anitra looks desperately around for something to fend of the advancing Cybermats. She finds a bottle of acid on the bench and flings it at the leading Cybermat. There is a crash as the glass bottle shatters and a whiff of white fumes. The creature stops for a moment but then continues on its previous course unaffected by the acid.

Anitra throws a second bottle with the same result as the first. In desperation, she reaches for a third and hurls it at the advancing Cybermats. It explodes in a fine cloud of glittering dust that rains down over the advancing menace. Their whirring noise rises to a crescendo and they start to circle each other.

The doors at the far end of the sick bay burst open and Lester enters followed by the Doctor and Harry. Lester rushes forward and aims his gun at the Cybermats but the Doctor clutches his arm.)

Doctor: Unnecessary. (He points) They're finished.

(The Cybermats slowly stop moving and come to rest against each other - their whirring dying away. The Doctor crouches over them, touches the glittering dust and holds up his finger.)

Doctor: Gold dust again.

(Sarah suddenly faints, just caught by Harry before she hits the floor. The Doctor rushes over to them and helps Harry lift Sarah on to the bed beside Warner's.)

Harry: What happened to her? (With sudden menace) If you've...

Anitra: No, she's been attacked by those... (she shudders and indicates the Cybermats) those...

Doctor: Cybermats!

(The others look at him in astonishment. He reacts puzzled.)

Doctor: Did I say that? Cybermats! (Pleased) Of course that's what they are...

(He bends over Sarah as Anitra draws back the collar of her dress. The Doctor looks closely.)

Harry: It looks like a snake bite. (To Anitra) Ever seen anything like it before?

Doctor: I have.

Harry: Where Doctor?

(Before the Doctor can answer, the door is thrust open and Kellman enters followed by the Commander. The Commander nods to Lester.)

Commander: Alright Lester. (He flicks his thumb) Control Room.

(Lester exits)

Commander: (To Anitra) Why the alarm? What happened?

Anitra: The girl, Sarah. She's been attacked by a

(She looks at the Doctor who nods to the Commander who goes over to the dormant Cybermats. He bends down to pick one up but the Doctor stops him.)

Doctor: Careful (He demonstrates) Like this.

(He gingerly lifts up the Cybermat by the mid section and turns it over. Underneath it's head are two long thin needles like hypodermics.)

Doctor: I thought so. (He proffers it to the Commander) The source of your plague. (He turns to Anitra) What stopped them?

Anitra: I don't know? I threw everything I had to hand. (She picks up the remains of the last bottle she threw) This I think.

Doctor: (Examining the shattered container) Gold dust. The noble metal!

(The Doctor warms to his subject and the others step back as he waves the Cybermat around with a swing of his long arms.)

Doctor: Here, (He points to some gill-like opening on the side of the Cybermat) we have some form of lungs. Not, of course, lungs as we know them, but something that reacts to an atmosphere. Something that needs renewing, like our blood cells.

Commander: Then, anything that finds its way in these... gills, blocks the mechanism? Stops them breathing?

Doctor: No, obviously not! Not anything. Not even acid.

(He gingerly touches the broken bottle of spilt acid on the floor with his boot.)

Doctor: Only something perfect, non-corrodible, that will plate the interior and make it unable to react. Gold! Voila - end of Cybermat!

(He places the Cybermat on the floor with a flourish - like a magician who has finished his trick and is waiting for applause. As he straightens he finds himself looking at the business end of Kellman's gun. Anitra goes over to Warner's bed, her medical eye noticing something wrong on the electronic nurse read-out.)

Kellman: Very ingenious Doctor. Now perhaps you will tell us where you've hidden the rest of these little monsters?

Doctor: Me? You think I brought them aboard?

Harry: They've been aboard for months. We've found their scratches everywhere.

Doctor: Something I would have expected the chief scientist to have known... and investigated.

(The two men confront each other, Kellman threatening, the Doctor faintly mocking. Anitra comes between them.)

Anitra: Please Doctor, it's Captain Warner.

(She leads the way over to the sick woman's bed. Harry takes out his stethoscope and listens but the Commander shakes his head.)

Commander: She's gone.

Harry: How can you be sure? (He continues to search for a spark of life.)

Commander: (Bitterly) I've seen most of my crew go that way.

(Harry rises, looks at the Doctor and shrugs. He pulls the sheet over the dead woman's head. Anitra goes to the next bed and looks down at Sarah and gasps. As the others turn round they see the black lines beginning to creep up the side of her neck.)

Harry: (Desperately) I've never seen anything like it. (To Anitra) Can't you do anything?

(Anitra shake her head. Harry looks at the Doctor, frozen in one of his reveries - his long arms hugging his body.)

Harry: Doctor! (the Doctor is still lost in thought) Doctor! Sarah's dangerously ill. Don't you care?

Doctor: (Startled and a little hurt) Harry, of course I care. (He looks down at Sarah) But we must do something now. We must find the antidote.

Anitra: Antidote?

Commander: There is no antidote.

Kellman: Do you suppose we would have stood by and watched the crew die off if there had been an antidote to this?

Doctor: But there must be an antidote. They're far too logical to have created a plague virus without an effective antidote.

(There is a sudden silence.)

Commander: Who - are - they?

(The Doctor is oblivious to the tension in the room, racking old areas of his mind.)

Doctor: The Cybermen, of course!

(He stops, the others react. Again he seems not to realise the implication of what he has said.)

Commander: Did you say... Cybermen?

Doctor: (Hushed voiced) Yes... I did. Cybermats are creatures of the Cybermen. Cybermen control them; use them to kill.

(Kellman is the only one apparently indifferent to the sudden tension in the room.)

Kellman: Nonsense! The Doctor's trying to scare us. Everyone knows the Cybermen died out some fifty years ago.

(The Doctor is thinking furiously, his intense fear communicating itself to the others in the room. He glances around as if for the first time.)

Doctor: That's what we thought. Obviously we were wrong!

(He starts to walk around the room, gingerly looking into the shadows.)

Commander: (Following him) You're not trying to say that there is a Cyberman aboard this ship?

(The Doctor looks behind the Commander at one of the darkest shadows where there is a vague, large form. He jumps back and clutches the Commander's arm. The others react - startled - except for Kellman who switches on the main light. The object is seen to be a long, hanging, white spacesuit. They all react. The Doctor sits down and covers his face with his hands.)

Harry: Phew, Doctor, I wish you wouldn't do that!

Commander: (Irritably) Your nerves are in a worse state than ours man. Pull yourself together.

Kellman: A calculated move Commander. He's trying to bluff us - wear us down.

(The Doctor takes his hands down from his face and looks around a little timidly. Then he brings out the small potentiometer device he used in the Crusher Room. He switches it on.)

Doctor: Bluff! Call this bluff?

(He holds up the meter for the others' inspection. In another change of mood he now seems to have come to grips with his fears and assumes a new presence and authority that silences Kellman and the Commander.)

Doctor: (Speaking quietly and deliberately) There is a Cyberman concealed in this room.

(Despite themselves, the others are impressed. The Doctor motions them to silence as he slowly walks round the room with his clicking meter. He goes from bed to bed, testing for reactions, and passes two portable x-ray machines with no audible change in the meter's output, but as he moves across the room towards six large lockers its clicking starts to rise in intensity.)

Doctor: (In a whisper) What's in those cupboards?

Commander: (Flustered) Not quite sure. Medical supplies, surgical gowns, that kind of thing, I believe.

(The Commander beckons the waiting Kellman forward. For the first time there is fear and a little sweat on the scientists face.)

Commander: You heard the Doctor. What's in there?

Kellman: Not my province - only a couple of them are mine...

Doctor: Which ones?

Kellman: Is this really relevant? (To the Commander) He's trying to distract us from the main issue.

(Anitra comes forward, followed by Harry. Sarah is asleep on the bed.)

Anitra: The first two are mine. Medical supplies and a refrigerated drug store. I use them constantly.

Doctor: And the next two?

Anitra: Professor Kellman uses them for his scientific apparatus.

(During all this the Doctor has been edging closer to the line of lockers, followed by the others. The clicking from the counter is now much louder.)

Doctor: The final two?

Anitra: Emergency supplies - radiation suits, geiger counters and such like...

(The Doctor stops along side the first of these lockers - the clicking is now continuous. He turns to Kellman and holds out his hand.)

Doctor: The keys.

Kellman: (Backing away) I haven't got them on me. (He looks round, a little wildly) I'll get them.

(Harry sees his opportunity, springs forward and disarms Kellman. He brings the gun to bear on the scientist.)

Harry: He asked for the keys... now!

(The Commander interposes.)

Commander: Are you sure Doctor. Remember, if we open the locker, the suits will have to be resterilised.

(For his reply, the Doctor extends his box and the needle swings hard over - the clicking rises to a high pitched rattle as it passes in front of the last two lockers.)

Doctor: I need the keys.

Commander: If there is... something in there... is it wise to... confront it?

Doctor: Only the Cybermen possess the antidote, without it Sarah will die.

(The Commander stands aside but Kellman runs for the door. Harry is just too quick for him, however, and brings him down with a flying rugby tackle.)

Harry: Must I ask again?

(Kellman, the fight all gone out of him, taps his inside pocket and Harry extracts a bunch of keys.)

Harry: Which?

Kellman: (Pointing) Those.

Doctor: (Taking the keys) Thank you Harry. Now don't bruise the Professor too much, we may need him fairly soon.

(Harry gets up and helps a winded, gasping Kellman to his feet.)

Doctor: Good. (He takes the first key) This key - locker No. 5 - right? (Kellman nods)

(Harry stands by and levels his gun as the Doctor takes the key and gingerly turns it in the lock. Everyone involuntarily steps back a pace as the doors swing open - but the locker is full of shelves lined with safety equipment.

The Doctor mops his brow and gives a longing glance back at the far door. For a moment he seems to be contemplating making a run for it - then he catches Harry's eye, gives a sickly smile and braces himself to open the final cupboard.

He turns the key, grasps the handle and flings it open... revealing it to be full of spacesuits. Everyone relaxes as the tension breaks.)

Commander: (Almost falling with relief) Thank god! I confess Doctor you almost had me...

(The Doctor is frozen, eyes wide and staring at the locker interior. He slowly raises his hand and points. At the bottom of the hanging suits are a pair of large silver boots. He slowly backs away as the whole rack of spacesuits cascades outwards. Looming forward out of the darkness emerges the terrifying silver helmet and massive body of a Cyberman.)

EPISODE TWO

The Plague Carriers

INT. SICK BAY

(The humans scatter away from the Cyberman. Harry stands his ground, gun levelled - he raises it to his eye.)

Doctor: No!

(But he is too late. Harry fires and the beam from his gun hits the Cyberman square in the middle of its chest unit. Nothing happens. The Cyberman slowly advances towards Harry who fires again, and then a third time. Neither shot appears to have any effect. The Cyberman stands confronting the young doctor for a moment - there is a flash from the giant's helmet light and a shower of sparks seems to to fly between the helmet and Harry's head and he crashes to the floor. The Doctor and Anitra rush to his side.

The Commander edges back towards the door leading to the corridor. With the Cyberman's attention momentarily diverted by Harry, he seizes his chance and reaches for the handle. The door flies inwards throwing the Commander's hand off the handle by its sheer impact. Another Cyberman stands framed in the doorway.

The Commander pauses for a moment, then tries to get past into the corridor. The monster's silver hand reaches out, grabs him almost contemptuously by the front of his tunic and, with a sweep of the Cyberman's powerful arm flings him back into the room against the nearest bed.

The Cybermen start to move towards the group of humans who are now completely trapped.)

Doctor: (To Anitra) He'll be alright?

Anitra: (Nods) No damage, just knocked out.

(The Doctor turns to the first Cyberman. The second has taken up a position behind them and both stand stock still. The first Cyberman is holding a small black box - a Cybermat control - by his side.)

Doctor: Now you've got us, what can we do for you?

1st Cyberman: We were not ready to meet you. You have disrupted our plan. Now we will all have to wait for the Cyberleader. (As it speaks it presses a control on its chest unit.)

Doctor: Ah yes! The Cyberleader. I'd like to speak to him. (He indicates to Sarah) My friend has been attacked by one of your charming pets.

(He lightly kicks aside one of the Cybermats. The second Cyberman raises it arm threateningly, its hand slanted as if ready for a lethal chop. The Doctor ignores this and turns away as if unconcerned.)

Doctor: We need the antidote to your plague.

(The Doctor stiffens as he hears the Cyberman's step behind him. He reacts - almost white with fear - but determined to conceal it. The Cyberman steps back and lowers its arm.

Behind the Doctor, Harry is coming round and sits up, assisted by Anitra. He is obviously still dazed. The Commander is also slumped on one of the beds, nursing his hand. Kellman stands silently in the background.)

1st Cyberman: You cannot make requests.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(Lester is watching one of the monitor screens. He has seen the entry of the Cybermen.)

1st Cyberman: (O.O.V.) We control the Nerva. When we are ready, you will receive our orders. Anyone who disobeys will be instantly destroyed.

(Lester reaches out impulsively and clutches his gun. He rises angrily, then, in an agony of indecision, he slams the weapon down on the table and sits down again, watching the screen.)

INT. SICK BAY

(The Doctor is now seated beside the Commander on the bed, consulting his diary. He stops turning the pages, nudges the Commander and indicates. The page reads: Cybermen Vulnerable to - and a list of numbers and words crossed through including "Heat", "Vacuum", "Bullets". At the bottom of the list is a word ticked and heavily underlined - "Radiation".

The Doctor leans forward and whispers something to the Commander's ear who nods in agreement and rises to his feet. As he does so he looks round at the TV scanner up on the wall. He speaks loudly as if to the Cybermen but trying to reach the watching Lester in the control room.)

Commander: We will wait for your leader and listen to what he has to say. In the meantime you must help us. We have to treat our injured colleagues.

(While he is talking, the Doctor and Anitra assist Harry to the bed beside Sarah and lay him down. For a moment Harry shakes off their hands, he is feeling better, but after a whispered word from the Doctor he subsides and lays back on the bed.

The Doctor goes over to one of the portable x-ray machines that stands beside Sarah while Anitra crosses to a similar unit beside Harry's bed. They proceed to make the machines operational as if to examine the Doctor's companions.)

Commander: To do this properly we must dim the lights. Do you understand?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(Lester is watching the screen intently, listening to his Commander. He begins to comprehend.)

Commander: (O.O.V.) The room must be blacked out as this examination process is effected by light.

(Lester's hand moves over to the main lighting controls beside his monitor.)

INT. SICK BAY

Commander: When I give the order you will dim the lights.

1st Cyberman: We do not take orders from you. If you attempt to change the lighting we shall have to destroy you.

(The Commander looks at the others, raises his hands as if helpless, and sits on a bed. The Doctor is now standing by one of the portable machines. Harry, propped up in bed, leans up against the other one.)

Commander: I'm sorry. What can I do... NOW! (His last word rings out - a clear command.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(Lester snaps down the dimmer switch to its full extent.)

INT. SICK BAY

(The lights fall to an infra-red glow. As they do so, the Doctor and Harry - springing up from his bed - turn their x-ray machines towards the Cybermen.

There is a brilliant blue flash from the Doctor's machine as he over-loads its out-put and the first Cyberman, which has moved forward threateningly, stops dead in its tracks as it is illuminated by the incandescent glow of the radioactive emission. The second Cyberman also receives a full frontal blast from Harry's machine that sends it reeling.

A second exposure from the Doctor's x-ray machine throws the first Cyberman back a step. The second Cyberman starts to detach its weapon from under its chest unit, but before it can get it free, Harry delivers a second blinding flash of radiation, full into the face of the on-coming monster. It staggers back - hands up in front of its face - emitting a shrill electronic scream.

Harry fires again, which sends the second Cyberman slamming into the door, and seeing this, the first Cyberman moves towards its companion. The Doctor, spotting his chance, darts out from behind his machine and pulls the Cybermat control box from the weakened grasp of the first Cyberman. A large silver fist raises to strike him down, but he dives for the floor just in time to miss the blow which swishes over his head. However, the now prostrate Doctor is an easy target for a second attack.

Harry swings his x-ray machine towards the towering monster and fires almost point black into the face of the oncoming Cyberman. The Doctor, clutching the Cybermat control box, scrambles to safety.

The first Cyberman staggers back to its companion which is slumped into a sitting position by the door. It puts an arm around the hunched silver figure and half drags - half lifts it out of the room. The door swings shut behind them and Harry moves his machine to cover their exit.)

Doctor: (Calling) Lights.

(The lights brighten to full again. The Doctor turns to Harry who has reached the end of his x-ray machine's power line.)

Doctor: No, leave it. First round to us I think!

(He turns away and comes face to face with Kellman who has remained silent and immobile at the back of the sick bay throughout the battle.)

Doctor: (Ironically) Thanks for all the help, Professor.

Kellman: (Turning to the Commander) I see no reason to risk all our lives by resisting. Now we've turned them into our enemies, without hearing what they had to say.

(The Commander turns irresolutely to the Doctor.)

Commander: Well Doctor?

Doctor: (Impressively) Always remember one thing when dealing with Cybermen. They are creatures with one basic drive - sheer naked power. They are also totally logical. When they are on top they will listen to no arguments - make no treaties. Why should they? Now we have shown we can fight back. We are not defenceless; therefore they will listen to us. We can, just possibly, do a deal with them. Get the plague antidote for Sarah.

Kellman: Unlikely. They are more likely to kill us all now - and take over the Nerva.

Doctor: I think not. For some reason they need us. Especially you, (He turns back to the Commander) and what remains of your crew. They have some special use for us... alive.

Kellman: How can we find out?

Doctor: There is one way. We must find the Cyberleader.

Harry: (Drily) Unless he finds us first!

Doctor: I don't think so. I think he must be hidden on the Nerva somewhere... dormant! These creatures take a long time to re-activate. You saw the Cybermen press the reactivation button - they were prepared to wait here some time. If we can find him before he is fully reactivated, we might be able to get him under control.

Kellman: And you expect the other two Cybermen to simply stand aside and let this happen?

Doctor: They've been badly irradiated. They'll need time to recuperate. We must find their hiding place before they've recovered.

Harry: What are we waiting for? Let's look for them. (He turns to the door)

Commander: One moment! Where do you think we're going to look? We've searched the Nerva countless times during the emergency, and found nothing.

Kellman: They must have materialised aboard - as you did.

Doctor: No. The Cybermen can't materialise, or at least I don't think they can. They must be hidden somewhere aboard.

Kellman: (Turning to his work-bench) You can expect no assistance from me, Doctor. I'm staying here.

Doctor: Thank you. That'll be the most helpful contribution you could make.

(Kellman looks angrily back at him, but the Doctor obviously means it and has turned his attention to the Commander.)

Doctor: Perhaps we could start off by looking at your plan of the Nerva.

(The Commander nods and starts to lead the way out of the sick bay. Kellman and Harry follow, but the Doctor hesitates for a moment - his attention focused on the Cybermat control box he is holding. He stares at it a little uncertainly, then places it on the side table by Sarah's bed.)

Anitra: (Urgently) Don't be too long finding the antidote, will you Doctor?

(He looks down and sees that the thick black lines have spread further up the side of her neck.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander is illustrating the main areas of the Nerva on a large scale plan of the beacon.)

Commander: The last search was held about six weeks ago. We went through the ship from stem to stern - result, nothing!

(The Doctor, Harry, Lester and Kellman examine the plan.)

Doctor: How many searchers?

Commander: Eh? Well, there must have been... (He looks at Kellman)

Kellman: There were eight of us.

Lester: (Bitterly) Only three of whom are still alive.

Doctor: Was anyone taken ill - after the search?

Lester: (Nods) Garroway and Simmonds.

Doctor: (Leaning on the map) Which area did they search?

Commander: (Thinks for a moment) They were with Professor Kellman. (He indicates to the plan) The so-called red section beneath the main corridors; food stores, storage tanks. It runs between (he indicates) the Gyro room directly below us, to the docking modules and dematerialisation room.

Doctor: Thank you. That's the area we'll take. (He nudges Harry) May we take this plan?

Kellman: Commander. I protest. That area has always been under my staff.

Doctor: But now you haven't got a staff, have you? Unless you'd like to recruit us? (Kellman's face twists with anger as the Doctor turns to the Commander.) I suggest a further search of the living quarters Commander. Taking one of the portable x-ray machines with you... just in case you run across anything. (He waves his hand) Come on Harry.

(The Doctor and Harry leave. Kellman whips round furiously to the Commander.)

Kellman: You give that man carte blanche to do what he likes aboard this ship. Why?

Commander: He's been right so far. We (Looking at Kellman) seem unable to cope with these monsters!

Lester: (Enjoying this) Let's face it. The Doctor and his mate have guts Professor... which is more than can be said for some of us.

(Lester turns on his heels and walks out of the control room, followed by the Commander. Kellman's face is a mask of hatred.)

INT. STORES

(The stores is a long room lined with shelves, stacked high with plastic packets of food.)

Harry: (Reading from one of the packets) Raw fish and seaweed salad. (With disgust) How exotic can you get! Irish stew's top favourite for the men of my ship. What do you say Doctor?

(He turns, package in hand but the Doctor is at the far end of the room. He throws down the package and walks up to him. The Doctor is examining a set of dials and stopcock style handles set beside a heavy circular pressurised door. The Doctor hands Harry the plan.)

Doctor: Here, what do you make of this?

(Harry unrolls the plan slightly and consults it.)

Harry: We've come to the liquid oxygen tanks. (Reads for a moment) For emergencies, if the oxygen plant packs up or the outer skin of the Nerva is cracked open by a meteorite, the liquid oxygen turns to gas as soon as the pressure is released.

Doctor: (Impatiently) Quite finished? (Harry nods) I'm well aware of all that! I'm also aware that the good professor told us that he'd searched the entire red section. No mention was made of having searched these oxygen tanks.

Harry: Well, he could hardly search these - not without expelling their contents. (He looks at the plan) And there's nowhere else to store it.

Doctor: Nevertheless, here's a large area of the ship unsearched.

Harry: Come on Doctor, nobody could live in those tanks.

Doctor: Nobody? A Cyberman could.

(Harry reacts, then looks at the dials. He taps one with his finger, bringing the Doctor's attention to the tanks internal pressure. It reads 88% of total capacity.)

Harry: Pressure nearly up to full. Surely no-one - not even a Cyberman -could have got inside here without a considerable drop in pressure?

Doctor: Perhaps you're right. Where do we go from here?

Harry: (Consulting the plan) Up the ladder to the corridor, then to the Gyro room. Next room to this.

Doctor: End of search?

Harry: Seems so.

(The Doctor shrugs and turns to the ladder, then turns back, causing Harry to lose his balance and topple over backwards.)

Doctor: No. It is not the end of the search. There has to be an explanation. Cybermen don't just disappear into thin air. (He points) If that's the only unsearched section of the ship, they must be in there. A colleague of mine once said: "Eliminate all the possibilities and what remains, however improbable, must be the solution".

Harry: That's rather good. (He thinks and does a double take) But isn't that... of course... Sherlock Holmes! Now Doctor, don't say you've worked with Sherlock Holmes!

Doctor: (The Doctor is examining the release controls) Holmes? No, that wasn't his name... more like... Doyle! (He traces the release valve control) If we turn this...

Harry: (Alarmed) Doctor. You can't waste oxygen like that. It's for emergencies...

(The Doctor stops for a moment and then draws a small blade from his pocket with a triumphant flourish. He starts to prise away the front on the pressure dial which levers off with surprising ease and the workings of the gauge are now quite clearly displayed. The Doctor motions to Harry to look at his handy work and smiles a broad grin. Indicating with the blade, the Doctor points out a small rod jammed behind the needle on the dial. With a quick flick the Doctor knocks it free and the needle slowly slides down so that the dial reads "One Atmosphere".)

Harry: Well I'll be... (He grasps the opening wheel to the oxygen store.)

Doctor: One moment. (He goes to the intercom) Let's tell the Commander where we are first. And get some idea of what's inside there. (He presses the call button) Hello? Commander?

INT. MESSROOM

(The lockers are open all down one side and Lester, Kellman and the Commander are methodically searching them. The intercom tone rings. The Commander presses a button and speaks into the device.)

Commander: Commander Stevenson here.

Doctor: (O.O.V.) Commander. Did you know that your spare oxygen tank was empty? (The Commander, thunderstruck, looks at the other two men. He pauses) I thought not. Someone knows. The dial needle's been fixed to register full.

Kellman: (Starting forward) That's impossible!

Commander: (To Kellman) You'd better investigate. (Kellman starts for the door)

Doctor: (O.O.V.) We're going inside. Any idea what we're likely to find there?

INT. STORES ROOM

Commander: (O.O.V.) When the Nerva was first commissioned, it was used as a store room. Navigational aides, sodium markers, signals of various kinds.

Doctor: Thank you.

Commander: (O.O.V.) Be on your guard.

Doctor: We always are. (He turns to Harry) Open the door. I've an idea we may expect a visitor very shortly.

(Harry nods and swings the operating wheel. The door swings open easily.)

Harry: Been used. Not too long ago.

(The two men cautiously enter the oxygen tank.)

INT. OXYGEN TANK

(The tank is poorly illuminated from a couple of overhead working lights. The structure of the Nerva is clearly visible in the large metal ribs strengthening the double metal skins of the spacecraft. On either side of the central companionway are racks labelled "Tools", "Signal Rockets", "Canopies", etc. Most are empty. Underneath them are four long boxes constructed of some lightweight wood. These are labelled "Nylon Rope", "Safety Cords", etc. They are roughly two to three feet wide. After a quick examination of the racks, the two men's attention become fixed on these.)

Harry: You know Doctor... If I wanted to stash away a Cyberman or two...

Doctor: Yes?

(He backs away slightly as Harry picks up a crowbar from one of the tool racks and inserts it under the edge of the lid of the nearest box.)

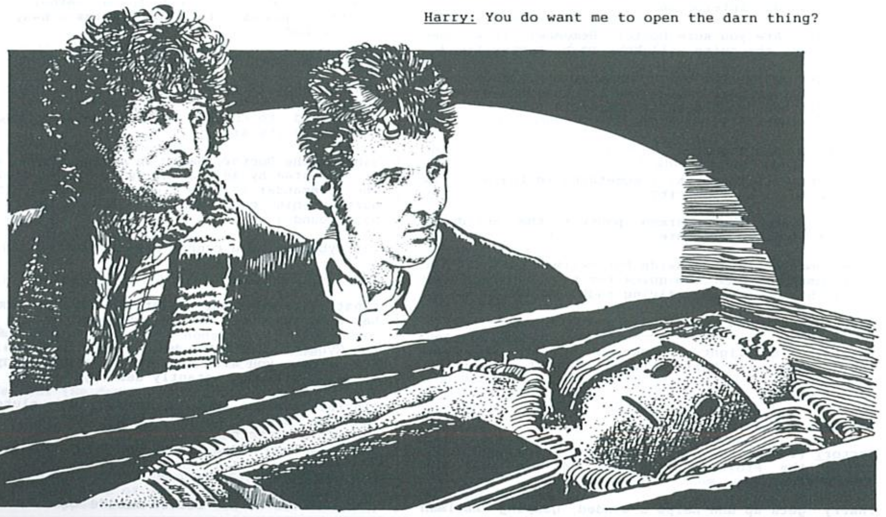
Doctor: (Nervously) You didn't happen to bring down an x-ray gun did you?

Harry: (Surprised) No Doctor. Why?

Doctor: (Faintly) Might have come in handy!

(Harry looks back at him, as always, surprised at the Doctor's sudden bout of nerves.)

Harry: You do want me to open the darn thing?



(The Doctor nods, holding on to one of the racks for support. Harry slowly levers open the lid, looks down and starts back.)

Doctor: (His eyes closed) What is it? The Cyberleader?

Harry: No Doctor. (Urgently) You'd better look.

(The Doctor opens his eyes and looks at him, surprised at his tone, then comes over to Harry's side and looks down. Lying in the box is a skeleton. It is wearing a lizard skin tunic and a leather skull-cap like a miners helmet. Around its neck is a pair of small circular blue goggles. The Doctor reacts, then bends down to examine it more closely. He touches the tunic and comes up with the bright glitter of gold dust on his hand.)

Doctor: Gold dust again. How long do you think he's been there?

Harry: Hard to say. Over a year anyway.

Doctor: Over a year! Before the Cyber-plague! And nobody mentioned missing crew members before the plague started six months ago.

Harry: Somebody aboard must know.

Doctor: I've no doubt!

(The Doctor bends down and removes a small gold locket on a chain from around the skeleton's neck. He tries to open it. Embossed on it are the initials J.H.E.)

Harry: We should be able to identify him from that - J.H.E.

(The Doctor nods and slips the locket into his pocket.)

Harry: He must have been taken ill and... fallen in? (It sounds lame - even to Harry.)

Doctor: You don't think that any more than I do! He was murdered and stashed here. (He swings down the lid.)

Harry: The Cybermen?

Doctor: (Shaking his head) No. Not their handiwork! Somebody with a human motive... gold! Let's open up the other boxes.

(The discovery seems to have brought a new mood of urgency to the Doctor. His fears apparently forgotten, he now takes the lead.)

Doctor: Stand back.

(The Doctor slowly levers up the second lid, looks down and reacts. The huge figure of a Cyberman fills the chest. The Doctor yells and drops the lid again, then sits on it.)

Harry: A Cyberman?

Doctor: One of the injured ones.

Harry: Couldn't it be lying dormant - like a wounded animal?

(The Doctor nods, still shaken. Harry walks across to the other two boxes, crowbar in hand. He lifts the lid of the first box and exposes another dormant silver figure.)

Harry: Doctor... (the Doctor comes over) Our second victim!

Doctor: That accounts for those two...

(He stands looking down at the Cyberman while Harry goes over to the fourth chest and levers it open. Another Cyberman.)

Harry: (In a whisper) There's a third one Doctor. Could it be the Cyberleader?

(The Doctor walks over and inspects the third Cyberman. He shakes his head.)

Doctor: No. Cyberleaders are larger, (He waves his hand over his head to show just how large) with different helmets.

Harry: Is there anything we can do while they're dormant?

(The Doctor shakes his head.)

Doctor: It would wake them. Put down the lid Harry.

Harry: Well there's one thing I can do! (He closes the lid on the third Cyberman.) Navy training comes in useful sometimes Doctor. Whatever you say!

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander is sitting at a console looking at the internal monitors. He looks tired and grey. Lester stands beside him, check list in hand.)

Lester: That's it. We've checked the entire ship, excluding stores, Gyro room, your cabin and this room. (He looks around.)

Commander: I'll answer for my quarters and there's always been someone on watch here.

Lester: Gyro room?

Commander: Professor Kellman's province.

Lester: (Flatly) Yes.

Commander: (He hesitates for a moment) Alright - search it.

(Lester leads the way over to the companionway leading down to the Gyro room.)

INT. OXYGEN TANK

(Harry has been nailing down and lashing the Cybermen's chests. He tightens the nylon ropes around the third chest with a spanish windlass. The others are similarly lashed and nailed. The Doctor is ignoring Harry's efforts and is instead examining the skeleton's helmet.)

Harry: There... (He admires his handy work) Like to see them get out of those!

Doctor: Harry. Does this look like a space helmet to you?

Harry: (Coming over) None that I've ever seen. (Looking) Surely it's a... miner's helmet!

Doctor: Aboard a spaceship?

(But Harry is listening to something - an insistent high frequency note. He puts his hands up to his ears in some discomfort.)

Harry: Do you hear it Doctor? A high pitched wine.

(The Doctor replaces the helmet and listens. The end door swings shut with a clang that echoes throughout the tank. Harry runs over and tries to open it.)

Harry: It's been shut from outside. There's no handle on this side.

Doctor: (Crossing to the door) Our friend Kellman again!

Harry: But what's he to gain by it? The others know where we are. You don't suppose the deckhead...

(He looks nervously up at the deckhead for a moment and mimes it moving down upon them but there is no sign of movement.)

Doctor: No. We're safe enough here. (Thinks) Except for...

(He turns to look. The high frequency note is still echoing through the room.)

Harry: The Cybermen!

(There is a sudden report like a pistol shot. Both men spin round.)

Harry: There Doctor!

(They walk over to the first of the chests containing a Cyberman. One of the ropes has parted.)

Harry: (Amazed) Two inch nylon! (Another rope snaps... and another.) If we piled those blocks... (he indicates) on top... do you suppose...?

Doctor: Against the strength of a Cyberman? I could have told you it wouldn't hold...

(Behind them the ropes on the second chest begin to fray and snap with deafening reports that resonate around them. They back away to the far end of the tank as the ropes on the third chest starts to strand and break. The long lid of the first chest splinters from the pounding blows of the trapped Cyberman.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Lester comes down the companionway from the control cabin. The cone-shaped room is dominated by the huge gyro-mechanism at its centre which is set slightly into the floor and housed in a clear tube. It gives off a low hum. On either side are banks of computers and at one end a door marked "Oxygen Tank".)

Lester: There's no place to hide one of their Cybermats - let alone a Cyberman.

(Kellman enters down the companionway.)

Kellman: I could have told you that. Spared you the effort.

Lester: (Caustically) Don't worry. It was worth making. I like to be sure.

Commander: Listen! (The breaking ropes can just be heard in the gyro room.) Did you hear anything?

Lester: (Nods) Can't say what it was.

Kellman: We must determine a plan of action. We cannot let the Doctor and his companion rampage throughout the ship.

(There is a series of muffled crashes from the oxygen tank. Lester strides over to the door.)

Lester: Seems to be coming from in there.

INT. OXYGEN TANK

(The Doctor and Harry have their backs to the pressure door leading to the gyro room. The eight foot lid of the first chest crashes open and the head and shoulders of a Cyberman rise into view. Harry runs over to the tool rack and grasps a crowbar. As he warily returns to the Doctor, the second chest practically explodes from within - showering him with wood fragments. The third lid bursts open and Harry raises his weapon.)

Doctor: No use on them Harry, try it on the door.

(They turn to the door and try and find a purchase for the crowbar: there is a small overhanging lip. They engage one end of the bar and fling all their weight against the other but the door doesn't budge. Exhausted, the Doctor turns to face the closing ring of Cybermen.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Lester is listening intently at the door to the oxygen tank. He seizes the wheel and starts to turn it. Kellman comes up to him and grasps the other side of the wheel.)

Kellman: I forbid you to open that door.

(Lester looks at him for a moment, flexes his muscles, and despite Kellman, slowly turns the wheel. Kellman tries to resist for a moment, then, as the wheel abruptly turns its full revolution, is flung off. The door opens and the Doctor and Harry fall through.

A Cyberman steps forward towards the opening but despite Lester's quick reactions, it manages to get an arm between the door and its frame.)

Lester: Help me!

(The Doctor, Harry and the Commander see what is happening - Lester is being forced back. They add their strength and weight to his but the single Cyberman holds its own and the door slowly starts to inch open.)

Doctor: Open it - then slam the door.

(The door swings inwards, almost toppling the Cyberman in on the humans, who immediately slam it shut again. Their is a dull metallic thud as the door catches the Cyberman full in the face, throwing it back into the oxygen tank. The men turn the locking wheel and for a few seconds the sound of metal fists against the door can be heard. Harry and the Doctor catch their breath.)

Doctor: (Still panting) We found your Cybermen for you!

Commander: So I see.

Kellman: Congratulations.

Doctor: Only question is... why were they allowed to hide there - unmolested! (Turning to Kellman) In your search area.

Kellman: We're not all scientists of your eminence Doctor. I didn't know the oxygen tank was empty. (He turns away from them amd takes something out from his pocket.)

Lester: What's he got there?

(He jumps Kellman and swings him round. In Kellman's hand is a small black control box similar to the Cybermat control unit. His thumb is triggering a button. A high pitched frequency seems to fill the gyro room.)

Harry: I've heard that before!

Commander: What the devil is it?

Doctor: Some kind of Cyberman call signal I imagine. It activated the dormant Cybermen inside there.

Harry: (Starting forward) He's still pressing it.

Lester: (Raising his fist) Let me... (The Doctor interposes and Kellman breaks free.)

Doctor: Let him be. He's summoning his master - the Cyberleader.

Commander: (Incredulously) Professor. Answer him. Is it true?

(Kellman stands stock still, his back against the bulkhead.)

Doctor: Without him the Cybermen's plan wouldn't have stood a chance. He concealed them, let them out when necessary and re-activated them by means of that control box.

Lester: (Besides himself with rage) Murderer!

Doctor: (Holding Lester back) Wait...

(The cabin starts to fill with a dull greenish light that appears to be emanating from within one of the gyro room walls. Silhouetted in the glow is a huge figure, wrapped in an embryonic ball. Slowly it starts to uncurl - stretching its arms and legs in a grotesque slow-motion ballet.

The bulkhead suddenly splits from the impact of a gigantic silver fist and the massive figure of the Cyberleader steps into the room. Greater in stature than the other Cybermen, it is also slightly different in form. Its head is highly domed and lined with what appears to be a network of veins.

Lester picks up Harry's crowbar and rushes at the Cyberman, but a single swipe from its arm sends him bowling over backwards to lie unconscious beside the gyro-mechanism.)

Cyberleader: You should have learned by now. Resistance is useless.

(Kellman steps towards the door to the oxygen tank.)

Commander: You traitor...

(He goes to seize Kellman but in two massive stride the Cyberleader is upon him and with a single glancing blow it sends the Commander reeling back. Kellman steps aside as the Cyberleader spins the door wheel and pulls the hatch open. One by one the other three Cybermen enter the room and form a semicircle around the humans.)

Cyberleader: You have been unwise. You have forced us to act before we were ready. Now you will have to aid our plan.

Commander: What plan?

Cyberleader: Our orders are to destroy the asteroid lying beyond the Nerva.

Commander: Impossible! We have no weapons of that calibre aboard this ship.

Cyberleader: You have one weapon that we can make use of.

Commander: What is that?

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Cyberleader: The Nerva itself. We mean to impact it into the asteroid.

Commander: You're completely insane!

(The Cyberleader moves forward, threatening the Commander. The Doctor interposes.)

Doctor: What he meant was... there is not a lot of mass here... compared with the asteroid.

Cyberleader: It has been calculated.

(The Cyberleader pulls a circular inspection cover from the gyro housing and places it on the top of one of the computer banks.)

Cyberleader: The Nerva will attain sufficient velocity so that when it hits the asteroid at the selected location...

(The Cyberleader slams its hand down on the edge of the inspection cover which spins across the room and shatters on the far wall.)

Cyberleader: The asteroid will be struck out of orbit. It will spin off, over and over, until it burns up in the nearest star.

EPISODE THREE

The Gold Miners

INT.GYRO ROOM

(The Commander is tending to Lester, who is slowly coming to. He turns to the Cyberleader.)

Commander: Why lose your lives to destroy a barren asteroid?

Cyberleader: This asteroid is not barren. It is a major producer of the metal you call gold. Fortunately, there is very little gold left in the universe. As you have discovered, it can be used to destroy our Cybermats. It can also be used to destroy us. Therefore, this asteroid must be obliterated.

Commander: What happens to us... and yourselves?

Cyberleader: We are prepared to be destroyed when the Nerva impacts the asteroid. The Cyber-race will survive. That is all that is important.

Doctor: He also asked - what happens to us?

Cyberleader: We need your help. If you collaborate, as Professor Kellman has, we will let you leave in a shuttle.

Commander: How can we trust you to keep your word? You've killed my crew... (He turns to Kellman, barely holding his emotions in check.)

Kellman: (Smiling) First I must make my trip to the asteroid.

Cyberleader: You will check our point of impact.

Kellman: I must prepare to leave now.

Cyberleader: (To the Commander) How long will it take you to bring the Nerva's reactors to full capacity?

Commander: Four hours.

Cyberleader: (To Kellman) Then you must return in four hours.

(Kellman nods and exits. The Cyberleader turns to the Commander who is in an agony of indecision.)

Doctor: I think I can persuade the crew to help you. And add our own modest skills... (Harry and the Commander look at him in surprise) On one condition.

Cyberleader: Cybermen do not make conditions.

Doctor: Oh, I think you'll agree to this one. Really quite trivial in your eyes. We need the antidote to your plague for one of our party.

(The Cyberleader looks at him for a long moment, then turns to one of the other Cybermen who, at an invisible signal, extracts a small phial from the top of its chest unit.)

Cyberleader: It is unimportant whether your companion lives or dies. You will now co-operate.

Doctor: Provided your plan doesn't mean the deaths of further humans beings.

Cyberleader: I have told you. You cannot make conditions.

Doctor: Let's put it another way. Have I your word that no more humans will be killed?

Cyberleader: Yes.

Doctor: (Smiling) Then we agree. (He holds out his hand for the phial. The Cyberman hands it to him.) I suggest you... (turning to the Commander) and your crew fully co-operate with them.

(Lester sits up, almost recovered.)

Commander: (Again a touch of false heroics.) In the destruction of my ship? Never!

Doctor: I think you've done the utmost for your ship Commander. (Sharply) Your duty is also to save the lives of your remaining crew. As for now, we have no option but to obey them.

(Something of the Doctor's message gets through to the Commander. He nods and turns to help Lester to his feet. The Doctor turns to the Cyberleader.)

Doctor: My companion and I are doctors. We shall need to administer this to our infected friend in the sick bay. Afterwards we will be entirely at your disposal. (He turns to go, followed by Harry.)

Cyberleader: Wait. Two Cybermen will go with you. We will not leave you alone with the x-ray machines.

(The Doctor and Harry leave with their escort. The Cyberleader turns to the Commander.)

Cyberleader: Now go and start up the reactor. A Cyberman will be on guard outside the reactor room. If you attempt sabotage you will be instantly destroyed.

Lester: (Almost shouting) In that case - why trust us at all? Why not kill us and work the reactor yourself?

Cyberleader: (To the Commander) That is the second irrational outburst we have witnessed. It is for that reason the Cybermen will eventually triumph over humans. We have no emotions. We are purely logical. (To Lester) Cybermen cannot tolerate even low doses of radiation - as the Doctor has found out. You are therefore needed to work the reactors. (The Cyberleader steps forward and leans over Lester) There is no need to destroy you - but we will if you force us. Now go.

(The Commander nods to Lester, who, with one final glare at the Cyberleader, obeys. They exit followed by the third Cyberman.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Harry has just administered the antidote to Sarah. The thick black lines have practically reached her temples. Anitra and the Doctor sit and watch Harry as he checks her condition.)

Harry: (To the Doctor) Do you think it will work Doctor? The plague is pretty well advanced.

Doctor: (Turning to Anitra) What do you think?

Anitra: I can't tell. I can only hope... it's in time to save her.

(She turns away distressed. The Doctor brings out his diary and consults it.)

Doctor: It should work. Take a look.

(The Doctor hands her his diary. She looks at it and tries to make sense of the jumbled letters and figures and hands it to Harry. He glances at it, shrugs and hands it back to the Doctor.)

Harry: You're the only one who can make that out Doctor.

Doctor: (Brightly) Then you'll just have to trust me, won't you?

(He turns away from them for a moment to look at Sarah, his face showing a concern that belies his air of confidence. He pulls himself together and looks at his watch.)

Doctor: (In a whisper) How long will it take Kellman to get the dematerialisation mechanism working?

Anitra: (Doubtfully) It hasn't been used for some time. Could take up to half an hour to get it re-calibrated and ready.

Doctor: Good, then I've got fifteen minutes to get there... with your help.

(He looks towards the end of the ward where the two Cybermen are demolishing the x-ray machines.)

Doctor: Now listen... (He leans forward and beckons the others closer) I don't believe the Cybermen. I think there probably is life on the asteroid. Before we help them destroy it we must be certain.

(Harry looks at him blankly, then the light dawns.)

Harry: The skeleton!

Doctor: Exactly. And there is Kellman. I think he's playing some kind of double game - deceiving the Cybermen as well. Whatever he's up to could be useful. I must follow him down to the asteroid. (He glances at the Cybermen) We could do with a little gold dust.

Anitra: But Doctor, (She looks at the Cybermen) they'll never let you past.

Doctor: I've an idea.

(The Cybermen continue to dismantle the x-ray machines as the Doctor whispers his plan. The others nod and the Doctor lowers himself under the bed next to Sarah's.

Harry and Anitra open one of the lockers and wheel out an electroencephalograph. At first glance it bears a superficial resemblance to the x-ray machines. The Cybermen react to the sight of equipment and, thinking it to be potentially dangerous, draw their weapons and move back towards the door. Their attention momentarily distracted, the Doctor opens the crusher's service hatch and slips through.

Harry holds up his hands in innocent surprise as Anitra starts to take Sarah's heart readings. Seeing the machine to be harmless, the Cybermen lower their weapons and step back into the room. Harry and Anitra exchange a look of relief. Glancing down they see the first stirring from Sarah, who starts to open her eyes.)

INT. DEMATERIALISATION ROOM

(A fairly bare, hexagonal room like an enlarged shower stall. At one side are the controls which feature a set of timers marked "Beam Out" and "Auto Return". Kellman, watched by the Doctor through a small window in the door, is setting the timers. The first for two minutes and the second for three hours.

Kellman walks to the centre of the room and stands under one of the three dematerialsers. Under the second he carefully places a bulging rucksack. A beam of light comes down and he slowly fades away - together with the rucksack.

The Doctor enters and walks over to the controls. He examines them for a moment - checks the time carefully with his watch - and resets the dials. He walks over to the dematerialser and waits... nothing happens. He looks puzzled and starts to walk back to the controls. The beam starts - he does a double take and races back - just in time. The image of the Doctor slowly fades away.)

INT. ASTEROID CAVERN

(The Doctor materialises and looks around at the smooth sided cavern. There is no sign of Kellman. Glancing down, he notices Kellman's footprints in the soft sand but they appear to lead into a blank rock face. Looking puzzled, the Doctor sits on a boulder, his attention caught by a vein of what appears to be some kind of sparkling ore. He slides off the rock and kneels down, following the line of it with his hand. Slightly under an overhanging bulge in the rock he was sitting on is a small panel of buttons. Apprehensively, the Doctor presses one and an area of apparently solid cavern wall starts to move.)

INT. MINE TUNNEL

(Leading off into the darkness are a set of rusting rails, and a row of abandoned wagons sit on a disused siding loaded with piles of mining paraphernalia. In places the roof is dangerously low and piles of fallen rock litter the tunnel's uneven floor.

Kellman stumbles and curses as his flashlight flickers and shows signs of packing up. He gives it a jolt and its beam returns to full intensity. Picked out in its rays is a tall figure, similar to an Easter Island statue but made of solid gold. Kellman fails to react, he has obviously seen it before.

Kellman stops for a moment to rub his injured shin. There is a sound from the tunnel behind him and he wheels round, pulling out his gun. He shines the torch back the way he came but it fails to show anything except for fallen rock. Nervously, he gathers up his pack and continues on his slow, stumbling way.

Back along the tunnel, the Doctor has reached the gold statue. He reaches out and touches its face. In contrast to kellman, he seems to have few problems with the near darkness, wending his way lightly and unerringly over fallen boulders.

Kellman pauses before a large metal door at the end of the tunnel. It is all but off its hinges, leaning inwards at an angle, with plenty of room to pass through. He hesitates, then cautiously looks around the corner, gun ready.)

INT. MINERS' CAVERN

(A long low cavern, once the winding room of the mine, but now with the mechanism aged and rusting. At the far end are the rails leading down into the labyrinth of the mine. Along the tracks are more broken wagons, picks, drills and shovels. Everything sparkles with fine gold dust.

On the other side of the cavern are the living quarters of the miners - metal bunks, a long messtable, broken lockers and disused metal wash basins. Almost everything is made from gold giving the place the look of Tutankhaman's tomb. At the far end is an alcove, covered with a heavy tapestry.

Four men are sitting at the messtable. Three more are lying on their bunks. At the head of the table sits Evans, their leader. Like the others, he presents a grotesque, almost animal-like image. All the men wear small, circular blue goggles and protective skull-caps. Their clothes are patched with lizard skins and held together with gold clasps, and from their belts hang golden knives. All the men are in their forties and fifties.

Kellman watches the miners for a moment from the door and starts to enter but pulls back at the last moment as a fight breaks out. On the messtable between two of the miners is a large black, fat slug. One of the men, Williams, has divided it. The other man, Jones, is on his feet, leaning over threateningly.)

Jones: You're a liar. A blind man could see it's not equal.

(The other man backs away to his bunk and reaches for a pickaxe.)

Williams: Seeing it was me as found it, you're lucky to get even a piece of the tail.

(With a cry, Williams whirls the pickaxe, embedding it in the table an inch from Jones' hand. Jones springs back as the other miners leave their bunks and cluster round expectantly. Williams pulls the pickaxe from the wood and starts to stalk the other man around the end of the table.

There is a thump at the far end of the table. Evans is standing commandingly, a small ornate gold bar - like a Field Marshal's baton - in his hand.)

Evans: Stop! Stop! Do you hear, or I'll crack your foolish skulls open.

(He strides to the alcove and draws back the heavy curtain. Behind it, in a blaze of light, is a huge Easter Island statue. Around its base are piled gold ingots, nuggets and dust.)

Evans: Are we animals... to fight in the presence of Him?

(The quarrel stops. All the men rise and stand, with bowed heads, as if before their god. Kellman slips into the room, his attention fixed on the idol. Evans sees him and pulls back the curtain.)

Evans: A spy!

(The other men move forward threateningly. Evans comes forward to peer myopically at his face.)

Kellman: You know me... Professor Kellman.

Evans: Yes. We haven't seen you for many months. Why have you returned? (He peers behind Kellman) Where is my son?

Kellman: John stayed behind on the Nerva. He sent me down with more food for you.

(There is a cry from the starving miners. Kellman takes off his large rucksack and empties it on the table. A pile of plastic packaged food falls out. The miners make a rush and fight over it - retiring to their bunks with their spoils, like wild animals.

The Doctor has been watching this scene from behind the row of bunks, which to his surprise appear to be made from solid gold. He fingers the shining metal in disbelief.

Kellman empties out a couple of packets of food from a side pocket on his rucksack and presents them to Evans.)

Kellman: For you. Your son helped me select them. He said they were your favourites.

Evans: How is my son?

Kellman: Fine. He's been a great help to me in persuading the Nerva Commander to take you all aboard.

Evans: When? When are we going to leave this hell?

Kellman: As I told you. We've got our own problems aboard. We'll have to wait until the plague has died out... also... (he hesitates.)

Evans: Also what? We've been virtual prisoners here for twenty-five years man. Flesh and blood can't stand much more. (He points to the table) See what we're reduced to eating. Slugs! (He grabs Kellman by the tunic) Our eyes can't stand even this light without protection. How much longer can you and your captain keep us in this agony? Are you men like us... with pity?

Kellman: Of course. But there are still some aboard who feel differently. Feel that we shall be putting the Nerva at risk. They require... a guarantee of good behaviour - more gold.

(Evans reacts suspiciously. The other miners exchange apprehensive looks. A sudden silence descends.)

Evans: More gold? You know all our gold is dedicated to Him. (He points to the alcove.)

Kellman: (Ironically) Your... god would surely not object if it meant saving lives.

Evans: I don't know. He must be consulted. He was here before us - waiting for us. The gold is His. Without His protection we would all be dead.

Kellman: Dead?

Evans: The gold brought the Cybermen down upon us - destroying our surface installations, driving away our relief ships, until the universe considered us dead, forgotten... starving... then we found Him.

Kellman: (Looks at his watch) You'd better make your mind up. If I leave without the gold, I shall not return again.

(Evans rings his hands in an agony of doubt - then comes to a decision.)

Evans: Perhaps if you take the newly mined gold dust... before it is consecrated... follow me.

(Evans turns and exists down the mine. Kellman picks up the rucksack and follows. The Doctor watches them leave and tries to follow but cannot get past the miners without being spotted. He scurries back to his hiding place.)

INT. NERVA SICK BAY

(Sarah is sitting up in bed, her old bright self again. The Cybermen have gone from the room and Harry and Anitra are sitting either side of her bed. Sarah starts to slide her legs out, but Harry stops her.)

Sarah: I feel perfectly well.

Harry: No.

Sarah: You mean I'm not?

Harry: You're to stay there until the Doctor returns.

Sarah: Doctors orders?

Harry: Absolutely.

Sarah: Yours, or his?

Harry: Both.

Sarah: (Grimaces) Is he liable to be long?

Harry: Can't be. We start up... (he looks at his watch) in about an hour.

Sarah: (Brightly) Just time to get dressed.

Harry: (Pompously) Sarah, you never listen. I've just said...

(Sarah springs to her feet on the bed and looks at Anitra.)

Sarah: If you'd get my clothes, please.

Anitra: They're right here.

(She opens a locker by the bed. Harry stands as if to push Sarah back into bed. She confronts him, arms folded.)

Sarah: Well, if you're going to just stand there... (She starts to raise her nightgown.)

Harry: No Sarah... I'll... I'll wait outside.

(The two women start to laugh as he scuttles for the door.)

INT. MINER'S CAVERN

(The Doctor glances nervously at his watch. Looking up, something catches his eye. Beside the centre leg of the mess table is something that looks like a bag of gold. The miners, their hunger appeased, settle down for a chess game. Jones and Williams sit facing each other over the board. The non-players gather round. The Doctor sees his opportunity - all attention is on the game. He slips round the corner of the bunk and starts to crawl along under the table towards the bag. He edges past a line of boots and reaches out for the sack. He undoes the string round the neck and pours out a little of its contents - a fine gold powder. Smiling, the Doctor reties the sack.

Williams moves his queen and places it jeopardy. He takes his hand from the piece, then realising what he has done, moves to retrieve it. Jones grasps his hand.)

Jones: No, you've moved. Now it's my turn.

Williams: (Flaring) I haven't moved!

(He struggles to free his wrist and his queen falls to the floor. To the Doctor's horror, staring him in the face is the dropped chess piece. Slowly, he edges back but one of the other miners spots the queen and bends to pick it up. As he bends down, his eyes meet the Doctor's. He sees the gold dust bag in his hand.)

Miner: A thief!

(The Doctor is dragged out from beneath the table, still clutching the small sack. The miners cluster round.)

INT. NERVA'S ENGINE ROOM

(There is a terrific roar from the engines that rattles the room and its contents. Lester and the Commander study a collection of dials set into one of the walls.)

Lester: (Shouting above the noise) She hasn't been gunned up for... how long?

Commander: Must be... three years!

Lester: Is she going to take full power now?

Commander: Only one way to find out!

Lester: Just so they can destroy her!

Commander: Over my dead body. The Doctor has a plan of some kind. We've got to trust him. He's probably organising some kind of rescue right now.

INT. MINER'S CAVERN

(The Doctor is tied to one of the bunk uprights. The miners are sitting opposite him. Evans returns from the mine carrying two heavy sacks. He catches sight of the Doctor and drops his sacks.)

Evans: Who is this man?

Jones: A doctor of some kind, he says. He's also a thief. We caught him trying to steal a bag of gold dust.

Evans: (Eyeing the Doctor up and down) Where did you come from?

Doctor: The Nerva.

Evans: That's not possible. Think again man - and tell me the truth this time. How did you get here?

(Kellman enters and lowers his rucksack onto the messtable.)

Doctor: I've been trying to explain...

Kellman: (Coming forward) No Doctor, let me explain. (To Evans) This man followed me down. He arrived on the Nerva a couple of days ago. He is responsible for the deaths of several of the crew. We have orders to shoot him on sight. (He draws his gun.)

Doctor: Disposing of me won't settle your main problem... getting that gold dust past the Cybermen.

Evans: Cybermen!

(All the miners react to the word. Kellman pulls the trigger on his gun but Evans knocks his arm aside. The ray from the weapon demolishes the top of one of the bunk rails.)

Kellman: (Angrily) What did you do that for? This man is extremely dangerous. I tell you, he must be destroyed.

Doctor: Destroyed! You're even picking up the Cybermen's phraseology!

(Kellman tries to raise his gun again but Evans moves between him and the Doctor.)

Evans: I want to ask him some questions first. What is this about the Cybermen?

Doctor: Didn't Professor Kellman explain? They have control of the Nerva. They intend driving it at this asteroid and, to use their favourite word, destroy it... in about an hours time.

(There is an instant reaction from the miners who exclaim anxiously.)

Evans: Quiet!

Kellman: I warned you. He has a tongue of lies. He'll create a panic - set your men against you. (He turns back to the table and picks up his rucksack) I must be off. If you refuse to kill him then I'd advise you to keep him gagged.

Doctor: Just to give you time to reach the Nerva with your gold. Make sure your new masters don't find out what you're bringing aboard.

(Again there is a reaction from the miners who are looking undecided from the Doctor to Kellman. Kellman shrugs and turns to leave. He takes up the rucksack, wincing a little at the weight.)

Evans: The gold is not his. It belongs to us. Our bond. My son is guarding it.

Kellman: I'll leave him to you. I'm sure you have your own ways of disposing with thieves.

Doctor: Before you let him go, I'd ask him to explain the skeleton if I were you.

Evans: Skeleton?

Doctor: A skeleton of a man dressed in clothes like yours. Wearing goggles and the same kind of headgear.

(Evans confronts the Doctor, picking up his gold baton from the table and raising it.)

Evans: If you're lying to me...

Doctor: I took a locket from the body. It's on me now.

(The Doctor nods towards his side pocket. Evans puts his hand in and brings out the locket. He turns it over and reads the initials J.H.E. Evans turns just as Kellman reaches the door.)

Evans: Stop him. (The miners rush forward and drag Kellman back) What is this... this deception! One of you is lying. Take care. You are speaking about my son.

Kellman: Let me go! I warn you. Your survival depends entirely on me. I told you that man was dangerous if you let him talk.

Evans: (Holding up the locket) How did he get this? It was never off John's neck!

Kellman: (Coldly) I told you your son is alive and well. I just left him. There's the food to prove it.

(Evans sees a glimmer of hope, nods and walks over to the packaged food.)

Evans: Of course. The food! He must be alive. He selected it. But why no word for me - no letter?

Kellman: How do I know. We've all been working flat out. Perhaps he was too busy.

Evans: Perhaps there's a note in here. He would never be too busy, not for a note to his father.

(Evans rips apart the packages, sees something and stops.)

Evans: You said he packed this?

Kellman: Of course. Now will you let me go?

Evans: (In a roar) Liar! (He throws one of the packets at Kellman) Fish! It's a poison to me. My son would never send me that... (He is lost for words such is his rage)

(Kellman breaks free and draws his gun.)

Kellman: Keep back. Stand away from the door.

Evans: Murderer! Seize him!

(Kellman levels his gun at Evans but another man, Jones, steps in his way. He gets the full impact of the blast which knocks the miner across the room. Kellman, still weighed down with the rucksack reaches the door.)

Evans: Quick men - after him. He mustn't escape.

(The miners hang back looking at the body of Jones. Evans seizes the gold bar and strides to the door.)

Doctor: Wait. Release me. I have a better idea.

(Evans stops, hesitates then comes up to the Doctor.

He draws his knife and cuts the ropes. The Doctor rubs his wrists.)

Doctor: Is there another way up to the cavern?

Evans: (Nods) Yes. Not an easy way - but possible.

Doctor: Do you have any mining explosive left?

Evans: A little.

Doctor: Get it - now.

(Evans turns round and waves his arm to Williams who runs for the explosive. The Doctor, followed by Evans and the rest of the miners, walk over to the door.)

Doctor: He'll find it pretty heavy going - with all that gold.

Evans: Surely he'll drop it. Save himself.

Doctor: Not if I've judged him correctly. He's been through too much for it. What would be the effect of an explosive charge thrown into the tunnel?

Evans: The shock wave would bring down the roof, all along its length.

(Williams returns holding a box of explosives. Evans opens it and extracts two dynamite-like sticks.)

Doctor: I thought so. (Calling into the tunnel) Kellman!

INT. MINE TUNNEL

(Kellman has stopped halfway along the tunnel. He is sitting back against a rock, his face sweating from the immense load of the rucksack. He opens his eyes and registers the Doctor's voice.)

Doctor: (O.O.V.) Kellman. Listen to me. Unless you return immediately we shall dynamite the tunnel. Can you hear me?

(Kellman eases off the straps of his rucksack. He removes his gun from his belt and starts to walk back towards the Doctor's voice.)

Kellman: I can hear you.

Doctor: (O.O.V.) Will you do as I say?

Kellman: I have no option - have I? I'm caught anyway. I've damaged my foot.

INT. MINER'S CAVERN

(Evans motions to the miners, who open the door wider, letting more light into the tunnel. He joins the Doctor inside the entrance, still holding the explosives.)

Doctor: Come back into the light.

Kellman: (O.O.V.) I can't make it, without assistance.

(The Doctor moves forward, his image outlined by the light. Kellman takes aim. Evans grabs the Doctor by the arm and flings him back against the door.)

Evans: I'll get him back. He belongs to me now!

(There is flash in the dark tunnel and Evans staggers back, hit by the blast from Kellman's gun. He rocks back for a moment then, gathering his strength, throws the explosive. There is a tremendous roar as the tunnel collapses all down its length, burying Kellman in the rock-fall.

The Doctor and Williams drag Evans out from the debris filled tunnel and prop him up against the wall of the cave. He is still alive.)

Evans: I'm alright Doctor. You must go... (To Williams) Open the curtain.

(Williams pulls back the tapestry and the idol and his golden store blaze out as before. Evans looks at the statue and bows his head.)

Evans: Promise me one thing? Before Him.

Doctor: Yes.

Evans: Make sure my men are taken aboard the Nerva.

Doctor: I promise.

(He puts his hand on Evans but the older man is dead. The Doctor draws away and turns to Williams.)

Doctor: You know the way out?

Williams: I'll show you.

(The Doctor follows Williams through the shattered group of men, staring silently at their leader's body. He stops for a moment, walks through the miners to the idol and takes a sack of gold. They gasp and move forward but Williams waves them back.)

Doctor: (To Williams) To defeat the Cybermen. (He nods to the idol) I'm sure he would understand.

(Before the miners can reply, the Doctor and Williams exit along the other passageway.)

INT. NERVA ENGINE ROOM

(The Commander and Lester are studying a control board.)

Commander: Where is the Doctor? We're up to full power now. The Cybermen will start as soon as they find out. I can't fob them off for much longer.

(The intercom blips and the voice of the Cyberleader booms out.)

Cyberleader: (O.O.V.) Report the state of the engines. Report.

Commander: (Into the Intercom) We are within twenty per cent of start up.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Cyberleader is sitting in the pilot's chair looking down at the range of dials laid out in front of him.)

Cyberleader: That is not the reading we have here. These instruments read full power.

Commander: (O.O.V.) To hit the asteroid with sufficient force, the engines must be up to maximum capacity. This is twenty per cent over the power for normal operations.

Cyberleader: You have ten more minutes.

INT. ENGINE ROOM

Commander: What about Professor Kellman?

Cyberleader: (O.O.V.) If he is not back in ten minutes we start without him.

(There is a click as the intercom goes dead.)

Commander: (To Lester) That means the end of the Doctor as well.

INT. ASTEROID CAVERN

(The rock wall slides open and the Doctor runs in, clutching his bag of gold.)

Doctor: Now where was I?

(He looks around for the exact position of the dematerialisation ray but he has neglected to mark the spot in the soft sand.)

Doctor: Was it here? (He stands close to the boulder, then shakes his head.) No. Not so close. (He looks at his watch.) Ten seconds!

(He closes his eyes in concentration. Behind him the beam starts up. The Doctor muttering to himself - eyes closed - doesn't notice...)

Doctor: I took three paces forward... then one to the right... or was it left?

EPISODE FOUR

The Battle for the Nerva

INT. ASTEROID CAVERN

(The Doctor is pacing around the cavern, looking for the right position to be transported back to the Nerva. Behind him, unseen, the dematerialisation ray starts to light up.)

Doctor: Here...? No... There...?

(He turns, sees the ray and leaps for it, dropping the bag of gold dust in the process. He sees this, reacts, doubles back for it, and scrambles into the ray. For a moment it seems as if the force of the ray is spent. The Doctor stands, his eyes tightly shut, almost praying. The ray begins to work and he dematerialises.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Two Cybermen confront Harry, Sarah and Anitra - they have their weapons drawn.)

1st Cyberman: You told us that the Doctor would return in ten minutes. He has not done so.

Harry: He's a bit absent-minded...apt to get lost.

1st Cyberman: Impossible. We have searched the whole ship. (He points to Anitra.) You will come with us to the control room.

Harry: (Stepping forward) Why do you want her? She's not a pilot...wouldn't know how to run the ship.

1st Cyberman: She will remain our hostage. If the Doctor does not return to the control room in twenty minutes, she will be destroyed.

Harry: (Angrily) Destroyed!

1st Cyberman: Stand back. Remember, you and your companions are not strictly necessary. You are expendable.

Anitra: Please do as he says. The Doctor has to return soon - hasn't he? Otherwise... (She shrugs) it won't matter what happens to me...or any of us.

(The others fall silent as Anitra leaves the room with the two Cybermen.)

Sarah: We can't let this happen. She's saved my life - our lives.

Harry: Where the hell's the Doctor! Trust him to take off at a time of crisis!

(He starts pacing, but Sarah stops him.)

Sarah: That's not fair, and you know it. There's plenty we can do... better than just waiting and grouching. I've had an idea.

(She goes over to her bed, opens the drawer of the bedside table and takes out the Cybermat control box.)

Harry: Careful with that thing! We don't know how many more Cybermats there are scattered around the Nerva.

Sarah: Exactly!

(She turns one of the knobs on the Cybermat control. The box gives out a high pitched whine.)

Sarah: Let's find out shall we?

(Harry looks on in horror.)

Harry: That plague has affected your head old girl. (He steps forward) Better give it to me...Sarah... please...

(Sarah backs away, still pressing the control.)

Sarah: Leave me alone. I know what I'm doing. Just keep watch.

INT. CORRIDOR

(The Cybermen march towards the control room with Anitra in tow. Running just steps ahead of them, around a corner, is the Doctor. Realising he is cut off he frantically tries to open the Crusher Room door, but the location of its control panel temporarily evades him. The sound of the approaching Cybermen draws steadily closer. The Doctor's eyes light upon the controls and he stabs desperately at the opening mechanism. The door slides open painfully slowly and the Doctor just manages to scramble inside as the Cybermen step into view.)

INT. CRUSHER ROOM

(The Doctor presses himself up against the wall by the door. He looks around but (as established in episode one) there is no means of closing or opening it from the inside. The heavy thud of the Cybermen, marching almost in unison, comes ever nearer. The Doctor freezes as the heavy foot-fall seems to stop outside the entrance. After a second's hesitation the marching resumes and the Doctor runs over to the emergency hatch and taps.)

INT. SICK BAY

(The Doctor swings his long body through the hatch and clambers to his feet beside Harry.)

Doctor: (Bringing out the gold dust) Harry, I was right. That asteroid is inhabited. I've managed to...

Harry: (Indicating silence) Doctor...over there...

(The Doctor follows Harry's gaze and stops stock still. On the floor at his feet are two advancing Cybermats.)

Harry: Sarah...try something else.

(Sarah, who is standing on her bed, is flanked by two more Cybermats. She desperately flicks through different combinations on the Cybermat control box but nothing seems to happen.)

Sarah: I'm trying. Nothing seems to make any difference. (Desperately) Help me Doctor. What do I do?

Doctor: There's an obvious logical sequence to them. Hold it up.

Sarah: I've tried every possible sequence - nothing works.

Doctor: (Trying to make it out) The main black control - turn it as far right as it will go. (Sarah nods) Now depress the first red button.

(Sarah follows the Doctor's instructions but the Cybermats continue to advance on the two men.)

Sarah: It's no good Doctor...

Harry: There's only one thing - the gold dust.

Doctor: We need that for the Cybermen. Sarah, how good a throw are you?

Sarah: Lousy!

Doctor: We'll have to try anyway. Better throw it to Harry. (To Harry) Stand by!

Sarah: What if I miss?

Doctor: Try not to. Take your time.

(Sarah swings back her arm, takes aim and flings the control box across the room. It misses the waiting Harry by six feet, hits the far wall and drops to the floor.)

Harry: I knew it.

(He closes his eyes waiting for the Cybermats to leap. The Doctor nudges him and points.)

Doctor: Seems to have helped.

(The Cybermats are skittering from side to side, emitting a grating whine.)

Doctor: I'm going to retrieve the box.

Harry: I wouldn't Doctor.

Doctor: Something's gone wrong with them. It's now or never.

(The Doctor takes an agile leap over the two Cybermats, bends down and picks up the control box. He scans it and presses a combination of buttons. The Cybermats' noise dies away and they return to a dormant state. The Doctor examines the control box for damage.)

Sarah: You're marvellous Doctor!

(She runs to him but the Doctor and Harry are more concerned about the control box.)

Sarah: I'll aim at your heads next time.

Doctor: (Doubtfully) It seems to be okay.

Harry: Doctor. They've taken Anitra to the control room as hostage for you. (He looks at his watch) They said they'd kill her in twenty minutes. That was ten minutes ago by my watch. You've got to go Doctor.

Doctor: Of course. (He waves the control box at Sarah) If you'll give up playing these games!

Sarah: (Aghast) Call that playing games! I was trying an experiment.

Harry: The Doctor's got to go.

Sarah: You must listen to me first. You've got time. I've had an idea.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Cyberleader is seated in the Nerva's control seat watching the dials. Two other Cybermen are standing by the internal monitors. One is guarding Anitra, who is sitting at the console.)

Cyberleader: The Doctor has not returned.

Anitra: The twenty minutes are not up yet.

1st Cyberman: There are exactly fifty seconds left.

Cyberleader: My orders will be carried out. At 16.00 hours exactly you will be destroyed.

(Anitra rises and tries to flee but one of the Cybermen throws her back and raises its weapon. On the cabin's clock, the seconds count remorselessly down towards the hour. Anitra switches on the Nerva's tannoy system.)

Anitra: Doctor! Doctor! Can you hear me? Please answer me... where are you?

(The clock is now practically on the hour. There are five seconds left. Anitra closes her eyes, bracing herself for the shock of a blast from a Cyber-weapon.)

Doctor: I'm right here.

(Anitra opens her eyes. Standing in the doorway is the Doctor, smiling broadly. Anitra collapses back into her chair in relief.)

Cyberleader: Where is professor Kellman?

Doctor: Ah! Good question. I'm not quite sure. Let's say he's been unavoidably detained. Held up, as it were.

Cyberleader: Where?

Doctor: Don't you know? (He points out of the control room window at the asteroid below) Down there. He became a little over-loaded with gold... couldn't make it back in time.

Cyberleader: If that is so, he was a traitor to us. He knew why we are to destroy the asteroid - to eliminate the last major source of that metal. He will be destroyed with the asteroid. You will take his place as our scientific advisor.

Doctor: Be delighted.

(The door opens and the Commander enters.)

Commander: The engines are now up to full capacity. They can be controlled entirely from this room. I demand that you let the surviving humans on this ship take off in the escape shuttle, as per our agreement.

Cyberleader: We will first test the engines. When our course is set for the asteroid, at full velocity, then we shall consider what to do with you.

Commander: (Outraged) We made a pact. You gave your word.

Cyberleader: Word? Pact? I do not understand. These are human concepts. Cybermen understand only pure logic which states that we keep you with us as long as possible.

(The Commander steps forward angrily, but the Doctor grasps his arm and whispers something to him. The Commander nods wearily.)

Cyberleader: You will check our course. Are we on target to hit the asteroid? (Looking out of the window) Left of the main peak?

(The Commander sits in the pilot's chair and checks the course.)

Commander: At maximum power, using all the fuel resources, you should strike the peak in twenty-five minutes from start-up, at the required velocity.

Cyberleader: You will start up the engines now.

(The Commander gives one agonised glance at the Doctor - who nods - then engages the engines. A low rumble starts to shake the Nerva.)

INT. ENGINE ROOM

(Lester, stripped to the waist, is standing by the control board, sweat running down his back with the fierce heat from the engines. Standing back by the door is a Cyberman, its gun at the ready. The roar of the motors is much louder down here.

All the instruments read well over the danger limit and climbing. Lester goes to draw back on the power to ease the strain on the engines but before he reaches the panel, a large shadow falls across it. Behind him stands a second Cyberman, it too has its gun drawn. Lester steps back and watches helplessly as the power levels continue to rise still further.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Harry is sitting on the floor next to an open air duct. Its cover has been removed.)

Sarah: Think you can heave your vast bulk through here?

Harry: I could practically walk it. You certainly could.

(Sarah is standing at the end of one of the beds. Laid out before her are three of the dormant Cybermats. She holds the fourth one in her hands. Carefully she removes a small container from within the creature's head and takes it over to the sink where she washes it out.)

Sarah: There, the last of the plague virus. (She shudders) I can still feel it.

(Harry casts an eye up at the disabled TV monitor camera and two-way intercom.)

Harry: For Pete's sake, cover that gold up. (He points to the table) If we get a Cyberman down here to find out why there's no sound or picture on their console...

Sarah: They've got other things on their tiny minds right now. Here, hold Charlie here will you? It's the last one.

(Harry comes over and holds the Cybermat. Sarah carefully spoons some of the gold dust into the container, fits it back into the Cybermat's head and clamps its insect-like belly plate into position.)

Harry: Won't it affect the little monster?

Sarah: Not inside the container. At least not until it's done it's job. Then it might be better if it was affected, if you see what I mean?

Harry: Hope the Doctor's re-programming works.

Sarah: (Proudly) I did it.

Harry: (Drily) Yes!

Sarah: They're programmed to home in on Cybermen brain static, rather than our brain waves.

Harry: Suppose they don't quite work?

(The muffled drone of the engines changes to a cracking roar. There is a sudden jolt that sends Sarah and Harry lurching across the room.)

Sarah: We're off. You'd better get going.

(Harry turns and makes his way across the tilting floor with a sailor's easy balance. He reaches the air duct and swings himself inside.)

Harry: Okay, I'm off. I'll whistle when I reach the Gyro room. Turn on the control, put the first Cybermat inside here...and start praying.

(Sarah turns to the row of Cybermats and picks up the control box a little nervously.)

INT. AIR DUCT

(Harry is finding the crawl through the duct hard work and he stops for a moment to wipe the sweat from his eyes. Looking down he sees the familiar scratch marks left by the Cybermats. Bracing himself once more, he resumes his journey.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(A slight movement can just be seen behind the grill covering the air duct. For the time being at least, the room is free of Cybermen.)

INT. AIR DUCT

(Harry doubles round in the cramped confines of the duct and kicks the covering panel out into the gyro room.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Harry clambers out of the air duct somewhat stiffly and stands for a moment, listening and stretching his tired legs. He turns back to the grill and whistles.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Sarah is sitting at the open duct glancing at her watch. She hears Harry's whistle and picks up one of the Cybermats, checking its gold container as she does so. She places it inside the duct and somewhat nervously presses the buttons on the control box. For a moment nothing happens. Then, with a slight whirr, it moves off leaving a fresh trail of scratches behind it.)

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Harry is standing by the now open mechanism of the gyro system and is studying a star chart. He reaches inside the gyro housing with a device looking like a small spanner and starts to make a series of adjustments. The gyro shows an almost imperceptible tilt.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander is sitting in the pilot's seat, impassively regarding the change in course registered on the instruments in front of him. He glances at the Doctor to see if he has noticed. He has, and a look of understanding passes between the two men.

The Cyberleader swings his massive bulk round to face the command console - he sees the changed course and a shower of sparks stream from his high-domed helmet to the Commander's head. He rises in the pilot's sets, stiffens and falls to the deck. The Cyberleader extends his hand to the Doctor, almost touching his head.)

Cyberleader: You will take over. You have just sixty seconds to bring it back on course.

(The Doctor seats himself at the controls and switches them over to manual. Slowly the instruments return to their original settings.)

INT. SICK BAY

(Sarah plants another Cybermat in the open air duct. There is now only one left.)

INT ENGINE ROOM

(All the instruments now read "Extreme Hazard". Lester watches in angry frustration. Unable to stand it, he turns to his Cyberman guard as if to say something. Behind the silver giant a hole appears in the plastic covering of the air duct and the snout of a Cybermat appears. For a second it holds its position. Then, with a flick of its metal tail, it leaps out onto the back of the Cyberman, injecting it with a deadly dose of gold.

The Cyberman cries out in agony, drops its weapon and raises its arms to try and get at the Cybermat. The creature sticks like a limpet and the giant's strength begins to ebb away. Slowly, it crumbles to the floor, writhing. A bubbling, evil-looking foam sprinkled with gold dust oozes from its joints.

Lester comes over, gives a shocked look at the Cyberman still with the Cybermat locked to its back, then picks up the Cyber-weapon. He gives one final glance at the instrument console and leaves.)

INT. SICK BAY

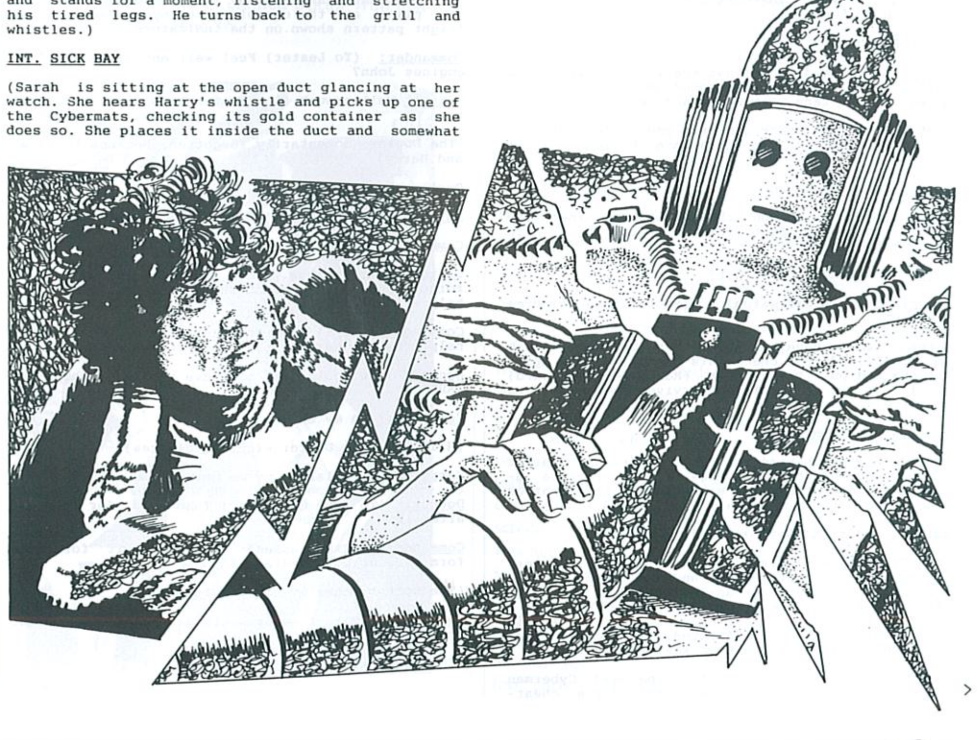
(Sarah places the final Cybermat into the air duct. She glances down at her watch.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The room is vibrating with noise. Outside the window, the debris of space rushes past. The Cyberleader is scanning the star charts and instruments while the commander, still a little dazed, gazes on. One Cyberman guards the Doctor while the other bars the door.)

Cyberleader: Impossible. (To the 1st Cyberman) We have changed course.

1st Cyberman: No. There has been no change in course.



Cyberleader: On this direction we shall miss the asteroid by several miles. My calculations cannot be wrong.

Doctor: You set the course. I'm merely following it. (Slyly) I suppose even Cybermen make errors.

Cyberleader: There was no error.

(He strides over to the internal monitors and punches up a picture of the gyro room. Harry is clearly visible as he adjust the gyro mechanism.)

Cyberleader: There is the cause. (Turning to the 2nd Cyberman) Kill him.

(The second Cyberman exits.)

Anitra: (Shouting into the intercom) Harry... watch out!

(Abruptly the Cyberleader leans over her, rips out the intercom and flings it to the floor.)

Cyberleader: For this action nobody leaves the Nerva. You will all be destroyed with us.

INT. GYRO ROOM

(Harry has heard Anitra's warning. He stands irresolutely for a moment, wondering whether to attempt to hide. He picks up his spanner-like device and poises it over the gyro mechanism looking for a vital part to shatter.

The door swings open and a Cyberman enters. Harry desperately tries to edge round behind the gyro, still clutching his ineffectual spanner.

The Cyberman raises his weapon and goes to press down the trigger. There is a rattle as a weapon discharges. Harry opens his eyes and looks incredulously at the Cyberman - smoke is pouring from under its helmet. The giant staggers for a moment before crashing to the floor. Behind it, framed in the doorway is Lester, holding his captured Cyber-gun. He reaches down, picks up the second Cyberman's gun and hands it to the bemused Harry.

Harry shakes his head, still a little unsure about his survival, and turns his attentions back to the gyro.)

Lester: No, leave it.

Harry: Are you mad! We've less than five minutes to go to impact.

Lester: Good reason not to damage our only chance of steering clear.

Harry: What else can we do?

(For an answer Lester holds up the Cyber-weapon.)

Lester: Take the control room - now.

(Lester does not wait for Harry's response. He strides out of the gyro room with Harry running after him.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The asteroid now almost fills the view from the window. Its rapid approach has an almost hypnotic fascination, but the frozen gaze of the humans is broken by the 1st Cyberman as it wheels and falls to the floor, a Cybermat clinging to its back. The Cyberleader draws his weapon and shoots the creature but not before the 1st Cyberman is killed.

The Cyberleader becomes aware of a second Cybermat stalking him from behind, moving along the top of one of the consoles. He turns and fires, reducing the second Cybermat to its component parts in a blinding flash. He hesitates for a moment, slowly scanning for more Cybermats and then turns his gun on the three humans.)

INT. CORRIDOR

(Sarah is pressed up against the wall outside the control room. She hears a sound and spins round, coming face to face with Harry and Lester.)

Sarah: (Relieved) Thank god it's you! (She indicates to the window) The Cybermats have killed one of them.

Lester: Only one to go.

Harry: (Looking through the window) But that one happens to be the Cyberleader himself. He's more than a match for all of us.

Lester: How long have we got?

Harry:(Looks at his watch) I make it three minutes to impact.

Lester: Then we have no choice, have we? We'll rush him. (Harry nods and checks his weapon) Very simple. Just aim and pull the trigger. (Harry moves forward) No. I'll go in first. If he survives me, you'll be the Nerva's last hope.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The door opens behind the Cyberleader and Lester appears holding his gun. However, the intense g-force caused by the Nerva's continued acceleration makes it hard for him to keep his footing.)

Lester: (Shouting) Get back. Lie down.

(The Cyberleader raises his weapon and fires, hitting Lester's captured gun and shattering it. The blast throws Lester back against the wall where he falls unconscious. The Cyberleader raises his gun a second time to deliver the coup-de-grace but he is also starting to be affected by the intense vibration and finds it hard to keep his balance.

The Doctor rips the Cybermat from the dead Cyberman and clamps it down hard on the Cyberleader's chest unit. There is a shower of fine gold dust that plates not only his breastplate but also the Cyberleader's helmet.

With a flash of his massive hand, the Cyberleader shatters the Cybermat and advances on the Doctor. Harry throws himself into the control room and fires point-blank into the giant but the blast does little to halt its progress. Harry fires a second time, directly into the softening chest unit and the Cyberleader, his strength failing, topples, almost in slow motion, and slams into the deck. The whole room shakes with the impact.

Harry moves forward, his gun at the ready, but the Cyberleader, his helmet now softening out of shape, is quite dead.)

Commander: (Yelling above the noise of the engines) Fire the retros.

Doctor: Not yet. We'll never brake her now. We'll have to try and skim the surface.

(Sarah enters and looks round. The whole space ship is shaking and juddering with the expotential speed. The roar from the engines makes speech almost impossible.)

Harry: (Crouching beside the pilot seat) Ninety seconds to go.

Commander: Fire the retros.

Doctor: Not yet.

(The surface of the asteroid now fills the entire view from the window.)

Harry: Sixty seconds...now Doctor?

Doctor: No.

Harry: Thirty...

Commander: We're going to hit! Fire them.

(The Doctor actually appears to be enjoying himself, a manic gleam in his eye.)

Harry: Fifteen seconds.

(The Commander covers his face with his arm in an instinctive jesture. Sarah and Anitra are huddled down by the console.)

Doctor: Now!

EXT. SPACE

(The Nerva appears to almost hit the surface of the asteroid. There is a spurt of flame from the underslung retros and the space ship flies away from the surface, like a smooth stone off the sea.)

INT. CONTROL ROOM

(The Commander slowly lowers his arm from his eyes. The roar of the rocket motors has struck a different, quieter note. He looks ahead increduluously. The view from the control room is open space - there is no sign of the asteroid.

Harry, Anitra, Sarah and Lester (now coming to) also gaze ahead. The tension drains from them and they start to smile with relief.)

Sarah: What happened?

Doctor: We just bounced off the surface a little.

Sarah: You know, I believe you really enjoyed that!

Doctor: (Realising) I believe I did. (He turns to the Commander) Here Commander, this is rightfully your place - your ship.

(He rises and stands aside. The Commander eases into his place at the console, his eyes seeking the flight pattern shown on the indicators.)

Commander: (To Lester) Feel well enough to man the engines John?

Lester: Well enough (Looks at Anitra) if you'll help me.

(The Doctor, momentarily forgotten, beckons to Sarah and Harry)

Doctor: Time we were off.

Anitra: (To the Doctor) How can we ever thank you?

Commander: Yes Doctor, what can we do?

Doctor: Two things. One, there is a colony of forgotten men I found on that asteroid. They need help - fast.

Commander: We'll land and take them off. They can help crew the Nerva until we're relieved. What else?

Doctor: You could tell me where you've stashed the TARDIS.

Commander: In my cabin.

(Harry and the Doctor exchange glances)

Harry: That explains why we never came across it!

Doctor: (To the Commander) Thank you for looking after it.

Commander: (Embarrassed) I er...took it for some form of...er...convenience!

(The Doctor looks at him in alarm)

Commander: But I never could get that darn door open!

(Cut to linking scene in the TARDIS.)

END

THE DEATH OF YESTERDAY

Over the years many legends have grown up surrounding the 'missing stories', those Doctor Who scripts, from The Masters of Luxor to Alixion, that never made it to the screen. ANTHONY BROWN investigates an area of interest to fans and television historians alike.

RIGHT FROM the start there have been Doctor Who stories which didn't make it. In fact even before the start, as the first unused scripts for the series were written before it had even received that name.

These scripts were written by C.E. 'Bunny' Webber for Rex Tucker, who had been appointed to oversee the development of Sydney Newman's brainchild in early '63. Webber's four-parter described how two teachers, investigating the background of one of their pupils, became involved with the mysterious Doctor, whose space-time machine whisked them off into an adventure in which they were only an inch tall (an idea later reused in Louis Marks' *Planet of Giants*, and which seems to have originated with Sydney Newman himself). Tucker rejected these scripts because he felt them to be too cerebral for the series, though whether this was the case will probably never be known as no copies of Webber's scripts are believed to survive. Tucker disliked the Doctor Who concept intensely, and it is possible that he would have considered anything which aspired even to the intellectual level of Land of the Giants to be too good for it. Some concepts from Webber's scripts, for the first episode at least, did however survive in the replacement, *An Unearthly Child*.

An Unearthly Child, like Anthony Coburn's other script, *The Robots*, was commissioned before Verity Lambert joined the series, and she has indicated that it too would have been abandoned had any replacement been available (it appears that Terence Dudley may have been approached to write one, though it was never formally commissioned). Instead it was *The Robots* (also known as *The Masters of Luxor*) which became the first 'proper' serial to be abandoned. In this, the ship travelled forward in time to the thirtieth century, landing on an Earth left deserted after atomic war. Exploring, the Doctor and his companions were to find a number of service robots, which had become inactive after the extinction of humanity, as there was no one to give them orders. The robots had constructed a computer capable of independent thought to provide them with a purpose, but then 'realising the dangers', had left it inactive. In an attempt to somehow regenerate the human race, the time travellers were to reactivate first the robots and then the computer, only to find themselves at the mercy of a pitiless machine ...

Anthony Coburn's widow Joan has stated that *The Robots* was abandoned because the production team didn't want to do stories about robots (adding that they then replaced it with *The Daleks*, and 'if they're not robots, I don't know what are ...'). Considering Sydney Newman's prohibition on bug-eyed monsters which almost saw *The Daleks* stopped, this might well explain the dropping of *The Robots*, whose vaguely Star Trek-like computer paranoia was the stuff of every sci-fi B-movie of the time; but equally, the little that has emerged about it suggests an overt intervention on the Doctor's part which ran counter to the ethos that David Whitaker was developing for the series. For my money though, the most likely reason for the abandonment of *The Robots* is that its similarity, particularly in the early episodes, to *The Daleks* meant that it was impossible for *both* to be used. To say that *The Daleks* replaced *The Robots* is probably inaccurate, as *The Mutants* (as it was then known) was the fourth storyline commissioned (after the two Coburn stories and John Lucarotti's *A Journey to Cathay*), around a month before *The Robots* was delivered in September '63, but it was certainly abandoned in favour of *The Daleks* (whose commissioning must have indicated some unhappiness with Coburn's storyline).

The next story to go was Malcolm Hulke's *Hidden Planet*, which is usually claimed to have been the planned third serial, though it seems more likely that it was intended to follow *Marco Polo* (maintaining the historical/science-fiction alternation of the first season).

Not only was *Marco Polo* commissioned first, but *Hidden Planet* appears not to have been abandoned until late January '64 (giving lie to suggestions that it fell victim to budgetary troubles during the early planning of the series), by which time its supposed replacement, *The Edge of Destruction*, had already begun recording (and, as *Inside the Spaceship*, it was listed as the intended third serial as early as November '63). In addition, *The Keys of Marinus*, which did eventually follow *Marco Polo*, seems not to have been commissioned until February '64, less than a month before it entered studio, as if it was a last minute replacement for some other script. (And, as a piece of circumstantial evidence, the single key per episode structure of *Marinus* would be an ideal one to use if the author was uncertain of finishing the later episodes before production of the serial began.)

It was almost inevitable that Malcolm Hulke should work for Doctor Who. Working with Eric Paice, he had written Target Luna, the ATV serial whose sequels, Pathfinders in Space, Pathfinders to Mars and Pathfinders to Venus, have been regarded as the prototypes for Doctor Who. But *Hidden Planet* probably predates even these serials, as Hulke and Paice submitted a six part serial entitled The Mirror Planet to BBC editor Andrew Tyrell in April 1958, and it seems likely that *Hidden Planet* was based, in part, on this. It would be interesting to know whether they submitted The Mirror Planet to ATV in turn -- if so, it may have been the 'trigger' which led Sydney Newman to commission them for Target Luna ...

Hidden Planet, as is widely known, was set on another Earth, orbiting on the far side of the sun (an old SF idea, best used by Gerry Anderson in Doppelganger : Journey to the Far Side of the Sun). As in the Anderson film, this other Earth, located *Beyond the Sun* (the title of the first episode, which has become mistakenly attached to *The Edge of Destruction*) was populated by doubles of the people of our Earth (presumably including Ian and Barbara), and it has been suggested that the technical difficulties involved in duplicating cast members led to the story's abandonment. The two worlds were not totally identical, however, as on the mirror world four-leaf clovers were common and the birds flew backwards. Another difference can perhaps be inferred from the title of episode two -- *The Year of the Lame Dog*.

Whatever the troubles which led to *Hidden Planet*'s postponement, they were clearly not thought to be insurmountable, as the serial was not totally abandoned until October '64. Even then Hulke didn't give up, as he resubmitted it the following year, only to have it rejected, along with another idea entitled *Britain AD408* (an historical?), by new script editor Dennis Spooner in April '65.

A TIME OF CHANGE

Few, if any, scripts seem to have been abandoned over the following few years, until the changing production teams of the third season caused the loss of John Lucarotti's *Erik the Red*, a travelogue historical in the *Marco Polo* tradition. Stranded by a malfunction of the TARDIS in tenth century Greenland, the Doctor cons the Viking Erik into journeying to Newfoundland, where the Doctor can obtain the ores he needs to repair the ship. Having got there, however, Erik decides to stay in Vinland (as the Vikings dubbed America), until the Doctor, exploiting a peculiarity of the local tidal system, demonstrates his 'mastery' of the oceans and scares him into returning home. At the request of Donald Tosh, this was replaced by *The Massacre of St Bartholemew's Eve*, a script which John Lucarotti never liked, and which he heavily rewrote for the Target novelisation.

Shortly afterwards, John Wiles left the series, his idea for a story called *The Face of God* never having got beyond his imagination, and Donald Tosh tendered his resignation in sympathy. Incoming script editor Gerry Davis soon found himself dealing with the major crisis which had developed around a script by newcomer Brian Hayles. Hayles had submitted a number of ideas to Donald Tosh, beginning with *Doctor Who and the Dark Planet* in February '65. This was followed nine months later by *Doctor Who and the White Witch* and *Doctor Who and the Hands of Aten*, which were rejected by Tosh shortly before his departure in January '66. It must have been around this time that *The Celestial Toymaker*, Hayles' first script, was delivered, and it was shortly before recording commenced in March that the trouble began. Hayles' script had used situations drawn from the play George and Margaret, written by BBC drama head Gerald Savory (later author of the BBC's Dracula, which forced the abandonment of Terrance Dicks' *Vampire Mutations*). Savory withdrew his permission for their use late in the day, and, with Hayles busy on other projects, Gerry Davis had to rewrite most of the story himself. Despite these difficulties, Hayles was commissioned to write *The Smugglers* soon after, though a second idea, probably submitted with it, entitled *Doctor Who and the Nazis* was rejected in June '66.

The Nazis may well have been rejected because of the existence of another second world war story, *Operation Werewolf*, written by Robert Kitts and director Douglas Camfield. Described in some detail in DWB 50, *Operation Werewolf* grew out of Camfield's unhappiness with a Doctor Who script he was assigned to direct late in Verity Lambert's tenure as producer. Working with Kitts, an experienced script writer, he produced a first draft outline which was submitted soon after Innes Lloyd's arrival as producer. Lloyd, who'd been in the SAS during the war, took a personal interest in the story, criticising it mercilessly on the grounds of historical accuracy. A six-parter, it was set in the six days leading up to the D-Day landings, and concerned a German plan to use an experimental matter transmitter to send troops and V1 rockets to southern England, where they would be used to neutralise the Allied invasion forces. Other plot elements included an MI5 agent called Fergus MacCrimmon (a descendent of Jamie's), and a brainwashing process. Aside from the brainwashing and the matter transmitter (originally included, according to Robert Kitts, to ease the movement of characters between England and France), the story was more a war thriller than science-fiction, but nevertheless came close to inclusion in season five. Unfortunately, however, it was never formally commissioned (and hence does not appear on BBC records), and was lost when Innes Lloyd left the series.

Backtracking a little to the spring of '66, the impression one gets is of a massacre. It appears (although Gerry Davis' death has prevented me from confirming this) that, searching for a new direction for the failing series, Davis declared an open house on submissions soon after his arrival, and then spent the next few months rejecting ideas left, right and centre until he found the approach he wanted. George Kerr, a writer who also worked on the abortive first version of Counterstrike around this time, submitted three ideas, *The Heavy Scent of Violence*, *The Hearsay Machine* and *The Man from the Met*, in April '66, all of which were rejected in June. Thrown out at the same time was Donald Cotton's *The Herdsmen of Aquarius*, a holdover from the Tosh/Wiles regime concerning Venusian flying saucers which are harvesting flocks of Loch Ness Monsters. Cotton is also reported to have been the co-author of *The Imps*, a story about telekinetic aliens submitted by William Emms, which eventually became one of the Severn House adventure game books, *Mission to Venus*. Emms also submitted an outline entitled *The Harvesters*, which was to reappear in 1970.

The writers contacted during this period were to provide the scripts for most of Patrick Troughton's first season. First to reach the screen was Ian Stuart Black, whose work on *The Savages* led Davis to ask him to rewrite *Doctor Who and the Computers*, a script written by BBC staff writer Pat Dunlop from an idea by Kit Pedler. (To nail a rumour in passing, Pat Dunlop had nothing to do with Pedler's later idea, *The Tenth Planet*.) Ian Stuart Black then went off to Adam Adamant Lives! for a while, before submitting *Doctor Who and the Spidermen* in November '66. This script was then retitled *The Macra Terror* when the production team, remembering *The Web Planet* two years before, changed the nature of the aliens, though the dialogue remained unaltered. Unhappy at this, Stuart Black did not write for the series again, though script unit records suggest that he submitted a storyline entitled *The Space War* in 1970. Ian Stuart Black himself is certain that this was not the case.

Geoffrey Orme submitted two stories during this period: *The Evil Eye* and *Doctor Who Under the Sea*. The former was rejected in April '66, while the latter was commissioned as *The Fish People*, eventually reaching the screen as *The Underwater Menace* when a replacement was needed for another cancelled story. This serial was set in a spaceport and concerned a triffid-like plant brought in (in spore form) on a spaceliner. There has been some speculation that this story was also by Geoffrey Orme, but this seems unlikely as *The Evil Eye*, his only other recorded submission, was rejected rather too early. In addition, Gerry Davis recalled *The*

Underwater Menace as being so problematical that he was sure he'd have remembered any other Orme scripts!

The story which forced the abandonment of the spaceport serial was *The Faceless Ones*, which saw the return to the series of Malcolm Hulke with a new partner, David Ellis. Ellis had also submitted a number of ideas in April '66. The storylines for *The Ocean Liner* and *Doctor Who and the Clock* were rejected that month, while *The People Who Couldn't Remember* seems to have reached script form before it too was abandoned in June. This was followed by *The Big Store*, which eventually developed into *The Faceless Ones*. As originally outlined, yet another TARDIS malfunction forced the Doctor to land in an early seventies department store, in the hope of finding electronic spares he can use to repair it. The store is also being used as a base for aliens, who are ferrying in more of their kind with a roof-landing flying saucer, and disguising the unprocessed, faceless creatures as shop dummies, one of whom was to have attacked Polly at the end of episode one. After its transformation into *The Faceless Ones*, the story received one final rewrite when Innes Lloyd requested that Ben and Polly's roles be reduced to cameos so as to showcase the new companions, Jamie and Samantha Briggs ...

THE SIXTH SEASON

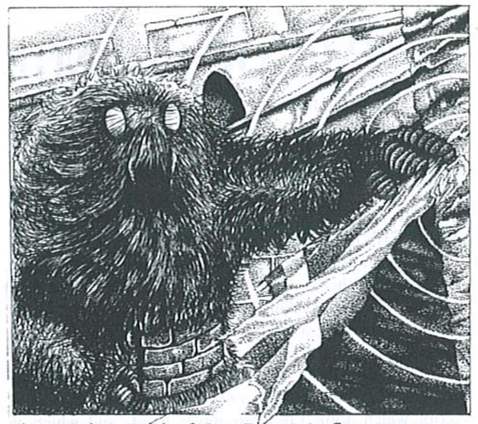
Once again the series settled into a new style, and the number of unused scripts decreased -- until all hell broke loose in the sixth season.

Of the seven serials eventually shown that year, only *The Dominators*, *The Mind Robber*, *The Invasion* and *The Seeds of Death* appear to have been part of the planned season from the word go, and many of these changed late in the day. (It is, of course, fallacious to suggest that the whole season was ever mapped out from start to finish, as under normal circumstances the later serials would be little more than ideas when recording began, but for the sake of simplicity we shall treat it as if it were.) *The Dominators* began life as the six part *The Beautiful People*, which was so heavily rewritten by script editor Derrick Sherwin that Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln removed their names from it, while Sherwin's (uncredited) single episode filler, *Manpower*, was combined with Peter Ling's *The Fact of Fiction* to form *The Mind Robber*. Less reliable reports have suggested that both *The Invasion* and *The Mind Robber* were expanded beyond their natural lengths, and the fact that the BBC script unit records credit Terrance Dicks as the co-author of *The Seeds of Death* 4-6 (the source of his credit on the BBC video) may well support this, though it is difficult to see how all the essential plot of the final three episodes could originally have been contained in one. It seems likely, as well, that some story not unlike a four-part *War Games* would have been included at some point, as Malcolm Hulke was commissioned for a script by October '68 (see the writers list, DWB 93), and *The War Games* is his only recorded contribution over this period.

All this leaves about fourteen episodes unaccounted for -- three serials. One of these may have been the fabled comedy script by Derrick Sherwin (who receives a solo credit on the writers list of June '68 in addition to his *Invasion* co-credit with Kit Pedler, though this might just refer to *Manpower*). Another was definitely Dick Sharples' *Doctor Who and the Prison in Space*, which was commissioned by Peter Bryant in June '68 and written off at the end of October, just before *The Krotons* entered studio. Shortly afterwards Sharples was commissioned by Derek Ingrey to write for the BBC's Counterstrike series, and his episode, *The Mutant*, is one of the strongest scripts produced for that series, suggesting that he might have produced an excellent Doctor Who story under less hectic circumstances.

Another of the better Counterstrike authors, Paul Wheeler, also had a Doctor Who story commissioned over the summer of '68, entitled *Doctor Who and the Dream Spinner*. This appears not to have got very far before being abandoned. Several other ideas were also considered for inclusion in the sixth season, some of which were resurrected the following year. These did not include Peter Ling's time-in-reverse idea, which was technically impossible at the time, and never seems to have been more than an idea.

The arrival of Robert Holmes at this time must have seemed almost providential. The background to *The Krotons* is too widely known to be worth recounting in detail, but, briefly, Holmes had submitted a script called *The Space Trap* to the BBC2 science fiction anthology Out of the Unknown. Unfortunately for him the impending third season was relying almost entirely on scripts left over from the first two, and Holmes' script was passed onto Terrance Dicks who developed it in his spare time 'just in case'. With the season falling apart as he watched, *The Krotons* was rushed into production in place of *The Prison in Space*, and Holmes was commissioned to write *The Space Pirates*, while Dicks and Hulke began work on a ten-part version of *The War Games* ...



The opening serial of Jon Pertwee's first season was originally intended to be a Yeti story, set in a Scottish castle sealed off with a forcefield, and was to have ended with Jamie MacCrimmon taking over as Laird. Unfortunately the row over the rewriting of *The Dominators* kiiled this one off early, and it was replaced by Robert Holmes' *Spearhead from Space* (working title : *Facsimile*). It should be noted that, as in many cases, the title under which the story was commissioned was probably never intended for use on transmission, and is of more interest for the insights it provides into the basic ideas behind the script. Clearly, the doppelganger plot was a part of *Spearhead* right from the start.

Several ideas which had been considered for the sixth season were revived this year. One of these was William Emms' *Vampire Planet*, a development of *The Harvesters* storyline he submitted in 1966. This described how a rogue planet enters the solar system, sending down probes, the Harvesters, to Earth. They remain inactive until the Doctor cuts his way into one, at which point man-machines called Roboes are sent down to protect the Harvesters. The planet is finally forced to withdraw its forces when the Brigadier threatens it with a nuclear missile bombardment. Perhaps not surprisingly, this was not developed beyond the basic storyline, though Emms submitted two more ideas, *The SCI* and *The Zeldan*, in the early eighties.

Two stories which came closer to production this year were *The Cerebroids* and *The Shadow People*. The former was a six-parter written by Brian Wright, now a script editor whose recent work includes The Men's Room, which was eventually abandoned in June '70, while *Doctor Who and the Shadow People* was a seven-parter by Charlotte and Dennis Plummer, which was probably replaced by *Inferno*. The other two slots in the season were taken by *Doctor Who and the Silurians* and David Whitaker's *The Ambassadors of Death*. The latter was another leftover Troughton tale, which had begun life as *Invaders from Mars*. By late '69 it had become *The Carriers of Death*, but still wasn't working. As most people know, it was at this point that Malcolm Hulke was asked to carry out one further rewrite, though, interestingly, it appears that David Whitaker was not told of this. Another point of interest is that BBC records suggest that Hulke and Terrance Dicks carried out the rewrite together, and that only episodes four to seven were changed. This would certainly explain one or two slight inconsistencies in the plot.

Another serial with a long gestation period was *The Claws of Axos*, though it does not appear that this was ever a practical possibility for inclusion in season seven. This went through several incarnations, ranging from four to seven episodes, and was, at various stages, known as *The Friendly Invasion*, *The Gift* and *The Axons*, though it's worth noting that each of these has a different project number, suggesting that they were separate stories. The most likely explanation is that they were all stories from which elements were drawn to form the eventual *Vampire from Space*, which only became *The Claws of Axos* after recording.

Several serials were considered for inclusion in season nine. One of these was a storyline from the pen of Godfrey Harrison, who seems, at first glance, a curious choice to write for Doctor Who. Harrison was for many years the writer of the radio comedy A Life of Bliss, which starred George Cole for most of its run, but his links to Doctor Who become clearer when one considers that he wrote for the ATV Hancock series -- as did Terry Nation, Dennis Spooner and Richard Harris (of Adam Adamant Lives!). Nonetheless, Harrison (who died in 1975) had somewhat eccentric writing methods, which may explain why his script was never used. He required a crisis before he could deliver a script, and the cast of A Life of Bliss have often recounted how recordings would end fifteen minutes into the programme as the script ran out. As the cast ran through their range of party tricks for the audience, Harrison would type away and eventually another five minutes of the programme would be made, followed by another, until the episode was finally finished, late in the evening, before an audience of friends of the cast whose own shows had long since finished -- the original audience being long gone. On one occasion, even the cast gave up and wandered from the studio after 1am with Harrison's cry of 'Traitors!' ringing in their ears. It says something for Harrison's talent that the BBC put up with such methods for almost twenty years.

Other possible ninth season serials included Ian Stuart Black's *The Space War*, for which a storyline was commissioned in October '70, and Bill Strutton's *The Mega*, also commissioned in that month. This is probably the story he referred to in DWM 158, which he said had been developed down to the last detail in consultation with the production team before they decided they didn't want it after all. Intriguingly, script unit records also claim that Robert Sloman was commissioned in May '71 to write a serial called *The Daleks in London*, which was renamed *The Time Monster* in December. Though he cannot be sure after so long, Terrance Dicks believes this to be a mistake caused by 'crossed wires', though it is just conceivable that a second Dalek story was planned for season nine. It was around December '71 that the row over the unauthorised use of the Daleks in *Day of the Daleks* broke, and, under the terms of the settlement reached between Roger Hancock, Terry Nation's agent, and the BBC, Nation was given first refusal on all future Dalek stories. Had a Dalek story by another author already been in the pipeline, this would have forced its abandonment. With Robert Sloman now living in the Mediterranean, the truth may be difficult to discover.

With Terry Nation's return to the series, the writing team for the rest of the Pertwee era was fixed, and there was only one more rejected story until the arrival of Robert Holmes as script editor. Ironically, this was *The Automata*, by Holmes himself, which was rejected in January '73, a month before he submitted *The Time Fugitive*, which became *The Time Survivor* and finally *The Time Warrior*.

THE HOLMES ERA

The first 'new' author of the series in the Tom Baker era was, however, not brought in by Holmes but by Terrance Dicks. John Lucarotti had written for the Letts/Dicks science-fiction series Moonbase Three the previous year, and was commissioned to write *The Ark in Space* on the strength of this, despite being resident in the Mediterranean. As his scripts, which concerned a species called the Gelf (and which, in the Hartnell tradition, had individual titles for each episode, including *Puffball* and *Golfball*) arrived, it became obvious that they weren't going to work out, leaving Robert Holmes to write a four-part replacement, while the OB sessions (intended for recording of scenes set in the stretches of countryside preserved within the Ark) were handed over to Bob Baker and Dave Martin for use in *The Sontaran Experiment* (which must have been a *very* rushed job, as it was recorded before *The Ark in Space*).

Other old authors were asked to return to the series during this period. Dennis Spooner contributed a storyline entitled *Nightmare Planet* in January '75, which remained a possibility for most of that year. Bearing in mind Spooner's later comments, this outline probably floundered on the more interventionist nature of Tom Baker's Doctor compared with that of William Hartnell. Terrance Dicks also had a story submitted in late '74, not long after *Robot* was recorded, and this may well have been an early version of *The Horror of Fang Rock*. This would certainly explain Louise Jameson's recollection that this script, itself a last minute replacement, had been written for Sarah Jane Smith. One other script to undergo major changes around this time was Gerry Davis' *Return of the Cybermen*, a synopsis of which appears elsewhere in this issue of DWB.

But more significant perhaps are the number of genuinely new authors commissioned after Holmes' arrival. No details have emerged of Christopher Langley's script of early '74, or Basil Dawson's of two years later, while Eric Pringle was commissioned for a *two*-parter called *The Angurth* in August '75. Pringle was, of course, to return to the series almost ten years later with a Dalek story called *War Game*, which eventually became *The Awakening*.

That Pringle was commissioned for a two-parter sheds light on one enduring controversy about the thirteenth season. Although Robert Banks Stewart is sure that he initially wrote *The Seeds of Doom* as a six-parter, persistent rumours, dating back to Douglas Camfield's comments at Panopticon in 1982, have suggested that the first two episodes were written by Robert Holmes and Douglas Camfield. That a two-part story was commissioned would seem to confirm the suggestion that *The Seeds of Doom*, which was pushed back from fifth (four part) to sixth (six part) place in the thirteenth season when *Terror of the Zygons* was held back from season twelve, began as a four-parter, and was expanded when *The Angurth* was abandoned.

Holmes' change in approach was to have one major casualty -- there was no longer to be a Dalek story each year. In view of this, it is interesting to note that Terry Nation submitted several ideas after delivering his scripts for *Genesis of the Daleks* which were not used, and which remain his only rejected Doctor Who ideas. The first of these was *The Enemy Within*, submitted in November '74, which was followed in February '75 by *Return to Suknan* (spelling uncertain). Two weeks after this he submitted *The Kraals*, and it seems likely that the presence of the Daleks in one or both of the earlier ideas accounts for the persistent rumours that *The Android Invasion* began life as a Dalek story.

Perhaps as a result of Douglas Camfield's involvement in *The Seeds of Doom* rewrite, he was commissioned soon after to write a Beau Geste parody, in which warring alien chieftains chose the Sahara as a battle ground. This sword and sorcery tale, which was to have been Sarah Jane Smith's final, terminal, appearance, would have ended with the journalist receiving a military burial at the Foreign Legion fort. Intriguingly, rumours of Sarah's death were endemic among the staff of the CEGB during filming of her eventual departure at their power stations! Almost ten years later, following Camfield's death, some thought was given to the possibility of producing his script, but this did not get far, probably because of the '85 cancellation.

The most famous lost story of the Williams era -- *Shada* excepted -- was *The Witchlords* (aka *The Vampire Mutations*) which was to have opened the fifteenth season, and which eventually reached the screen as *State of Decay* three years later, though only the first episodes are really similar. The story behind this is too widely known to be worth recounting here, and the same is really the case with *The Killer Cats of Ginseng*, which was to have closed the season.

As related in some detail in In-Vision, *Killer Cats* concerned the *other* species native to Gallifrey, a race of giant cats with a penchant for gladitorial contests. The story was abandoned when David Weir's scripts proved to include scenes set in a giant, Wembley-sized stadium filled with blood-thirsty cats -- quite beyond the BBC's budget, even before *Underworld*'s designer built a very pricey spaceship ... It would be interesting to know whether the presence of a rather different arena, the Death Zone, in *The Five Doctors* was just a coincidence. It is known that Graham Williams originated the *Killer Cats* idea, which he asked Robert Holmes to write. Holmes, having just left the programme, declined, but he did accept the commission to write *The Five Doctors* (or, as script unit records persistently call it, *The Six Doctors* -- this, as Terrance Dicks confirms, is a mistake, though a curiously widespread one, appearing even on the note that Bob Baker had been paid for the use of K9) in August '82. In turn, the idea may have been pased from him to Terrance Dicks via Eric Saward when he left the project -- a convoluted, but not impossible chain of circumstances.

Douglas Adams, whose debut script *The Pirate Planet* was itself almost abandoned (and whose *Doctor Who and the Krikkitmen* finally made it into print as Life, the Universe and Everything), made a determined effort to widen the range of contributors to the series. It is rumoured that he approached both Richard Stilgoe and Tom Stoppard for ideas, while Allan Prior and John Lloyd were commissioned for *The Doomsday Project* in February '79. Allan Prior is, of course, notorious for writing the Blake's 7 episode *Animals*, although his work elsewhere (including Softly Softly Task Force) is rather better, while John Lloyd, aside from novelising Softly Softly episodes, had been the co-author of episodes five and six of The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy (radio version only), and his material is some of the best included in the series. That many fans have never heard of a Haguenemnon is a crime! Another script commissioned during this period was *Errinella*, by director Pennant Roberts.

Errinella was set on a world not unlike mediæval Wales, and was a complex tale concerning sorcery and time travel. It is reputed to have opened by showing the court poisoner preparing a draft to be given to the king. The Doctor is present at around this time and, walking through the Glade of Forgetfulness, loses both his memory and his scarf. Returning to Errinella to retrieve the latter, he arrives too soon and is suspected of the king's murder. Further confusing matters are the dragons living in the woods. Unfortunately, *Errinella* was not produced during Douglas Adams' time on the series and, despite a number of rewrites, his successor Christopher Bidmead was never happy with it.

SF, DOUBLE FEATURE?

Christopher Bidmead brought yet another fresh approach to the series, and this in turn led to the writers of the Williams era fading away. Last of these to go was David Fisher, who submitted *Avalon* in December '79. This appears to have been the story he described in DWM 154 concerning the Psychonauts, time travellers who create a break in the space-time continuum through which a giant monster emerges. Fisher had, of course, earlier written *Gamble with Time*, which was eventually adapted into *City of Death*.

One of the new authors brought in by Bidmead had, however, been submitting ideas to the production office for some time. Andrew Smith's first recorded submission was *The Secret of Casius*, which was rejected by Anthony Read in August '78 with the note that Andrew was clearly a bright prospect for the future. This potential was eventually realised when *The Planet That Slept* was commissioned by Christopher Bidmead, finally reaching the screen as *Full Circle*. After the transmission of *Full Circle*, Andrew Smith contributed another four part storyline, *The Torson Triumvirate*, and was later commissioned to write a two-part (in the forty-five minute format) outline called *The First Sontarans* in early '84, for possible inclusion in Colin Baker's first season. Given his fan background, Andrew's speculations on the origins of the clone warriors would be fascinating to read.

As a result of Christopher Bidmead's request for hard SF stories at a London SF society lunch, Starburst movie critic John Brosnan submitted an outline in which the TARDIS lands in the BBC car park, allowing the Doctor and Tom Baker to work together in defeating a menace to the human race. Not surprisingly, Bidmead didn't think this quite what he wanted. While the concept is solid enough (though hardly original, as similar tales have been published concerning both Blake's 7 and Star Trek, including one hilarious parody of Star Trek IV in which Spock and Kirk end up winning the fancy dress competition at the 1986 San Francisco convention) and forms the basis of any attempt to treat the fiction of the series as 'fact', it would just have been seen as a send-up by the majority of viewers.

The most famous non-story of the season was *Sealed Orders* by Christopher Priest, which was eventually replaced by *Warriors' Gate*. All sorts of rumours have spread about its content, including suggestions that it included a combined Cyberman/Dalek attack on Gallifrey (which seems unlikely), and that it reintroduced Leela to the series (which was probably the case). According to Priest himself, he had initially been approached to write for the series by Douglas Adams, but eventually agreed to contribute an outline after the SF society lunch mentioned above. *Sealed Orders* was based around a time paradox which produced several TARDISes and a spare Doctor, who was killed off during the course of the plot, but had to be abandoned when the overall shape of the season changed (possibly because Louise Jameson was unable to return to Doctor Who as planned?). In compensation for this, Priest was commissioned for a second four-parter, *The Enemy Within*, but this was dropped in favour of Earthshock when he 'fell out with the producer'. *The Enemy Within* was a complex piece of science fiction (reputed to reveal that the TARDIS is powered by a huge octopoid creature at its core), but went through so many rewrites that it became, in John Brosnan's words, 'just another Doctor Who story'. The whole experience left Priest rather depressed, and although he received a written apology for the way he was treated, he wants nothing more to do with Doctor Who.

A similar thing probably happened to Tanith Lee's story, which was commissioned in February '81, though rumour has suggested, on the basis of her Blake's 7 scripts, that it fell foul of the 'No hanky-panky in the TARDIS' rule (with some suggesting that it might be connected to a rumoured version of *Kinda* in which Nyssa had Todd's role). Lee was not the only Blake's 7 author approached by Doctor Who after that series' demise -- Bill Lyons, author of *Games*, provided an idea in late '81, while Rod (*Assassin*) Beacham was commissioned to write *Hebos* a year earlier. This was followed in May '82 by another script (or to be more strictly accurate, a script and three episode outlines) called *Poison*.

John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch, then notorious for *Meglos*, now famous for BBC2's Sleepers, were also commissioned to write for the nineteenth season, in August '80. *Zeta Plus One* (aka *Project Zeta Plus* and *Project 4G*) was to have been the fifth Doctor's debut, and was set in a double planet system inhabited by the Hawks and the Doves. The Hawks want to test a star-busting weapon, but need minerals from the Dove planet to shield it from the sun's heat en route. This story was abandoned after Flanagan and McCulloch turned down John Nathan-Turner's request that the Master be included.

Its replacement came from the pen of Christopher H Bidmead himself, and was initially commissioned, in April '81, under the title *The Visitor*. Bidmead seems to have had a liking for such titles, as his next storyline began life as *The Wanderers* in August '82, before becoming *Frontios* three months later. (BBC records read *Frotious*, but this is probably a mistake.)

The nearest the series came to producing literary science fiction during the Davison years were Christopher Bailey's two transmitted scripts. Bailey (not a pseudonym as some have suggested) submitted two more ideas after *Snakedance*. *Manwatch* was commissioned in August '82, while *Children's Seth* followed a year later, though whether either of these involved the Mara is unclear. Also commissioned in August '83 was *Livantion*, by Brian Finch. Finch was at the time writing for Bergerac, and had previously contributed to the first season of The Tomorrow People. Like Pat Mills' frequently-postponed *The Space Whale*, this was never to reach the screen.

NEXT ISSUE: Season 23-26

DOCTOR WHO - THE TERRESTRIAL INDEX by Jean Marc L'Officier

THE TERRESTIAL INDEX is big at 247 pages and for the information contained is very good value for money. It is generally easy to use as well, a prerequisite for any work of reference. (It also has another lovely Escher-inspired cover from Alister, this time based on the 1958 woodcut *Sphere Spirals*.)

The volume consists of four sections. The first is a very ambitious work which will no doubt be of great interest to people who detest my factual approach to Matrix Data Bank in Marvel's Doctor Who Magazine. This is the *History of Mankind According to Doctor Who*, and Jean-Marc must be awarded top marks for a very brave attempt to piece together a human chronology from events in both the programme and known history in this fifty-five page document. There is also a clear introduction by the author, setting down his criteria and limits for such work - the use of alternate time lines, the use of some facts instead of others, etc. As a work of imaginative construction it equals the History of the Cybermen in David Banks' stunningly-illustrated tome from Who Dares. Jean Marc surmises about the other terrible events on Earth influenced by the visits of the Nemesis asteroid, the fact that the plague isolating Inter Minor was probably of Dalek origin, the Dalek and Cybermen wars, the rise and fall of the Federation and the age of robots. By disrupting as little as possible established continuity (or rather dis-continuity) as possible, Jean-Marc has assembled what is a very feasible and realistic time line of universal events from Terra's viewpoint.

Who's Who in Who comes next, and in three alphabetical sections covers all the actors, actresses, voice artistes, writers, directors, producers, story/script editors, set designers, visual effects designers, costumes designers and composers to have worked on the programme. These are cross-referenced by story codes (Jean-Marc inventively creates the code K9 for *A Girl's Best Friend*), a table of which is given at the front of the volume. For more exact details of character roles, the reference can then be checked in *Doctor Who - The Programme Guide*.

Here there are inconsistencies, and one or two nightmares that I think anyone would have difficulty in sorting out. Firstly, in some cases with production crew, Jean-Marc gives their work to the nearest episode (eg. Barry Newbery A2-4, Jeremy Davies B6). However, others who only worked on part serials are not accredited as such (eg. Jeremy Bear 4L1-2, Paddy Kingsland 5Q1).

Also, in the writing credits, these are becoming increasingly tricky to work out. Robert Holmes is now, quite rightly, credited as writing *Revenge of the Cybermen (see Return of the Cybermen synopsis this issue)*, but Eric Saward is now given co-authorship of *Attack of the Cybermen*. *The Celestial Toymaker*, however, is still credited solely to Brian Hayles, although the final scripts were prepared by Gerry Davis and BBC documentation credits Donald Tosh. The area of uncredited contributors as writers and directors is quite a minefield to stray into. At what level does a script editor's involvement in ammending a writer's script cause him to become a co-author?

The third section, *Which Who is What*, looks at professionally published fiction and other adventures related to the programme in Target Books (the Missing Season 23, but curiously *not* The New Adventures!), feature films, stage plays, radio plays, records, videos, games and novels, plus short stories and strips in magazines, annuals and comics. This is rounded off by an index which I doubt I shall use very often but the addition of which is highly commendable. This section is a godsend! To think that I will never again have to read the crappy tales slammed out by World Distributors, but instead be able to get a precis from this very useful book, is quite marvellous.

However, again, we've got inconsistencies. There's a lot of material I suspect is missing (... but fear not, we'll come to that later). Aside from the second version of *Seven Keys to Doomsday* (Buxton Opera House, 3rd to 5th December 1981 starring Colin Jones as the Doctor), there are a variety of omissions in the publications field. Page 159 states that only original printings of comic strips will be listed and then documents reprints on a variety of occasions. Page 186 lists the strip *The Hungry Planet* from the 1974 TV Action annual (for which it gives the artist as Gerry Haylock - it was Jim Baikie), but no strips are mentioned from TV Comic annuals nor Countdown annuals. There is also no reference to the collected comics of Marvel, the Polystyle specials of 1973, 1974 and. 1977, the Mighty Midget comic ... etc, etc.

What else is apparent on a first read through? *The Dalek World* has been inserted after the 1970s World Distributors annuals as opposed to between *The Dalek Book* and *The Dalek Outer Space Book*. No cross-reference is made to many Dalek strips being TV Century 21 reprints. *The Fabulous Idiot* is included with its appearance of Dr Ivan Asimoff and no characters from the television series, yet *A Ship Called Sudden Death* is not.

Most bizarre of all is the titling of the strips from TV Comic. Rather than adopt Jeremy Bentham's given titles from the checklists in Doctor Who Monthly, Jean-Marc has got another list of titles from somewhere as alternatives! These are no more correct than Jeremy's in some cases (eg. #693-698 is *Doctor Who on the Web Planet* as Jeremy states, but #812-815 is *The Tardis Worshippers!*, #837-841 is *The Witches!*, #846-849 is *The Sabre Toothed Gorillas!*, etc.).

As an additional side to titling, the titles of the Hartnell serials should perhaps be revised in the light of the excellent piece by Stephen James Walker in The Frame. Serial A appears to be *100,000 BC*, serial B carries the confusing name *The Mutants* (although I myself would opt for *The Survivors*, its working title, for clarity), serial C is *Inside the Spaceship*, serial T is *Galaxy 4* and serial W is *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* (as now adopted by Marvel).

The final section is an *Addendum to Doctor Who - The Programme Guide*, and such attention to detail really warms this historian's heart and assures me that Virgin Publishing really do care about accuracy. Synopses are given for Season 26 (although I don't think that the novelisation of *Battlefield* was written by Ben Aaronovitch!), and then a very comprehensive errata is given for the volume as a whole. This is no doubt an indication that a few pages in *The Universal Databank* (part three of the trilogy) will tidy up errors in *The Terrestial Index*, and so readers who feel that they can add extra detail should write to Virgin with their information and comments.

The final verdict has to be Borusa's *'nine out of ten'*. This is probably the best cross-reference we'll be seeing in some time, so go grab a copy to sit before your version of *The Programme Guide*.

All the same, it's a pity they don't call serial BBB *Doctor Who and the Silurians* ...

ANDREW PIXLEY

REVELATION by Paul Cornell

IT STRUCK me, at first, as highly amusing that a Doctor Who book should be entered for the Arthur C Clarke award. After all, we're not exactly talking serious science fiction here, in spite of what the blurb on the back may say. On the other hand, having finished the book I can see Virgin's point, since this is not really a Doctor Who story at all. My over-riding impression is that this is a story that Paul wanted to write, and into which he stuck the Doctor. And the Timewyrm. This is probably not in fact true, about the Doctor at any rate, for the story originally appeared, sans Timewyrm, in *Queen Bat* several years ago (hence the dedication to Jackie Marshall, who also has a minor role as Ace's school teacher), but that is nevertheless how it feels.

It also feels rather as though it should have been a book standing on its own, rather than as part of a series. Whatever people may say about Peter Darvill-Evans, his decision to begin the New Adventures with a linked series was a sensible one, but Paul's book is so radically different in style to anything that has been published before as Doctor Who that it doesn't really fit in. This is a result of two factors. The first of these is that, since it is, like so many seventh Doctor stories, an Ace book, and is written by someone of that age, it is heavily rooted in, and referential to, contemporary culture. This is positive. Most human companions might just as well not be, since their link to Earth once they are not there is token. In *Revelation*, however, we have a companion (and indeed a Doctor) familiar with contemporary cultural icons such as Ian Brown, The Happy Mondays, NME and so forth, and I must say that I find the idea of a Doctor familiar with the fate and attitude of Sid Vicious quite wonderful.

The other thing that distinguishes this from other Who books and stories is that it is very much a concept. I'm not sure that I can really explain this very well, nor am I entirely sure what the concept is supposed to be, but if you think of it as being a concept in the way that, for example, *Kinda* was a concept, you'll be on the right lines, and *Kinda* wasn't really a Doctor Who story either.

Now while the first of these factors is not a problem and in fact welcome, the second is, because it results in a book which is almost unreadable. Is this a criticism? Not necessarily. Many great books are difficult to read. *Revelation* is hardly a great book but it is certainly worth pursuing. That is, of course, once you've got past the barrage of dedications and the minefield of in-jokes. We are assured that the next Cornell book will be in-joke free. I should hope so. The problem, in essence, is that *Revelation* is all story and no plot, which under the circumstances is something that it cannot afford to be. Remember *Enlightenment*, for example, when the show was still on television. Like *Revelation* it was concluding a series of stories, but had difficulty finding a reason to exist beyond that. I had similar thoughts when reading *Revelation*. Its principal function is to conclude the Timewyrm series (how well it does this I cannot say as I have only previously read *Exodus*, which was brilliant, but I suspect some readers may be surprised), and consequently that has to become the object of the story. We get there by a lengthy series of only loosely connected set pieces inside the Doctor's mind in which the Doctor and Ace both do battle with their pasts (as manifested by the Timewyrm) and purge themselves. The more recent past is helped along by the character of Hemmings, previously seen in *Exodus*. His appearance here is slightly less substantial and comes complete with a change of first name. Since the character was Paul's in the first place this is not really his fault but the result of sloppy editing. Something that probably is Paul's fault, since an editor can reasonably expect a writer to get his facts right, is the misattribution of one of the epigrams, something which caused much amusement at the recent Exo-Space convention and is not likely to impress the awards panel.

Hemmings is not the only returning character. All but the second and sixth Doctors make appearances in the course of the book, which means, I gather, that all six previous incarnations are seen in the course of the Timewyrm saga.

Why, for God's sake? Why this obsession with past Doctors and continuity references? It's not as if we need them. It is perfectly possible to have a good Doctor Who story which stands entirely on its own. Indeed, it's the best Doctor Who stories which do; which establish new myths and legends. It was suggested by one of the Timewyrm writers that the inclusion of past Doctors is an irresistible temptation once the limitations of budget are put aside.

Rubbish. That said, the inclusion of past Doctors in Paul's book is actually of supreme relevance to the plot and, in a roundabout way, an inevitable consequence of it. If you see the book as being a grail text in which the Doctor goes in search of his conscience, it is obvious that he will encounter himself -- that is, his previous selves -- en route. Significantly though, it is the Doctor's companion that finds his conscience and enables him to take it. Another theme of the book is the essential role that the Doctor's companions have played in enabling the Doctor to achieve anything at all. A nice, but I suspect unintentional, parallel is made with the Epic of Gilgamesh, which formed the background to John Peel's book. Gilgamesh goes off in search of a flower that will rejuvenate him, but botches it up. The Doctor's problem with his conscience also involves a flower, the knowledge of whose perfection torments him. He is able to remove it.

A final judgement? Difficult. And *Revelation* is a difficult book. I don't know what the average readership age for the Doctor Who range is, but assuming it to be around sixteen or seventeen then I have reservations about their making any sense of this book at all. If most of its deeper concerns and themes are lost on them then there will not be much left. But perhaps I do them a disservice. We shall see.

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The CAVES of ANDROZANI
PG
Starring PETER DAVISON
BBC

Starring PETER DAVISON in The CAVES of ANDROZANI

By Robert Holmes

"Curiosity's always been my downfall."

Captured for arms-running on the mining planet of Androzani Minor, the Doctor and Perry are under sentence of death. Then a mysterious masked intruder comes to their aid. But is Sharaz Jek, master android creator, really their saviour? The rulers of the planet are certainly desperate for his head. But then, he does control Androzani's supply of spectrox and it's a substance men are prepared to die for...

Originally transmitted 8 - 16 March 1984, this four part adventure marks the end of the Peter Davison era for Doctor Who and the timelord's sixth regeneration.

Running time: 101 mins approx

Directed by Graeme Harper
Produced by John Nathan-Turner

DOCTOR WHO
VHS
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ROBOT
U
Starring TOM BAKER
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Starring TOM BAKER in ROBOT

By Terrance Dicks

With the Doctor behaving rather oddly after his regeneration, the Brigadier finds the research centre under attack after a robot steals the plans for the new disintegrator gun. Could the members of the mysterious Think Tank be responsible for the giant invader? How sinister are the intentions of the shadowy Scientific Reform Society? More importantly, can the Doctor recover in time to save the Earth from Atomic War?

Originally transmitted 28 December 1974 - 18 January 1975, this four part adventure heralds the beginning of the Tom Baker era for Doctor Who.

Running time: 99 mins approx.

Directed by Christopher Barry
Produced by Barry Letts

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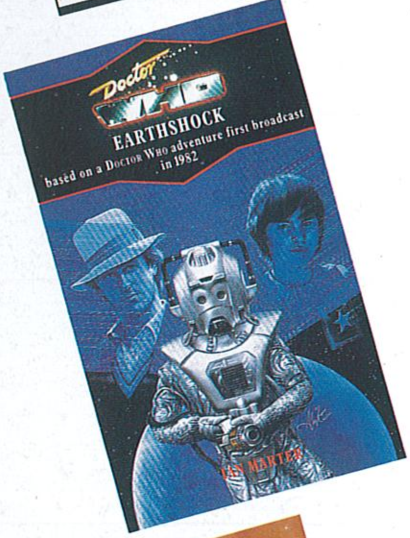
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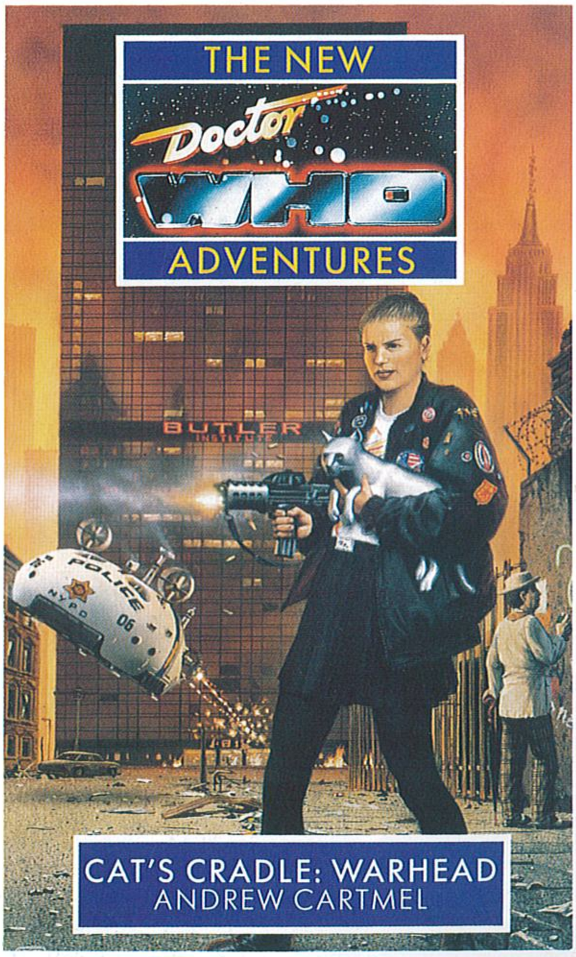
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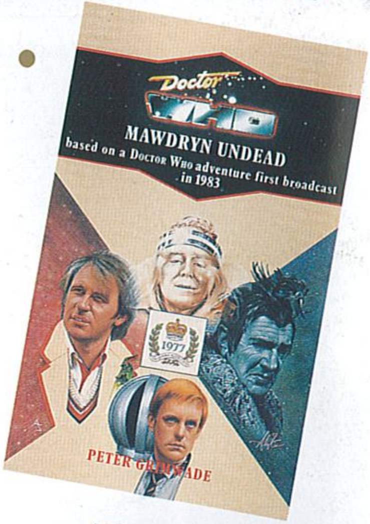
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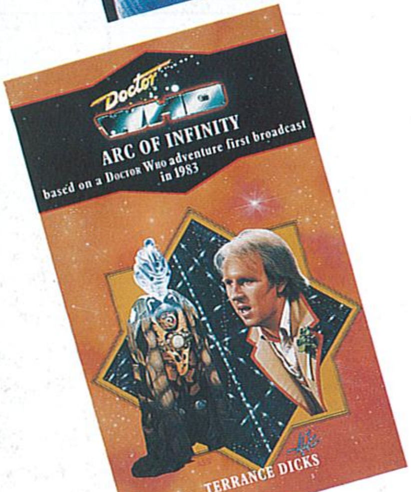
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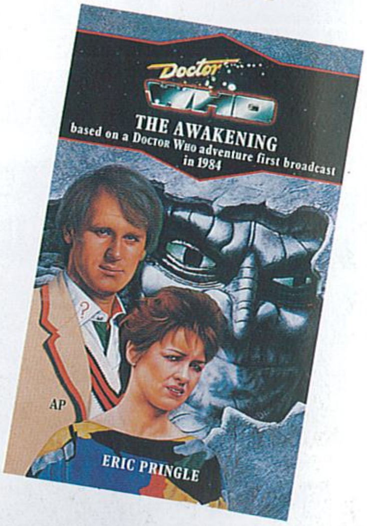
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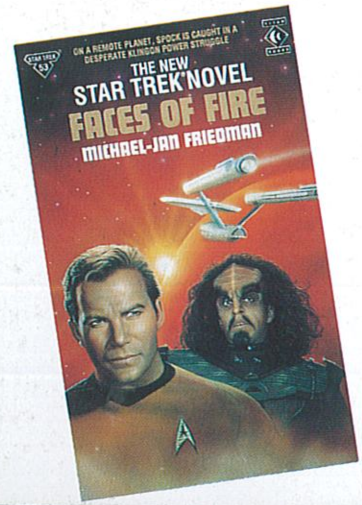
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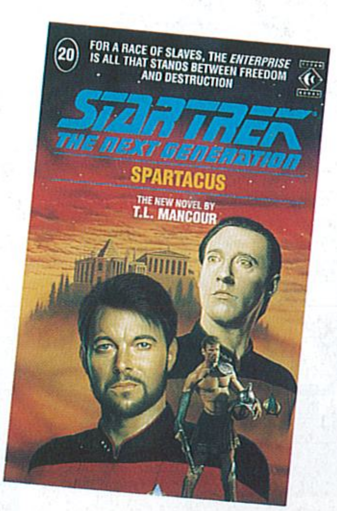
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